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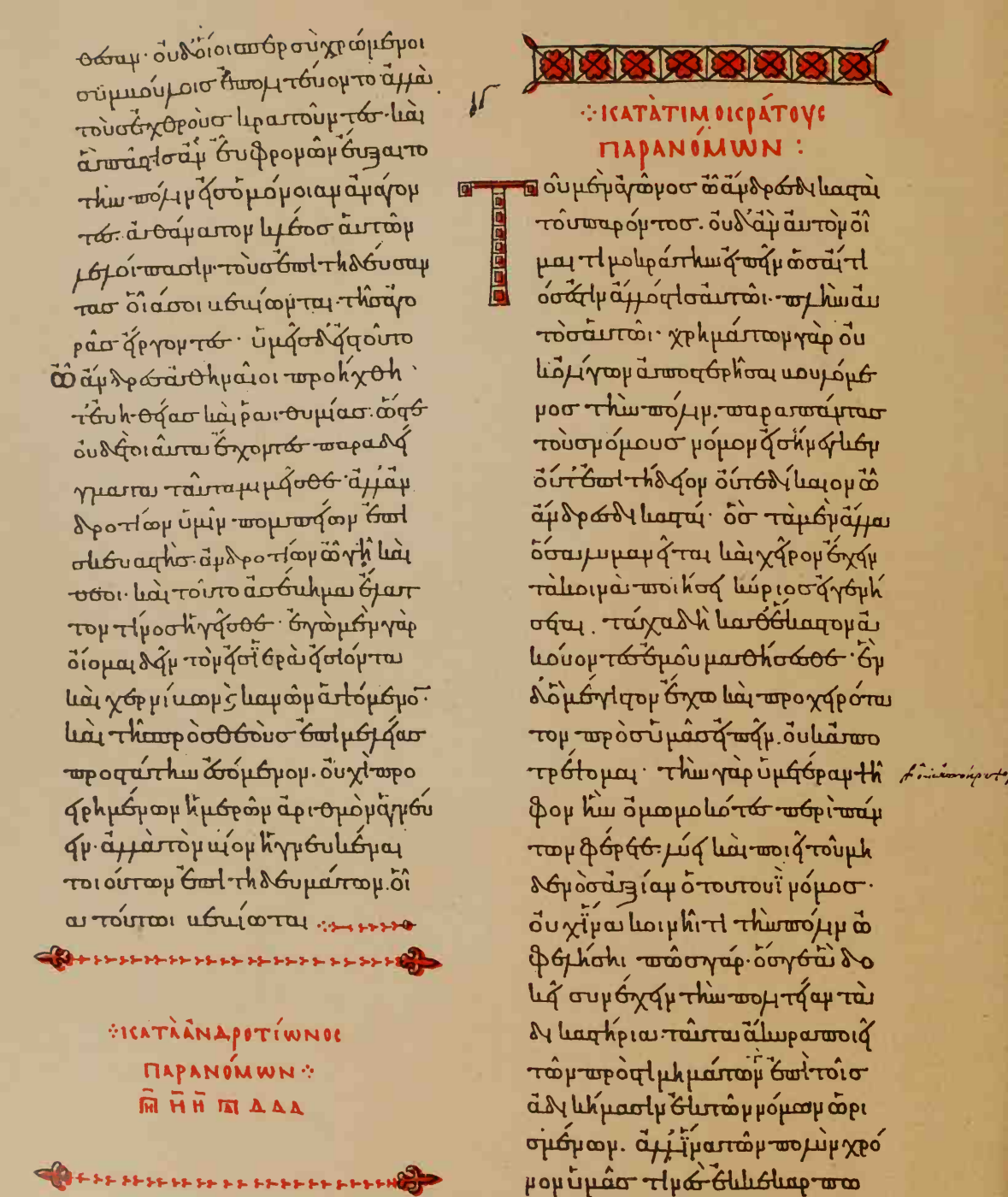

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ANDREW LANG

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

FORREST MORGAN AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

VOLUME II.

EDITION DE LUXE

THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT WRITERS, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

DONALD G. MITCHELL
(IK MARVEL)

AND

ANDREW LANG

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

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FORREST MORGAN AND CAROLINE TICKNOR

Twenty Volumes

VOLUME II.

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THE GORGON'S HEAD.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[Nathaniel Hawthorne: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on the eternal verities. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter," 1850; "The House of the Seven Gables," 1851; "The Blithedale Romance," 1852; "The Marble Faun," 1860; "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

Perseus was the son of Danaë, who was the daughter of a king, and when Perseus was a very little boy some wicked people put his mother and himself into a chest and set them afloat upon the sea. The wind blew freshly and drove the chest away from the shore, and the uneasy billows tossed it up and down, while Danaë clasped her child closely to her bosom, and dreaded that some big wave would dash its foamy crest over them both. The chest sailed on, however, and neither sank nor was upset, until, when night was coming, it floated so near an island that it got entangled in a fisherman's nets and was drawn out high and dry upon the sand. The island was called Seriphus, and it was reigned over by King Polydectes, who happened to be the fisherman's brother.

This fisherman, I am glad to tell you, was an exceedingly humane and upright man. He showed great kindness to Danaë and her little boy, and continued to befriend them until Perseus had grown to be a handsome youth, very strong and active and skillful in the use of arms. Long before this time King Polydectes had seen the two strangers — the mother and her

child — who had come to his dominions in a floating chest. As he was not good and kind like his brother the fisherman, but extremely wicked, he resolved to send Perseus on a dangerous enterprise in which he would probably be killed, and then to do some great mischief to Danaë herself. So this bad-hearted king spent a long while in considering what was the most dangerous thing that a young man could possibly undertake to perform. At last, having hit upon an enterprise that promised to turn out as fatally as he desired, he sent for the youthful Perseus.

The young man came to the palace, and found the king sitting upon his throne.

"Perseus," said King Polydectes, smiling craftily upon him, "you are grown up a fine young man. You and your good mother have received a great deal of kindness from myself, as well as from my worthy brother the fisherman, and I suppose you would not be sorry to repay some of it."

"Please, your majesty," answered Perseus, "I would willingly risk my life to do so."

"Well, then," continued the king, still with a cunning smile on his lips, "I have a little adventure to propose to you; and, as you are a brave and enterprising youth, you will doubtless look upon it as a great piece of good luck to have so rare an opportunity of distinguishing yourself. You must know, my good Perseus, I think of getting married to the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and it is customary on these occasions to make the bride a present of some far-fetched and elegant curiosity. I have been a little perplexed, I must honestly confess, where to obtain anything likely to please a princess of her exquisite taste. But this morning, I flatter myself, I have thought of precisely the article."

"And can I assist your majesty in obtaining it?" cried Perseus, eagerly.

"You can, if you are as brave a youth as I believe you to be," replied King Polydectes, with the utmost graciousness of manner. "The bridal gift which I have set my heart on presenting to the beautiful Hippodamia is the head of the Gorgon Medusa with the snaky locks, and I depend on you, my dear Perseus, to bring it to me. So, as I am anxious to settle affairs with the princess, the sooner you go in quest of the Gorgon the better I shall be pleased."

"I will set out to-morrow morning," answered Perseus.

"Pray do so, my gallant youth," rejoined the king. "And, Perseus, in cutting off the Gorgon's head be careful to make a clean stroke, so as not to injure its appearance. You must bring it home in the very best condition in order to suit the exquisite taste of the beautiful Princess Hippodamia."

Perseus left the palace, but was scarcely out of hearing before Polydectes burst into a laugh, being greatly amused, wicked king that he was, to find how readily the young man fell into the snare. The news quickly spread abroad that Perseus had undertaken to cut off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. Everybody was rejoiced, for most of the inhabitants of the island were as wicked as the king himself, and would have liked nothing better than to see some enormous mischief happen to Danaë and her son. The only good man in this unfortunate island of Seriphus appears to have been the fisherman. As Perseus walked along, therefore, the people pointed after him, and made mouths, and winked to one another, and ridiculed him as loudly as they dared.

"Ho, ho!" cried they; "Medusa's snakes will sting him soundly!"

Now, there were three Gorgons alive at that period, and they were the most strange and terrible monsters that had ever been seen since the world was made, or that have been seen in after days, or that are likely to be seen in all time to come. I hardly know what sort of creature or hobgoblin to call them. They were three sisters, and seem to have borne some distant resemblance to woman, but were really a very frightful and mischievous species of dragon. It is indeed difficult to imagine what hideous beings these three sisters were. Why, instead of locks of hair, if you can believe me, they had each of them a hundred enormous snakes growing on their heads, all alive, twisting, wriggling, curling, and thrusting out their venomous tongues with forked stings at the end. The teeth of the Gorgons were terribly long tusks; their hands were made of brass; and their bodies were all over scales, which, if not iron, were something as hard and impenetrable. They had wings, too, and exceedingly splendid ones, I can assure you, for every feather in them was pure, bright, glittering, burnished gold, and they looked very dazzling, no doubt, when the Gorgons were flying about in the sunshine.

But when people happened to catch a glimpse of their glittering brightness aloft in the air, they seldom stopped to gaze,

but ran and hid themselves as speedily as they could. You will think, perhaps, that they were afraid of being stung by the serpents that served the Gorgons instead of hair, or of having their heads bitten off by their ugly tusks, or of being torn all to pieces by their brazen claws. Well, to be sure, these were some of the dangers, but by no means the greatest nor the most difficult to avoid. For the worst thing about these abominable Gorgons was that if once a poor mortal fixed his eyes full upon one of their faces, he was certain that very instant to be changed from warm flesh and blood into cold and lifeless stone.

Thus, as you will easily perceive, it was a very dangerous adventure that the wicked King Polydectes had contrived for this innocent young man. Perseus himself, when he had thought over the matter, could not help seeing that he had very little chance of coming safely through it, and that he was far more likely to become a stone image than to bring back the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. For, not to speak of other difficulties, there was one which it would have puzzled an older man than Perseus to get over. Not only must he fight with and slay this golden-winged, iron-scaled, long-tusked, brazen-clawed, snaky-haired monster, but he must do it with his eyes shut, or at least without so much as a glance at the enemy with whom he was contending. Else, while his arm was lifted to strike, he would stiffen into stone, and stand with that uplifted arm for centuries, until time and the wind and weather should crumble him quite away. This would be a very sad thing to befall a young man who wanted to perform a great many brave deeds and to enjoy a great deal of happiness in this bright and beautiful world.

So disconsolate did these thoughts make him that Perseus could not bear to tell his mother what he had undertaken to do. He therefore took his shield, girded on his sword, and crossed over from the island to the mainland, where he sat down in a solitary place and hardly refrained from shedding tears.

But while he was in this sorrowful mood he heard a voice close beside him.

"Perseus," said the voice, "why are you sad?"

He lifted his head from his hands, in which he had hidden it, and, behold! all alone as Perseus had supposed himself to be, there was a stranger in the solitary place. It was a brisk, intelligent, and remarkably shrewd-looking young man, with

a cloak over his shoulders, an odd sort of cap on his head, a strangely twisted staff in his hand, and a short and very crooked sword hanging by his side. He was exceeding light and active in his figure, like a person much accustomed to gymnastic exercises and well able to leap or run. Above all, the stranger had such a cheerful, knowing, and helpful aspect (though it was certainly a little mischievous into the bargain) that Perseus could not help feeling his spirits grow livelier as he gazed at him. Besides, being really a courageous youth, he felt greatly ashamed that anybody should have found him with tears in his eyes, like a timid little schoolboy, when, after all, there might be no occasion for despair. So Perseus wiped his eyes and answered the stranger pretty briskly, putting on as brave a look as he could.

"I am not so very sad," said he; "only thoughtful about an adventure that I have undertaken."

"Oho!" answered the stranger. "Well, tell me all about it, and possibly I may be of service to you. I have helped a good many young men through adventures that looked difficult enough beforehand. Perhaps you may have heard of me. I have more names than one, but the name of Quicksilver suits me as well as any other. Tell me what your trouble is, and we will talk the matter over and see what can be done."

The stranger's words and manner put Perseus into quite a different mood from his former one. He resolved to tell Quicksilver all his difficulties, since he could not easily be worse off than he already was, and very possibly his new friend might give him some advice that would turn out well in the end. So he let the stranger know, in few words, precisely what the case was — how that King Polydectes wanted the head of Medusa with the snaky locks as a bridal gift for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and how that he had undertaken to get it for him, but was afraid of being turned into stone.

"And that would be a great pity," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile. "You would make a very handsome marble statue, it is true, and it would be a considerable number of centuries before you crumbled away, but, on the whole, one would rather be a young man for a few years than a stone image for a great many."

"Oh, far rather!" exclaimed Perseus, with the tears again standing in his eyes. "And, besides, what would my dear mother do if her beloved son were turned into a stone?"

"Well, well! let us hope that the affair will not turn out so very badly," replied Quicksilver in an encouraging tone. "I am the very person to help you, if anybody can. My sister and myself will do our utmost to bring you safe through the adventure, ugly as it now looks."

"Your sister?" repeated Perseus.

"Yes, my sister," said the stranger. "She is very wise, I promise you; and as for myself, I generally have all my wits about me, such as they are. If you show yourself bold and cautious and follow our advice, you need not fear being a stone image yet a while. But, first of all, you must polish your shield till you can see your face in it as distinctly as in a mirror."

This seemed to Perseus rather an odd beginning of the adventure, for he thought it of far more consequence that the shield should be strong enough to defend him from the Gorgons' brazen claws than that it should be bright enough to show him the reflection of his face. However, concluding that Quicksilver knew better than himself, he immediately set to work and scrubbed the shield with so much diligence and good will that it very quickly shone like the moon at harvest time. Quicksilver looked at it with a smile and nodded his approbation. Then, taking off his own short and crooked sword, he girded it about Perseus, instead of the one which he had before worn.

"No sword but mine will answer your purpose," observed he; "the blade has a most excellent temper, and will cut through iron and brass as easily as through the slenderest twig. And now we will set out. The next thing is to find the Three Gray Women, who will tell us where to find the Nymphs."

"The Three Gray Women!" cried Perseus, to whom this seemed only a new difficulty in the path of his adventure; "pray, who may the Three Gray Women be? I never heard of them before."

"They are three very strange old ladies," said Quicksilver, laughing. "They have but one eye among them, and only one tooth. Moreover, you must find them out by starlight or in the dusk of the evening, for they never show themselves by the light either of the sun or moon."

"But," said Perseus, "why should I waste my time with these Three Gray Women? Would it not be better to set out at once in search of the terrible Gorgons?"

"No, no," answered his friend. "There are other things to be done before you can find your way to the Gorgons. There is nothing for it but to hunt up these old ladies, and when we meet with them you may be sure that the Gorgons are not a great way off. Come, let us be stirring."

Perseus by this time felt so much confidence in his companion's sagacity that he made no more objections, and professed himself ready to begin the adventure immediately. They accordingly set out and walked at a pretty brisk pace — so brisk, indeed, that Perseus found it rather difficult to keep up with his nimble friend Quicksilver. To say the truth, he had a singular idea that Quicksilver was furnished with a pair of winged shoes, which of course helped him along marvelously. And then, too, when Perseus looked sideways at him out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to see wings on the side of his head, although, if he turned a full gaze, there were no such things to be perceived, but only an odd kind of cap. But, at all events, the twisted staff was evidently a great convenience to Quicksilver, and enabled him to proceed so fast that Perseus, though a remarkably active young man, began to be out of breath.

"Here!" cried Quicksilver at last — for he knew well enough, rogue that he was, how hard Perseus found it to keep pace with him — "take you the staff, for you need it a great deal more than I. Are there no better walkers than yourself in the island of Seriphus?"

"I could walk pretty well," said Perseus, glancing slyly at his companion's feet, "if I had only a pair of winged shoes."

"We must see about getting you a pair," answered Quicksilver.

But the staff helped Perseus along so bravely that he no longer felt the slightest weariness. In fact, the stick seemed to be alive in his hand, and to lend some of its life to Perseus. He and Quicksilver now walked onward at their ease, talking very sociably together, and Quicksilver told so many pleasant stories about his former adventures, and how well his wits had served him on various occasions, that Perseus began to think him a very wonderful person. He evidently knew the world, and nobody is so charming to a young man as a friend who has that kind of knowledge. Perseus listened the more eagerly in the hope of brightening his own wits by what he heard.

At last he happened to recollect that Quicksilver had spoken

of a sister who was to lend her assistance in the adventure which they were now bound upon.

"Where is she?" he inquired. "Shall we not meet her soon?"

"All at the proper time," said his companion. "But this sister of mine, you must understand, is quite a different sort of character from myself. She is very grave and prudent, seldom smiles, never laughs, and makes it a rule not to utter a word unless she has something particularly profound to say. Neither will she listen to any but the wisest conversation."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Perseus; "I shall be afraid to say a syllable."

"She is a very accomplished person, I assure you," continued Quicksilver, "and has all the arts and sciences at her fingers' ends. In short, she is so immoderately wise that many people call her wisdom personified. But, to tell you the truth, she has hardly vivacity enough for my taste, and I think you would scarcely find her so pleasant a traveling companion as myself. She has her good points, nevertheless, and you will find the benefit of them in your encounter with the Gorgons."

By this time it had grown quite dusk. They were now come to a very wild and desert place, overgrown with shaggy bushes, and so silent and solitary that nobody seemed ever to have dwelt or journeyed there. All was waste and desolate in the gray twilight, which grew every moment more obscure. Perseus looked about him rather disconsolately, and asked Quicksilver whether they had a great deal farther to go.

"Hist! hist!" whispered his companion. "Make no noise. This is just the time and place to meet the Three Gray Women. Be careful that they do not see you before you see them, for, though they have but a single eye among the three, it is as sharp-sighted as half a dozen common eyes."

"But what must I do," asked Perseus, "when we meet them?"

Quicksilver explained to Perseus how the Three Gray Women managed with their one eye. They were in the habit, it seems, of changing it from one to another, as if it had been a pair of spectacles or — which would have suited them better — a quizzing glass. When one of the three had kept the eye a certain time, she took it out of the socket and passed it to one of her sisters whose turn it might happen to be, and who im-

mediately clapped it into her own head and enjoyed a peep at the visible world. Thus it will easily be understood that only one of the Three Gray Women could see, while the other two were in utter darkness; and, moreover, at the instant when the eye was passing from hand to hand neither of the poor old ladies was able to see a wink. I have heard of a great many strange things in my day, and have witnessed not a few, but none, it seems to me, that can compare with the oddity of these Three Gray Women all peeping through a single eye.

So thought Perseus likewise, and was so astonished that he almost fancied his companion was joking with him, and that there were no such old women in the world.

"You will soon find whether I tell the truth or no," observed Quicksilver. "Hark! hush! hist! hist! There they come, now!"

Perseus looked earnestly through the dusk of the evening, and there, sure enough, at no great distance off, he descried the Three Gray Women. The light being so faint, he could not well make out what sort of figures they were, only he discovered that they had long gray hair, and as they came nearer he saw that two of them had but the empty socket of an eye in the middle of their foreheads. But in the middle of the third sister's forehead there was a very large, bright, and piercing eye, which sparkled like a great diamond in a ring; and so penetrating did it seem to be that Perseus could not help thinking it must possess the gift of seeing in the darkest midnight just as perfectly as at noonday. The sight of three persons' eyes was melted and collected into that single one.

Thus the three old dames got along about as comfortably, upon the whole, as if they could all see at once. She who chanced to have the eye in her forehead led the other two by the hands, peeping sharply about her all the while, insomuch that Perseus dreaded lest she should see right through the thick clump of bushes behind which he and Quicksilver had hidden themselves. My stars! it was positively terrible to be within reach of so very sharp an eye.

But before they reached the clump of bushes one of the Three Gray Women spoke.

"Sister! Sister Scarecrow!" cried she, "you have had the eye long enough. It is my turn now!"

"Let me keep it a moment longer, Sister Nightmare," an-

swered Scarecrow. "I thought I had a glimpse of something behind that thick bush."

"Well, and what of that?" retorted Nightmare, peevishly. "Can't I see into a thick bush as easily as yourself? The eye is mine as well as yours, and I know the use of it as well as you, or maybe a little better. I insist upon taking a peep immediately."

But here the third sister, whose name was Shakejoint, began to complain, and said that it was her turn to have the eye, and that Scarecrow and Nightmare wanted to keep it all to themselves. To end the dispute, old Dame Scarecrow took the eye out of her forehead and held it forth in her hand.

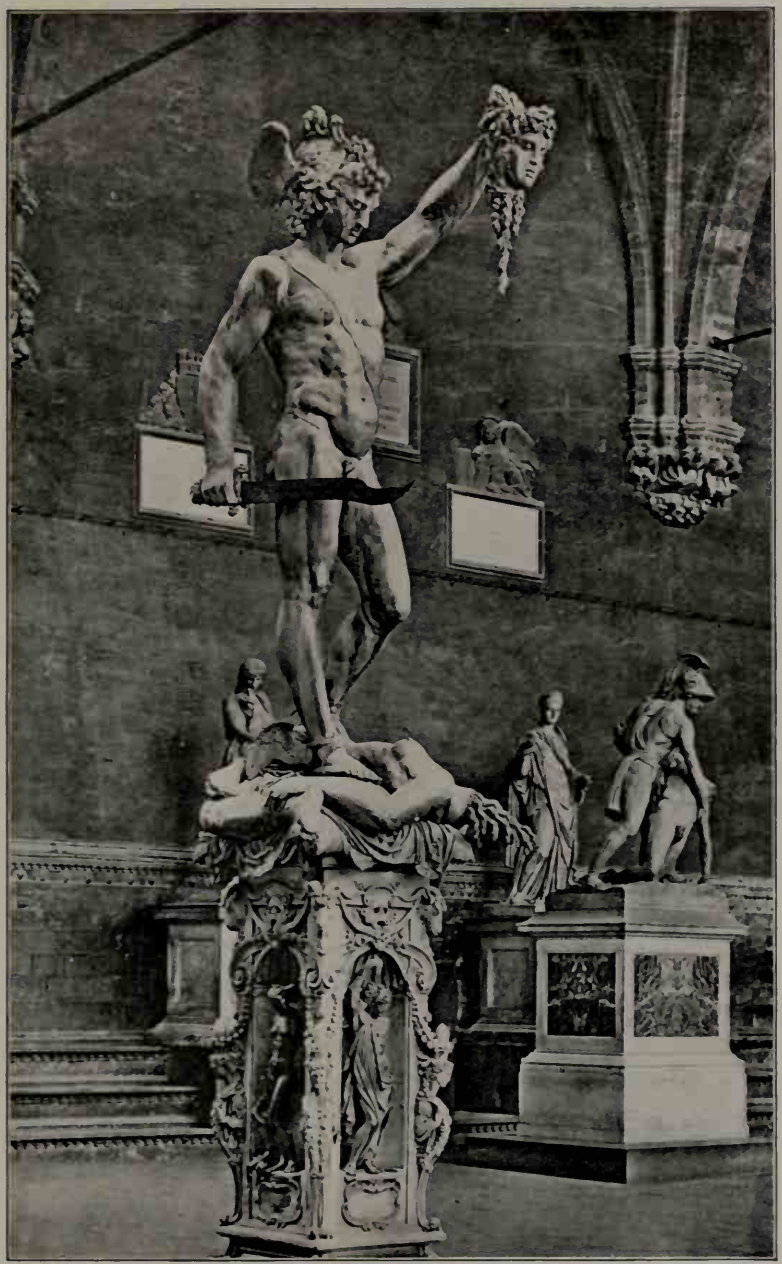
"Take it, one of you," cried she, "and quit this foolish quarreling. For my part, I shall be glad of a little thick darkness. Take it quickly, however, or I must clap it into my own head again."

Accordingly, both Nightmare and Shakejoint stretched out their hands, groping eagerly to snatch the eye out of the hand of Scarecrow. But, being both alike blind, they could not easily find where Scarecrow's hand was; and Scarecrow, being now just as much in the dark as Shakejoint and Nightmare, could not at once meet either of their hands in order to put the eye into it. Thus (as you will see with half an eye, my wise little auditors) these good old dames had fallen into a strange perplexity. For, though the eye shone and glistened like a star as Scarecrow held it out, yet the Gray Women caught not the least glimpse of its light, and were, all three, in utter darkness from too impatient a desire to see.

Quicksilver was so much tickled at beholding Shakejoint and Nightmare both groping for the eye, and each finding fault with Scarecrow and with one another, that he could scarcely help laughing aloud.

"Now is your time!" he whispered to Perseus. "Quick, quick! before they can clap the eye into either of their heads. Rush out upon the old ladies and snatch it from Scarecrow's hand."

In an instant, while the Three Gray Women were still scolding each other, Perseus leaped from behind the clump of bushes and made himself master of the prize. The marvelous eye, as he held it in his hand, shone very brightly, and seemed to look up into his face with a knowing air, and an expression as if it would have winked had it been provided with a pair of



PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA

From a statue by Benvenuto Cellini

eyelids for that purpose. But the Gray Women knew nothing of what had happened, and, each supposing that one of her sisters was in possession of the eye, they began their quarrel anew. At last, as Perseus did not wish to put these respectable dames to greater inconvenience than was really necessary, he thought it right to explain the matter.

"My good ladies," said he, "pray do not be angry with one another. If anybody is in fault, it is myself, for I have the honor to hold your very brilliant and excellent eye in my own hand."

"You! you have our eye? And who are you?" screamed the Three Gray Women all in a breath, for they were terribly frightened, of course, at hearing a strange voice and discovering that their eyesight had got into the hands of they could not guess whom. "Oh, what shall we do, sisters? what shall we do? We are all in the dark! Give us our eye! Give us our one precious, solitary eye! You have two of your own! Give us our eye!"

"Tell them," whispered Quicksilver to Perseus, "that they shall have back the eye as soon as they direct you where to find the Nymphs who have the flying slippers, the magic wallet, and the helmet of darkness."

"My dear, good, admirable old ladies," said Perseus, addressing the Gray Women, "there is no occasion for putting yourselves into such a fright. I am by no means a bad young man. You shall have back your eye, safe and sound and as bright as ever, the moment you tell me where to find the Nymphs."

"The Nymphs! Goodness me! sisters, what Nymphs does he mean?" screamed Scarecrow. "There are a great many Nymphs, people say — some that go a hunting in the woods, and some that live inside of trees, and some that have a comfortable home in fountains of water. We know nothing at all about them. We are three unfortunate old souls that go wandering about in the dusk, and never had but one eye among us, and that one you have stolen away. Oh, give it back, good stranger! whoever you are, give it back!"

All this while the Three Gray Women were groping with their outstretched hands and trying their utmost to get hold of Perseus, but he took good care to keep out of their reach.

"My respectable dames," said he — for his mother had taught him always to use the greatest civility — "I hold your eye fast in my hand, and shall keep it safely for you until you please to

tell me where to find these Nymphs — the Nymphs, I mean, who keep the enchanted wallet, the flying slippers, and the — what is it? — the helmet of invisibility."

"Mercy on us, sisters! what is the young man talking about?" exclaimed Scarecrow, Nightmare, and Shakejoint one to another, with great appearance of astonishment. "A pair of flying slippers, quoth he! His heels would quickly fly higher than his head if he were silly enough to put them on. And a helmet of invisibility! How could a helmet make him invisible unless it were big enough for him to hide under it? And the enchanted wallet! What sort of a contrivance may that be, I wonder? No, no, good stranger! we can tell you nothing of these marvelous things. You have two eyes of your own, and we but a single one among us three. You can find out such wonders better than three blind old creatures like us."

Perseus, hearing them talk in this way, began really to think that the Gray Women knew nothing of the matter, and, as it grieved him to have put them to so much trouble, he was just on the point of restoring their eye and asking pardon for his rudeness in snatching it away. But Quicksilver caught his hand.

"Don't let them make a fool of you," said he. "These Three Gray Women are the only persons in the world that can tell you where to find the Nymphs, and unless you get that information you will never succeed in cutting off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. Keep fast hold of the eye and all will go well."

As it turned out, Quicksilver was in the right. There are but few things that people prize so much as they do their eyesight, and the Gray Women valued their single eye as highly as if it had been half a dozen, which was the number they ought to have had. Finding that there was no other way of recovering it, they at last told Perseus what he wanted to know. No sooner had they done so than he immediately and with the utmost respect clapped the eye into the vacant socket in one of their foreheads, thanked them for their kindness, and bade them farewell. Before the young man was out of hearing, however, they had got into a new dispute because he happened to have given the eye to Scarecrow, who had already taken her turn of it when their trouble with Perseus commenced.

It is greatly to be feared that the Three Gray Women were very much in the habit of disturbing their mutual harmony by

bickerings of this sort, which was the more pity as they could not conveniently do without one another, and were evidently intended to be inseparable companions. As a general rule, I would advise all people, whether sisters or brothers, old or young, who chance to have but one eye among them, to cultivate forbearance, and not all insist upon peeping through it at once.

Quicksilver and Perseus in the mean time were making the best of their way in quest of the Nymphs. The old dames had given them such particular directions that they were not long in finding them out. They proved to be very different persons from Nightmare, Shakejoint, and Scarecrow, for instead of being old they were young and beautiful, and instead of one eye among the sisterhood each Nymph had two exceedingly bright eyes of her own, with which she looked very kindly at Perseus. They seemed to be acquainted with Quicksilver, and when he told them the adventure which Perseus had undertaken they made no difficulty about giving him the valuable articles that were in their custody. In the first place, they brought out what appeared to be a small purse, made of deerskin and curiously embroidered, and bade him be sure and keep it safe. This was the magic wallet. The Nymphs next produced a pair of shoes or slippers or sandals with a nice little pair of wings at the heel of each.

"Put them on, Perseus," said Quicksilver. "You will find yourself as light-heeled as you can desire for the remainder of our journey."

So Perseus proceeded to put one of the slippers on, while he laid the other on the ground by his side. Unexpectedly, however, this other slipper spread its wings, fluttered up off the ground, and would probably have flown away if Quicksilver had not made a leap and luckily caught it in the air.

"Be more careful," said he as he gave it back to Perseus. "It would frighten the birds up aloft if they should see a flying slipper amongst them."

When Perseus had got on both of these wonderful slippers he was altogether too buoyant to tread on earth. Making a step or two, lo and behold! upward he popped into the air, high above the heads of Quicksilver and the Nymphs, and found it very difficult to clamber down again. Winged slippers and all such high-flying contrivances are seldom quite easy to manage until one grows a little accustomed to them. Quicksilver

laughed at his companion's involuntary activity, and told him that he must not be in so desperate a hurry, but must wait for the invisible helmet.

The good-natured Nymphs had the helmet with its dark tuft of waving plumes all in readiness to put upon his head. And now there happened about as wonderful an incident as anything that I have yet told you. The instant before the helmet was put on, there stood Perseus, a beautiful young man with golden ringlets and rosy cheeks, the crooked sword by his side, and the brightly polished shield upon his arm — a figure that seemed all made up of courage, sprightliness, and glorious light. But when the helmet had descended over his white brow there was no longer any Perseus to be seen! Nothing but empty air! Even the helmet that covered him with its invisibility had vanished!

"Where are you, Perseus?" asked Quicksilver.

"Why, here, to be sure!" answered Perseus, very quietly, although his voice seemed to come out of the transparent atmosphere. "Just where I was a moment ago. Don't you see me?"

"No, indeed!" answered his friend. "You are hidden under the helmet. But if I cannot see you, neither can the Gorgons. Follow me, therefore, and we will try your dexterity in using the winged slippers."

With these words Quicksilver's cap spread its wings, as if his head were about to fly away from his shoulders; but his whole figure rose lightly into the air, and Perseus followed. By the time they had ascended a few hundred feet the young man began to feel what a delightful thing it was to leave the dull earth so far beneath him and to be able to flit about like a bird.

It was now deep night. Perseus looked upward and saw the round, bright, silvery moon, and thought that he should desire nothing better than to soar up thither and spend his life there. Then he looked downward again and saw the earth, with its seas and lakes, and the silver courses of its rivers, and snowy mountain peaks, and the breadth of its fields, and the dark cluster of its woods, and its cities of white marble; and, with the moonshine sleeping over the whole scene, it was as beautiful as the moon or any star could be. And, among other objects, he saw the island of Seriphus, where his dear mother was. Sometimes he and Quicksilver approached a cloud that at a distance looked as if it were made of fleecy silver, although

when they plunged into it they found themselves chilled and moistened with gray mist. So swift was their flight, however, that in an instant they emerged from the cloud into the moonlight again. Once a high-soaring eagle flew right against the invisible Perseus. The bravest sights were the meteors that gleamed suddenly out as if a bonfire had been kindled in the sky, and made the sunshine pale for as much as a hundred miles around them.

As the two companions flew onward Perseus fancied that he could hear the rustle of a garment close by his side; and it was on the side opposite to the one where he beheld Quicksilver, yet only Quicksilver was visible.

"Whose garment is this," inquired Perseus, "that keeps rustling close beside me in the breeze?"

"Oh, it is my sister's!" answered Quicksilver. "She is coming along with us, as I told you she would. We could do nothing without the help of my sister. You have no idea how wise she is. She has such eyes, too! Why, she can see you at this moment just as distinctly as if you were not invisible, and I'll venture to say she will be the first to discover the Gorgons."

By this time, in their swift voyage through the air, they had come within sight of the great ocean, and were soon flying over it. Far beneath them the waves tossed themselves tumultuously in mid sea, or rolled a white surf line upon the long beaches, or foamed against the rocky cliffs with a roar that was thunderous in the lower world, although it became a gentle murmur, like the voice of a baby half asleep, before it reached the ears of Perseus. Just then a voice spoke in the air close by him. It seemed to be a woman's voice, and was melodious, though not exactly what might be called sweet, but grave and mild.

"Perseus," said the voice, "there are the Gorgons."

"Where?" exclaimed Perseus. "I cannot see them."

"On the shore of that island beneath you," replied the voice. "A pebble dropped from your hand would strike in the midst of them."

"I told you she would be the first to discover them," said Quicksilver to Perseus. "And there they are!"

Straight downward, two or three thousand feet below him, Perseus perceived a small island with the sea breaking into white foam all around its rocky shore except on one side, where there was a beach of snowy sand. He descended toward it,

and, looking earnestly at a cluster or heap of brightness at the foot of a precipice of black rocks, behold, there were the terrible Gorgons! They lay fast asleep, soothed by the thunder of the sea, for it required a tumult that would have deafened everybody else to lull such fierce creatures into slumber. The moonlight glistened on their steely scales and on their golden wings, which drooped idly over the sand. Their brazen claws, horrible to look at, were thrust out and clutched the wave-beaten fragments of rock, while the sleeping Gorgons dreamed of tearing some poor mortal all to pieces. The snakes that served them instead of hair seemed likewise to be asleep, although now and then one would writhe and lift its head and thrust out its forked tongue, emitting a drowsy hiss, and then let itself subside among its sister snakes.

The Gorgons were more like an awful gigantic kind of insect — immense golden-winged beetles or dragon flies or things of that sort, at once ugly and beautiful — than like anything else, only that they were a thousand and a million times as big. And, with all this, there was something partly human about them, too. Luckily for Perseus, their faces were completely hidden from him by the posture in which they lay, for had he but looked one instant at them he would have fallen heavily out of the air, an image of senseless stone.

"Now," whispered Quicksilver, as he hovered by the side of Perseus, — "now is your time to do the deed! Be quick, for if one of the Gorgons should awake, you are too late."

"Which shall I strike at?" asked Perseus, drawing his sword and descending a little lower. "They all three look alike. All three have snaky locks. Which of the three is Medusa?"

It must be understood that Medusa was the only one of these dragon monsters whose head Perseus could possibly cut off. As for the other two, let him have the sharpest sword that ever was forged, and he might have hacked away by the hour together without doing them the least harm.

"Be cautious," said the calm voice which had before spoken to him. "One of the Gorgons is stirring in her sleep, and is just about to turn over. That is Medusa. Do not look at her. The sight would turn you to stone. Look at the reflection of her face and figure in the bright mirror of your shield."

Perseus now understood Quicksilver's motive for so earnestly exhorting him to polish his shield. In its surface he could safely

look at the reflection of the Gorgon's face. And there it was, that terrible countenance, mirrored in the brightness of the shield, with the moonlight falling over it and displaying all its horror. The snakes, whose venomous natures could not altogether sleep, kept twisting themselves over the forehead. It was the fiercest and most horrible face that ever was seen or imagined, and yet with a strange, fearful, and savage kind of beauty in it. The eyes were closed and the Gorgon was still in a deep slumber, but there was an unquiet expression disturbing her features, as if the monster was troubled with an ugly dream. She gnashed her white tusks and dug into the sand with her brazen claws.

The snakes, too, seemed to feel Medusa's dream and to be made more restless by it. They twined themselves into tumultuous knots, writhed fiercely, and uplifted a hundred hissing heads without opening their eyes.

"Now, now!" whispered Quicksilver, who was growing impatient. "Make a dash at the monster!"

"But be calm," said the grave, melodious voice at the young man's side. "Look in your shield as you fly downward, and take care that you do not miss your first stroke."

Perseus flew cautiously downward, still keeping his eyes on Medusa's face as reflected in his shield. The nearer he came the more terrible did the snaky visage and metallic body of the monster grow. At last, when he found himself hovering over her within arm's length, Perseus uplifted his sword, while at the same instant each separate snake upon the Gorgon's head stretched threateningly upward and Medusa unclosed her eyes. But she awoke too late. The sword was sharp, the stroke fell like a lightning flash, and the head of the wicked Medusa tumbled from her body!

"Admirably done!" cried Quicksilver. "Make haste and clap the head into your magic wallet."

To the astonishment of Perseus, the small embroidered wallet which he had hung about his neck, and which had hitherto been no bigger than a purse, grew all at once large enough to contain Medusa's head. As quick as thought he snatched it up, with the snakes still writhing upon it, and thrust it in.

"Your task is done," said the calm voice. "Now fly, for the other Gorgons will do their utmost to take vengeance for Medusa's death."

It was indeed necessary to take flight, for Perseus had not done the deed so quietly but that the clash of his sword and the hissing of the snakes and the thump of Medusa's head as it tumbled upon the sea-beaten sand awoke the other two monsters. There they sat for an instant, sleepily rubbing their eyes with their brazen fingers, while all the snakes on their heads reared themselves on end with surprise and with venomous malice against they knew not what. But when the Gorgons saw the scaly carcass of Medusa headless, and her golden wings all ruffled and half spread out on the sand, it was really awful to hear what yells and screeches they set up. And then the snakes! They sent forth a hundredfold hiss with one consent, and Medusa's snakes answered them out of the magic wallet.

No sooner were the Gorgons broad awake than they hurtled upward into the air, brandishing their brass talons, gnashing their horrible tusks, and flapping their huge wings so wildly that some of the golden feathers were shaken out and floated down upon the shore. And there, perhaps, those very feathers lie scattered till this day. Up rose the Gorgons, as I tell you, staring horribly about in hopes of turning somebody to stone. Had Perseus looked them in the face, or had he fallen into their clutches, his poor mother would never have kissed her boy again. But he took good care to turn his eyes another way, and as he wore the helmet of invisibility, the Gorgons knew not in what direction to follow him; nor did he fail to make the best use of the winged slippers by soaring upward a perpendicular mile or so. At that height, when the screams of those abominable creatures sounded faintly beneath him, he made a straight course for the island of Seriphus, in order to carry Medusa's head to King Polydectes.

I have no time to tell you of several marvelous things that befell Perseus on his way homeward, such as his killing a hideous sea monster just as it was on the point of devouring a beautiful maiden, nor how he changed an enormous giant into a mountain of stone merely by showing him the head of the Gorgon. If you doubt this latter story, you may make a voyage to Africa some day or other and see the very mountain, which is still known by the ancient giant's name.

Finally, our brave Perseus arrived at the island, where he expected to see his dear mother. But during his absence the wicked king had treated Danaë so very ill that she was compelled to make her escape, and had taken refuge in a temple,

where some good old priests were extremely kind to her. These praiseworthy priests, and the kind-hearted fisherman who had first shown hospitality to Danaë and little Perseus when he found them afloat in the chest, seem to have been the only persons on the island who cared about doing right. All the rest of the people, as well as King Polydectes himself, were remarkably ill-behaved, and deserved no better destiny than that which was now to happen.

Not finding his mother at home, Perseus went straight to the palace, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the king. Polydectes was by no means rejoiced to see him, for he had felt almost certain in his own evil mind that the Gorgons would have torn the poor young man to pieces and have eaten him up out of the way. However, seeing him safely returned, he put the best face he could upon the matter and asked Perseus how he had succeeded.

"Have you performed your promise?" inquired he. "Have you brought me the head of Medusa with the snaky locks? If not, young man, it will cost you dear, for I must have a bridal present for the beautiful Princess Hippodamia, and there is nothing else that she would admire so much."

"Yes, please your majesty," answered Perseus in a quiet way, as if it were no very wonderful deed for such a young man as he to perform. "I have brought you the Gorgon's head, snaky locks, and all."

"Indeed! Pray let me see it," quoth King Polydectes. "It must be a very curious spectacle, if all that travelers tell about it be true."

"Your majesty is in the right," replied Perseus. "It is really an object that will be pretty certain to fix the regards of all who look at it. And, if your majesty think fit, I would suggest that a holiday be proclaimed, and that all your majesty's subjects be summoned to behold this wonderful curiosity. Few of them, I imagine, have seen a Gorgon's head before, and perhaps never may again."

The king well knew that his subjects were an idle set of reprobates, and very fond of sight-seeing, as idle persons usually are. So he took the young man's advice, and sent out heralds and messengers in all directions to blow the trumpet at the street corners and in the market places and wherever two roads met, and summon everybody to court. Thither, accordingly, came a great multitude of good-for-nothing vagabonds, all of

whom, out of pure love of mischief, would have been glad if Perseus had met with some ill hap in his encounter with the Gorgons. If there were any better people in the island (as I really hope there may have been, although the story tells nothing about any such), they stayed quietly at home, minding their own business and taking care of their little children. Most of the inhabitants, at all events, ran as fast as they could to the palace, and shoved and pushed and elbowed one another in their eagerness to get near a balcony on which Perseus showed himself holding the embroidered wallet in his hand.

On a platform within full view of the balcony sat the mighty King Polydectes, amid his evil counselors and with his flattering courtiers in a semicircle round about him. Monarch, counselors, courtiers, and subjects all gazed eagerly toward Perseus.

"Show us the head! Show us the head!" shouted the people; and there was a fierceness in their cry, as if they would tear Perseus to pieces unless he should satisfy them with what he had to show. "Show us the head of Medusa with the snaky locks!"

A feeling of sorrow and pity came over the youthful Perseus.

"O King Polydectes," cried he, "and ye many people, I am very loath to show you the Gorgon's head."

"Ah, the villain and coward!" yelled the people, more fiercely than before. "He is making game of us! He has no Gorgon's head! Show us the head if you have it, or we will take your own head for a football!"

The evil counselors whispered bad advice in the king's ear; the courtiers murmured, with one consent, that Perseus had shown disrespect to their royal lord and master; and the great King Polydectes himself waved his hand and ordered him, with the stern, deep voice of authority, on his peril to produce the head: —

"Show me the Gorgon's head or I will cut off your own!"

And Perseus sighed.

"This instant," repeated Polydectes, "or you die!"

"Behold it, then!" cried Perseus, in a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

And suddenly holding up the head, not an eyelid had time to wink before the wicked King Polydectes, his evil counselors, and all his fierce subjects were no longer anything but the mere images of a monarch and his people. They were all fixed forever in the look and attitude of that moment. At the first

THE PRAYER OF THE SWINE TO CIRCE

From a painting by Briton Rivière

glimpse of the terrible head of Medusa they whitened into marble. And Perseus thrust the head back into his wallet, and went to tell his dear mother that she need no longer be afraid of the wicked King Polydectes.

THE PRAYER OF THE SWINE TO CIRCE.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[Henry Austin Dobson: English poet and biographer; born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840. He was educated as a civil engineer, but since 1856 has held a position in the Board of Trade, devoting his leisure hours to literary work. He domesticated the old French stanza form in English verse, and has done much to revive an interest in English art and literature of the eighteenth century. "Vignettes in Rhyme," "At the Sign of the Lyre," and "Proverbs in Porcelain" constitute his chief poetical works. In prose he has written biographies of Bewick, Walpole, Hogarth, Steele, and Goldsmith; "Eighteenth-Century Vignettes," etc.]

Huddling they came, with shag sides caked of mire, —
With hoofs fresh sullied from the troughs o'erturned, —
With wrinkling snouts, — yet eyes in which desire
Of some strange thing unutterably burned,
Unquenchable; and still where'er She turned
They rose about her, striving each o'er each,
With restless, fierce impórtuning that yearned
Through those brute masks some piteous tale to teach,
Yet lacked the words thereto, denied the power of speech.

For these — Eurylochus alone escaping —
In truth, that small exploring band had been,
Whom wise Odysseus, dim precaution shaping,
Ever at heart, of peril unforeseen,
Had sent inland; — whom then the islet Queen, —
The fair disastrous daughter of the Sun, —
Had turned to likeness of the beast unclean,
With evil wand transforming one by one,
To shapes of loathly swine, imbruted and undone.

But "the men's minds remained," and these forever
Made hungry suppliance through the fire-red eyes;
Still searching aye, with impotent endeavor,
To find, if yet, in any look, there lies
A saving hope, or if they might surprise

In that cold face soft pity's spark concealed,
Which she, still scorning, evermore denies;
Nor was there in her any ruth revealed
To whom with such mute speech and dumb words they appealed.

What hope is ours — what hope! To find no mercy
After much war, and many travails done? —
Ah, kinder far than thy fell philters, Circe,
The ravening Cyclops and the Læstrigon!
And O, thrice cursèd be Laertes' son,
By whom, at last, we watch the days decline
With no fair ending of the quest begun,
Condemned in sties to weary and to pine
And with men's hearts to beat through this foul front of swine!

For us not now, — for us, alas! no more
The old green glamour of the glancing sea;
For us not now the laughter of the oar, —
The strong-ribbed keel wherein our comrades be;
Not now, at even, any more shall we,
By low-browed banks and reedy river places,
Watch the beast hurry and the wild fowl flee;
Or steering shoreward, in the upland spaces,
Have sight of curling smoke and fair-skinned foreign faces.

Alas for us! — for whom the columned houses
We left aforetime, cheerless must abide;
Cheerless the hearth where now no guest carouses, —
No minstrel raises song at eventide;
And O, more cheerless than aught else beside,
The wistful hearts with heavy longing full; —
The wife that watched us on the waning tide, —
The sire whose eyes with weariness are dull, —
The mother whose slow tears fall on the carded wool.

If swine we be, — if we indeed be swine,
Daughter of Persé, make us swine indeed,
Well-pleased on litter straw to lie supine, —
Well-pleased on mast and acorn shales to feed,
Stirred by all instincts of the bestial breed;
But O Unmerciful! O Pitiless!
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed! —
To waste long days in yearning, dumb distress
And memory of things gone, and utter hopelessness!

Leave us at least, if not the things we were,
At least consentient to the thing we be;
Not hapless doomed to loathe the forms we bear,
And senseful roll in senseless savagery;
For surely cursed above all cursed are we,
And surely this the bitterest of ill; —
To feel the old aspirings fair and free,
Become blind motions of a powerless will
Through swinelike frames dispersed to swinelike issues still.

But make us men again, for that thou mayst!
Yea, make us men, Enchantress, and restore
These groveling shapes, degraded and debased,
To fair embodiments of men once more; —
Yea, by all men that ever woman bore; —
Yea, e'en by him hereafter born in pain,
Shall draw sustainment from thy bosom's core,
O'er whom thy face yet kindly shall remain,
And find its like therein, — make thou us men again!

Make thou us men again, — if men but groping
That dark Hereafter which th' Olympians keep,
Make thou us men again, — if men but hoping
Behind death's doors security of sleep; —
For yet to laugh is somewhat, and to weep; —
To feel delight of living, and to plow
The salt-blown acres of the shoreless deep; —
Better, — yea better far all these than bow
Foul faces to foul earth, and yearn — as we do now!

So they in speech unsyllabled. But She,
The fair-tressed Goddess, born to be their bane,
Uplifting straight her wand of ivory,
Compelled them groaning to the sties again;
Where they in hopeless bitterness were fain
To rend the oaken woodwork as before,
And tear the troughs in impotence of pain, —
Not knowing, they, that even at the door
Divine Odysseus stood, — as Hermes told of yore.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

By GEORG EBERS.

(From "An Egyptian Princess.")

[Georg Moritz Ebers: German Egyptologist and novelist; born at Berlin, March 1, 1837. He was educated at Göttingen and Berlin, and lectured for a while at Jena. In 1870 he became professor of Egyptian archæology at Leipsic, resigning in 1889 on account of ill health. Besides several important works on Egyptology, he has published a series of historical novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, which have enjoyed extraordinary popularity not only in Germany but in other countries. The best known are: "An Egyptian Princess," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "The Sisters," "Serapis," "The Bride of the Nile," and "Cleopatra." Also popular are: "In the Fire of the Forge," "The Burgomaster's Wife," and "Gred."]

Here Aristomachus interrupted the Athenian, and cried: "Enough of praise, friend Phanes. Spartan tongues are awkward, but if you need my help, I will answer you with deeds, that will hit the right nail on the head."

Rhodopis smiled approvingly at the two men. Then she gave her hand to each, and said: "Unfortunately, dear Phanes, your story has shown me that you can no longer remain in this land. I will not reproach you for your folly, but you might have known that you were braving great dangers for small results. A really prudent and courageous man will undertake a bold deed only when the benefit which might accrue to him is greater than the disadvantages. Rashness is just as foolish, though not, perhaps, as reprehensible, as cowardice, for though both may injure a man, the latter alone disgraces him. This time your carelessness nearly cost you your life, a life which is dear to many, and which you ought to preserve for a better end than to fall a victim to folly. We may not try to keep you with us, for we could not help you, and should certainly harm ourselves. This noble Spartan shall in future take your place, and as captain of the Greeks represent our nation at court, protect it from the encroachments of the priests, and try to preserve the king's favor for it. I hold your hand, Aristomachus, and will not let it go, till you promise to act as Phanes did before you, and to protect, as far as it is in your power, even the lowest Greek from the arrogance of the Egyptians; to resign your post rather than let the most trivial crime against a Greek escape punishment. We are but a few thousands among

as many millions, all hostile to us, but we are great in courage, and must strive to remain strong in unity. Till to-day, the Greeks in Egypt have acted as brothers. One sacrificed himself for all, all for one, and it was this very unity that made us powerful, that will keep us strong in the future. Would that we could give the same unity to our native land and its colonies; would that all the races of our home, forgetful of their Dorian, Ionic, or Æolian descent, would content themselves with the name of Greeks, and live together like children of one house, like the sheep of one flock; then the whole world would not be able to resist us. Hellas would be recognized by all nations as their queen."

Rhodopis' eyes flashed as she spoke; the Spartan pressed her hand, impetuously stamped on the floor with his wooden leg, and cried: "By Zeus, no one shall touch a Greek while I can prevent it. But you, Rhodopis, you ought to have been a Spartan."

"An Athenian," cried Phanes.

"An Ionian," said the Milesian.

"A daughter of a Samian geomore," cried the sculptor.

"But I am more than all this," cried Rhodopis, with enthusiasm, "I am a Greek!"

All were carried away by her words. Even the Syrian and the Hebrew could not resist the general enthusiasm. The Sybarite alone remained unmoved, and said, with his mouth full: —

"You also deserve to be a Sybarite, for your beef is the best that I have tasted since I left Italy, and your wine of Anthylla tastes just as good as that of Vesuvius and Chios."

All laughed, but the Spartan looked contemptuously at the Sybarite.

"Hail! friends," suddenly cried a deep voice through the open window.

"Welcome," answered the chorus of guests, while they wondered who the late arrival was.

They had not long to wait for the stranger; before the Sybarite had found time carefully to taste another sip of wine, a tall thin man, of about sixty, with a long, well-shaped, intelligent head, stood beside Rhodopis. It was Callias, son of Phænippus of Athens.

The late visitor was one of the wealthiest exiles of Athens, who had twice bought the property of Pisistratus from the

state, and twice lost it when the despot returned; he looked at his friends with bright, keen eyes, and cried, after he had exchanged friendly greetings with all: —

"If you are not very grateful for my presence to-day, I shall declare that all gratitude has vanished from the world."

"We have long expected you," interrupted one of the Milesians. "You are the first to bring us news of the result of the Olympic games."

"And we could not wish for a better messenger than the former victor," added Rhodopis.

"Sit down," cried Phanes, full of impatience; "tell us briefly and concisely what you know, friend Callias."

"Directly, countrymen," answered Callias; "it is some time since I left Olympia, and embarked at Cenchreæ on a Samian fifty-oared ship, the best vessel that was ever built. I am not surprised that no Greek has reached Naucratis before me, for we encountered frightful storms, and would scarcely have escaped with our lives, if these Samian boats, with their fat stomachs, thin beaks, and fish tails, were not so splendidly built and manned. Who knows whither the other homeward-bound travelers may have been driven; we were able to take refuge in the harbor of Samos, and to depart again after sixteen days.

"When we entered the Nile early this morning, I at once took boat and was speeded on my way by Boreas, who wished to show that he still loved his old Callias, so that a few minutes ago I saw the most hospitable of houses; I saw the flag fly, I saw the open windows illuminated, and hesitated as to whether or no I should enter; but I could not resist your charms, Rhodopis, and besides I should have been suffocated by all the untold news, which I bear with me, if I had not landed, in order to enjoy a slice of meat and a glass of wine, while I tell events of which you do not dream."

Callias sank down comfortably on a couch, and before he began his meal handed Rhodopis a splendid golden bracelet in the shape of a serpent, which he had bought at a high price, in the workshop of that very Theodorus who sat at table with him.

"That is for you," he said, turning to his delighted hostess. "But I have something still better for you, friend Phanes. Guess who won the prize in the race with the quadriga?"

"An Athenian?" asked Phanes, with glowing cheeks, for

was not every Olympie victory a triumph for the whole eommunity to which the victor belonged, and was not the Olympic olive branch the highest honor and greatest happiness which could fall to the lot of a Greek, or even to a whole Greek race?

"Well guessed, Phanes," eried the messenger of joy. "An Athenian has won the first prize of all, and what is more, it is your eousin Cimon, son of Cypselos, and brother of that Miltiades who, nine Olympiads ago, gained the same honor for us; this year he was vietorious for the seeond time with the very horses whieh obtained him the prize at the last festival. Truly, the Philædæ obscure more and more the fame of the Alemæonidæ. Does the fame of your family make you proud and happy, friend Phanes?"

Phanes had risen in great joy; he seemed suddenly to have inereased in stature.

Full of intense pride, he gave his hand to the messenger of vietory, who embraeed his eountryman, and eontinued: —

"We may indeed feel proud and happy, Phanes, and you may rejoiee above all; for after the judges had unanimously awarded the prize to Cimon, he bade the heralds proclaim the despot Pisistratus as the owner of the splendid horses, and therefore as vietor. Pisistratus at onee announeed that your family might now return to Athens, and so the long-wished-for hour of return has eome to you at last."

At these words the glow of pleasure faded from the faee of the offieer, and the eonseious pride of his glances changed to anger, as he eried: —

"I am to rejoiee, foolish Callias! I eould rather weep when I think that a deseendant of Ajax is eapable of ignominiously laying his well-merited fame at the feet of a tyrant. I am to return? I swear by Athene, by Father Zeus, and Apollo, that I will rather starve in exile, than turn my steps towards home while Pisistratus tyrannizes over my native land. I am free as the eagle in the elouds, now that I have left the service of Amasis, but I would rather be the hungry slave of a peasant, in a strange land, than at home, the first servant of Pisistratus. The power in Athens belongs to us, the nobles, but Cimon, when he laid his wreath at the feet of Pisistratus, kissed the seepter of the tyrant, and stamped himself with the seal of slavery. I will tell Cimon that to me, to Phanes, the favor of the despot is of little consequenee. I *will* remain an exile till

my country is free, and nobles and people again govern themselves and dictate their own laws. Phanes will not do homage to the oppressor, though a thousand Cimons, though each of the Alcmæonidæ, though the whole of your race, Callias, the wealthy Daduchis, throw themselves at Pisistratus' feet."

He surveyed the assembly with flaming eyes, and old Callias, too, looked at the guests with pride. It was as if he wished to say to each one: "See, my friends, such are the men my glorious home produces."

Then he again took Phanes' hand, and said: —

"My friend, the oppressor is as hateful to me as to you; but I cannot close my eyes to the fact that as long as Pisistratus lives, tyranny cannot be destroyed. His allies, Lygadamus of Naxos, and Polycrates of Samos, are powerful, but the wisdom and moderation of Pisistratus are more dangerous for our freedom. I saw with terror, during my late stay in Hellas, that the people of Athens love the oppressor like a father. In spite of his power, he leaves the spirit of Solon's constitution unaltered. He adorns the town with most beautiful works of art. The new temple of Zeus, which is being built of marble, by Callæschrus, Antistates, and Porinus, whom you know, Theodorus, is to surpass all buildings which the Greeks have ever erected. He knows how to attract artists and poets of every description to Athens; he has Homer's songs written down, and the sayings of Musæus of Onomacritus are collected by his orders. He is having new streets built, and introduces new festivals; trade flourishes under his rule, and in spite of the heavy taxes imposed on the people, their prosperity seems not to diminish but to increase. But what is the people? A common herd that flies, like a moth, towards everything that glitters; though it scorches its wings, it still flutters round the candle while it burns. Let Pisistratus' torch be extinguished, Phanes, and I swear to you, the changeable crowd will greet the new light, the returning nobles, as eagerly as it greeted the tyrant but a short time ago. Give me your hand again, true son of Ajax; but, my friends, I have still much to tell you. Cimon, as I said, won the chariot race, and gave his olive branch to Pisistratus. I never saw four more splendid horses. Arcesilaus of Cyrene, Cleosthenes of Epidamnus, Aster of Sybaris, Hecatæus of Miletus, and many others, sent beautiful horses to Olympia. Altogether the games were unusually brilliant this year. All Greece sent representatives, Rhoda, the

Ardeate town in distant Iberia, wealthy Tartessus, Sinope, in the far east, on the shores of the Pontus, in short, every race which boasts of Greek origin was well represented. The Sybarites sent messengers to the festival, whose appearance was simply dazzling, the Spartans simple men, with the beauty of Achilles and the stature of Hercules; the Athenians distinguished themselves by supple limbs and graceful movements; the Crotonians were led by Milo, the strongest man of human origin; the Samians and Milesians vied with the Corinthians and Mitylenians in splendor and magnificence. The flower of the youth of Greece was assembled there, and many beautiful maidens, chiefly from Sparta, sat beside men of every rank and nation; they had come to Olympia to encourage the men by their applause. The market was on the other side of the Alphæus, and there you could see merchants from all parts of the world. Greeks, Carchedonians, Lydians, Phrygians, and bargaining Phœnicians from Palestine concluded important affairs, and exposed their wares in tents and booths. Why should I describe to you the surging crowds, the resounding choruses, the smoking hecatombs, the gay dresses, the valuable chariots and horses, the confusion of many tongues, the joyous cries of old friends who met again after years of separation, the splendor of the ambassadors sent to the festival, the swarms of spectators and merchants, the excitement as to the result of the games, the splendid spectacle presented by the crowded audience, the endless delight whenever a victory was decided, the solemn presentation of the branch which a boy of Elis, both of whose parents must still be living, cut with a golden knife from the sacred olive tree, in the Altis, which Hercules himself planted many centuries ago? Why should I describe the never-ending shouts of joy which thundered through the Stadium when Milo of Crotona appeared and bore the bronze statue of himself by Dameas through the Stadium to the Altis without stumbling? A giant would have been bowed to the ground by the weight of metal, but Milo carried it as a Lacedæmonian nurse carries a little boy. The finest wreaths after Cimon's were won by two Spartan brothers, Lysander and Maro, sons of a banished noble, Aristomachus. Maro was victor in the running match. Lysander, to the delight of all present, challenged Milo, the irresistible victor of Pisa, and the Pythian and Isthmian games, to a wrestling match. Milo was taller and stronger than the Spartan, whose

figure resembled Apollo's, and whose great youth proved that he had scarcely outgrown the Pædanomos.

"The youth and the man stood opposite each other in their nude beauty, glistening with golden oil, like a panther and a lion preparing for combat. Young Lysander raised his hands before the first attack, adjured the gods, and cried, 'For my father, my honor, and Sparta's fame!' The Crotonian gave the youth a condescending smile, like that of a dainty eater before he begins to open the shell of a langusta.

"Now the wrestling began. For a long while neither could take hold of the other. The Crotonian tried with his powerful, almost irresistible, arms to seize his adversary, who eluded the terrible grasp of the athlete's clawlike hands. The struggle for the embrace lasted long, and the immense audience looked on, silent and breathless. Not a sound was heard, save the panting of the combatants, and the singing of the birds in the Altis. At last — at last, with the most beautiful movement I ever saw, the youth was able to clasp his adversary. For a long while Milo exerted himself in vain to free himself from the firm hold of the youth. The perspiration caused by the terrible contest amply watered the sand of the Stadium.

"The excitement of the spectators increased more and more, the silence became deeper and deeper, the encouraging cries grew rarer, the groans of the two combatants waxed more and more audible. At last the youth's strength gave way. An encouraging cry from thousands of throats cheered him on; he collected his strength with a superhuman effort, and tried to throw himself again on his adversary, but the Crotonian had noticed his momentary exhaustion, and pressed the youth in an irresistible embrace. A stream of black blood gushed from the beautiful lips of the youth, who sank lifeless to the earth from the wearied arms of the giant. Democedes, the most celebrated physician of our days, you Samians must have seen him at Polycrates' court, hurried up, but no art could help the happy youth, for he was dead.

"Milo was obliged to resign the wreath, and the fame of the youth will resound through all Greece. Truly, I would rather be dead like Lysander, son of Aristomachus, than live like Callias, to know an inactive old age in a strange land. All Greece, represented by its best men, accompanied the body of the beautiful youth to the funeral pyre, and his statue is to be

placed in the Altis, beside those of Milo of Croton, and Praxidamas of Ægina.

"Finally, the heralds proclaimed the award of the judges. 'Sparta shall receive a victor's wreath for the dead man, for it was not Milo but death who conquered noble Lysander, and he who goes forth unconquered after a two hours' struggle with the strongest of the Greeks, is well deserving of the olive branch.'"

Callias was silent for a minute. In the excitement of describing these events, more precious than aught else to the Greek heart, he had paid no attention to those present, but had stared straight before him while the images of the combatants passed before his mind's eye. Now he looked round, and saw, to his surprise, that the gray-haired man with the wooden leg, who had already attracted his attention, although he did not know him, had hidden his face in his hands, and was shedding scalding tears.

Rhodopis stood on his right, Phanes on his left, and everyone looked at the Spartan as though he were the hero of the story.

The quick Athenian saw at once that the old man was closely related to one of the Olympic victors; but when he heard that Aristomachus was the father of those two glorious Spartan brothers, whose beautiful forms still haunted him like visions from the world of the gods, he looked with envious admiration on the sobbing old man, and his clear eyes filled with tears, which he did not try to keep back. In those days men wept whenever they hoped that the solace of tears would relieve them. In anger, in great joy, in every affliction, we find strong heroes weeping, while, on the other hand, the Spartan boy would let himself be severely scourged, even to death, at the altar of Artemis Orthia, in order to gain the praise of the men.

For a time all the guests remained silent and respected the old man's emotion. At length Jeshua, the Israelite, who had abstained from all food which was prepared in Greek fashion, broke the silence and said in broken Greek: —

"Weep your fill, Spartan. I know what it is to lose a son. Was I not forced, eleven years ago, to lay a beautiful boy in the grave in a strange land, by the waters of Babylon where my people pined in captivity? If my beautiful child had lived but one year longer, he would have died at home, and we could have laid him in the grave of his fathers. But Cyrus the

Persian, may Jehovah bless his descendants, freed us a year too late and I must grieve doubly for my beloved child, because his grave is dug in the land of Israel's foes. Is anything more terrible than to see our children, our best treasures, sink in the grave before us? Adonai have mercy on me; to lose such an excellent child as your son, just when he had become a famous man, must be the greatest of griefs."

The Spartan removed his hands from his stern face and said, smiling amidst his tears: "You are mistaken, Phœnician, I weep with joy and I would gladly have lost my second son, had he died like Lysander."

The Israelite, horrified at this statement, which seemed wicked and unnatural to him, contented himself with shaking his head in disapproval; the Greeks overwhelmed the old man, whom they all envied, with congratulations. Intense joy seemed to have made Aristomachus many years younger, and he said to Rhodopis: "Truly, friend, your house is a blessed one for me; this is the second gift I have received from the gods since I entered it."

"And what was the first?" asked the matron.

"A favorable oracle."

"You forget the third gift," cried Phanes. "The gods permitted you to become acquainted with Rhodopis to-day. But what about the oracle?"

"May I tell our friends?" asked the Delphian.

Aristomachus nodded consent, and Phryxus again read the answer of the oracle: —

"When from the snow-clad heights descend the men in their armor,
Down to the shores of the winding stream which waters the valley,
Then the delaying boat shall conduct you unto the meadows
Where the peace of home is to the wanderer given.
When from the snow-clad heights descend the men in their armor,
Then what the judging five have long refused shall be granted."

Scarcely had Phryxus read the last word, when Callias, the Athenian, rose gracefully from his seat and cried: "The fourth gift, the fourth gift of the gods, you shall also receive from me in this house. Know, then, that I kept my strangest tidings till last. The Persians are coming to Egypt."

All the guests sprang from their seats except the Sybarite, and Callias could scarcely answer all their questions.

"Patience, patience, friends," he cried at last; "let me tell

THROWING THE DISCUS

everything in order, else I shall never finish. It is not an army, as you think, Phanes, but an embassy from Cambyses, the present king of powerful Persia, which is on its way hither. I heard at Samos that they have already reached Miletus. They will arrive here in a few days. Relations of the king, and even old Crœsus of Lydia, are with them. We shall see rare splendor. No one knows the reason of their coming, but it is thought that King Cambyses will propose an alliance to Amasis; it is even said that the king wishes to woo the daughter of the Pharaohs."

"An alliance," said Phanes, with an incredulous shrug; "the Persians already rule half the world. All the chief powers of Asia bow to their scepter. Only Egypt and our Greece have remained safe from the conqueror."

"You forget golden India, and the great nomadic races of Asia," returned Callias. "You also forget that an empire which consists of seventy races, possessing different languages and customs, always bears in it the seeds of rebellion, and must be on its guard against foreign wars, lest some of the provinces seize the favorable moment for revolt when the main body of the army is absent. Ask the Milesians whether they would keep quiet, if they heard that the chief forces of their oppressor had been defeated in battle."

Theopompus, the merchant of Miletus, interrupted the speaker and cried eagerly: "If the Persians are defeated in war, they will be attacked by a hundred foes, and my countrymen will not be the last to rise against the weakened tyrant."

"Whatever the intentions of the Persians may be," continued Callias, "I maintain that they will be here in three days."

"And so your oracle will be fulfilled, happy Aristomachus," cried Rhodopis. "The horsemen from the mountains can be none other than the Persians. When they reach the shores of the Nile, the five ephors will have changed their minds and you, the father of two Olympic victors, will be recalled. Fill the goblets again, Cnacias. Let us drink the last cup to the manes of famous Lysander, and then, though unwillingly, I must warn you of the approach of day. The host who loves his guests rises from table when the joy reaches its climax. The pleasant memory of this untroubled evening will soon bring you back to this house, whereas you would be less willing to return if

you were forced to think of the hours of depression which followed your enjoyment."

All the guests agreed with Rhodopis, and Ibycus praised the festive and pleasurable excitement of the evening and called her a true disciple of Pythagoras.

Every one prepared for departure; even the Sybarite, who to drown the emotion, which annoyed him, had drunk immoderately, raised himself from his comfortable position with the assistance of his slaves, who had been summoned, and muttered something about violated hospitality.

When Rhodopis held out her hand to him on bidding him farewell he cried, overcome by the wine: "By Hercules, Rhodopis, you turn us out of doors as if we were importunate creditors. I am not accustomed to leave the table as long as I can stand, and I am still less accustomed to be shown the door like a parasite."

"Do you not understand, you immoderate drinker——?" began Rhodopis, trying to excuse herself and smiling; but Philoinus who, in his present mood, was irritated by this retort, laughed scornfully and cried, staggering to the door: "You call me an immoderate drinker; well, I call you an insolent slave. By Dionysus, it is easy to see what you were in your youth. Farewell, slave of Iadmon and Xanthus, freed slave of Charaxus."

He had not finished, when the Spartan threw himself on him, gave him a violent blow with his fist, and carried the unconscious man, like a child, to the boat which, with his slaves, awaited him at the gate of the garden.

ARION.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

(Herodotus i. 24.)

[George Eliot, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola,"

"Felix Holt," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgart."]

ARION, whose melodie soul
Taught the dithyramb to roll
Like forest fires, and sing
Olympian suffering,

Had carried his diviner lore
From Corinth to the sister shore
Where Greece could largelier be,
Branching o'er Italy.

Then weighted with his glorious name
And bags of gold, aboard he came
'Mid harsh seafaring men
To Corinth bound again.

The sailors eyed the bags and thought:
"The gold is good, the man is naught —
And who shall track the wave
That opens for his grave?"

With brawny arms and cruel eyes
They press around him where he lies
In sleep beside his lyre,
Hearing the Muses quire.

He waked and saw this wolf-faced Death
Breaking the dream that filled his breath
With the inspiration strong
Of yet unchanted song.

"Take, take my gold and let me live!"
He prayed, as kings do when they give
Their all with royal will,
Holding born kingship still.

To rob the living they refuse,
One death or other he must choose,
Either the watery pall
Or wounds and burial.

"My solemn robe then let me don,
Give me high space to stand upon,
That dying I may pour
A song unsung before."

It pleased them well to grant this prayer,
To hear for naught how it might fare
With men who paid their gold
For what a poet sold.

In flowing stole, his eyes aglow
With inward fire, he neared the prow
And took his godlike stand,
The cithara in hand.

The wolfish men all shrank aloof,
And feared this singer might be proof
Against their murderous power,
After his lyric hour.

But he, in liberty of song,
Fearless of death or other wrong,
With full spondaic toll
Poured forth his mighty soul:

Poured forth the strain his dream had taught,
A nome with lofty passion fraught
Such as makes battles won
On fields of Marathon.

The last long vowels trembled then
As awe within those wolfish men:
They said, with mutual stare,
Some god was present there.

But lo! Arion leaped on high,
Ready, his descant done, to die;
Not asking, "Is it well?"
Like a pierced eagle fell.

1873.

THE STORY OF CRŒSUS.

By HERODOTUS.

[Herodotus: A celebrated Greek historian, surnamed "The Father of History"; born between B.C. 490 and B.C. 480 at Halicarnassus in Asia Minor. While his country was being oppressed by the tyrant Lygdamis, he withdrew to Samos, and subsequently traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Having later assisted in the expulsion of Lygdamis, he took part in the colonization

of Thurii in southern Italy, and gave public readings from his writings. He died about B.C. 426. His monumental work, "The Histories," consists of nine books, named from the nine Muses, and treats of the history of the Greeks and barbarians from the Persian invasion of Greece down to B.C. 479. It marks the beginning of historical writing among the Greeks.]

CRŒSUS was a Lydian by birth; son of Alyattes, and sovereign of the nations on this side the river Halys. He was the first barbarian we know of that subjected some of the Greeks to the payment of tribute, and formed alliances with others. He subdued the Ionians and Æolians, and the Dorians in Asia, and formed an alliance with the Lacedæmonians. Before the reign of Crœsus all the Greeks were free; for the incursion of the Cimmerians into Ionia was not for the purpose of subjecting states, but an irruption for plunder.

The government, which formerly belonged to the Heraclidæ, passed in the following manner to the family of Crœsus, who were called Mermnadæ. Candaules was tyrant of Sardis, and a descendant of Hercules. He was enamored of his own wife, and thought her by far the most beautiful of women. Gyges, one of his bodyguard, happened to be his especial favorite; and to him Candaules confided his most important affairs, and moreover extolled the beauty of his wife in exaggerated terms. At last (for he was fated to be miserable) he addressed Gyges as follows: "Gyges, as I think you do not believe me when I speak of my wife's beauty (for the ears of men are naturally more incredulous than their eyes), you must contrive to see her naked."

But he, exclaiming loudly, answered: "Sire, what a shocking proposal do you make, bidding me behold my queen naked! With her clothes a woman puts off her modesty. Wise maxims have been of old laid down by men; from these it is our duty to learn: among them is the following: —

"'Let every man look to the things that concern himself.' I am persuaded that she is the most beautiful of her sex, but I entreat of you not to require what is wicked."

Saying thus, Gyges fought off the proposal, dreading lest some harm should befall himself; but the king answered: "Gyges, take courage, and be not afraid of me, as if I desired to make trial of you by speaking thus; nor of my wife, lest any harm should befall you from her: for I will so contrive that she shall not know she has been seen by you. I will place you behind the open door of the apartment in which we

sleep : as soon as I enter, my wife will come to bed. There stands by the entrance a chair ; on this she will lay her garments one by one as she takes them off, and then she will give you an opportunity to look at her at your leisure : but when she steps from the chair to the bed, and you are at her back, be careful that she does not see you as you are going out by the door."

Gyges therefore, finding he could not escape, prepared to obey. And Candaules, when it seemed to be time to go to bed, led him to the chamber, and the lady soon afterward appeared, and Gyges saw her enter and lay her clothes on the chair : when he was at her back, as the lady was going to the bed, he crept secretly out, but she saw him as he was going away. Perceiving what her husband had done, she neither cried out through modesty, nor appeared to notice it, purposing to take vengeance on Candaules ; for among the Lydians and almost all the barbarians, it is deemed a great disgrace even for a man to be seen naked.

At the time, therefore, having shown no consciousness of what had occurred, she held her peace ; and as soon as it was day, having prepared such of her domestics as she knew were most to be trusted, she sent for Gyges. He, supposing that she knew nothing of what had happened, came when he was sent for, for he had been before used to attend whenever the queen sent for him. When Gyges came, the lady thus addressed him : "Gyges, I submit two proposals to your choice : either kill Candaules and take possession of me and of the Lydian kingdom, or expect immediate death, so that you may not, from your obedience to Candaules in all things, again see what you ought not. It is necessary that he who planned this, or that you who have seen me naked, and have done what is not decorous, should die."

Gyges for a time was stunned at what he heard ; but afterward he implored her not to compel him to make such a choice. He could not persuade her, however, but saw the necessity imposed on him either to kill his master Candaules or die himself by the hands of others ; he therefore chose to survive, and made the following inquiry : "Since you compel me to kill my master against my will, tell me how we shall lay hands on him."

She answered : "The assault shall be made from the very spot whence he showed me naked ; the attack shall be made on him while asleep."

When they had concerted their plan, on the approach of night he followed the lady to the chamber; then (for Gyges was not suffered to depart, nor was there any possibility of escape, but either he or Candaules must needs perish) she, having given him a dagger, concealed him behind the same door; and after this, when Candaules was asleep, Gyges crept stealthily up and slew him, possessing himself both of the woman and the kingdom.

Thus Gyges obtained the kingdom, and was confirmed in it by the oracle at Delphi. For when the Lydians resented the murder of Candaules, and were up in arms, the partisans of Gyges and the other Lydians came to the following agreement: that if the oracle should pronounce him king of the Lydians, he should reign; if not, he should restore the power to the Heraclidæ. The oracle, however, answered accordingly, and so Gyges became king. But the Pythian added this, "that the Heraclidæ should be avenged on the fifth descendant of Gyges." Of this prediction neither the Lydians nor their kings took any notice until it was actually accomplished.

Thus the Mermnadæ, having deprived the Heraclidæ, possessed themselves of the supreme power. Gyges, when he obtained the sovereignty, led an army against Miletus and Smyrna, and took the city of Colophon; but as he performed no other great action during his reign of eight and thirty years, we will pass him over, having made this mention of him.

I will proceed to mention Ardys, the son and successor of Gyges. He took Priene, and invaded Miletus. During the time that he reigned at Sardis, the Cimmerians, being driven from their seats by the Scythian nomades, passed into Asia, and possessed themselves of all Sardis except the citadel.

When Ardys had reigned forty-nine years, his son Sadyattes succeeded him, and reigned twelve years; and Alyattes succeeded Sadyattes. He made war upon Cyaxares, a descendant of Deioces, and upon the Medes. He drove the Cimmerians out of Asia; took Smyrna, which was founded from Colophon, and invaded Clazomenæ. From this place he departed, not as he could wish, but signally defeated.

* * * * * * *

Periander was king of Corinth, and the Corinthians say (and the Lesbians confirm their account) that a wonderful prodigy occurred in his lifetime. They say that Arion of Methymna,

who was second to none of his time in accompanying the harp, and who was the first, that we are acquainted with, who composed, named, and represented the dithyrambus at Corinth, was carried to Tænarus on the back of a dolphin.

They say that this Arion, having continued a long time with Periander, was desirous of making a voyage to Italy and Sicily; and that having acquired great wealth, he determined to return to Corinth: that he set out from Tarentum, and hired a ship of certain Corinthians, because he put more confidence in them than in any other nation; but that these men, when they were in the open sea, conspired together to throw him overboard and seize his money, and he, being aware of this, offered them his money, and entreated them to spare his life. However, he could not prevail on them; but the sailors ordered him either to kill himself, that he might be buried ashore, or to leap immediately into the sea. Arion, reduced to this strait, entreated them, since such was their determination, to permit him to stand on the poop in his full dress and sing, and he promised when he had sung to make away with himself. The seamen, pleased that they should hear the best singer in the world, retired from the stern to the middle of the vessel. Arion, having put on all his robes, and taken his harp, stood on the rowing benches and went through the Orthian strain; when the strain was ended he leaped into the sea as he was, in his full dress; and the sailors continued their voyage to Corinth: but they say that a dolphin received him on his back, and carried him to Tænarus; and that he, having landed, proceeded to Corinth in his full dress, and upon his arrival there, related all that had happened; but that Periander, giving no credit to his relation, put Arion under close confinement, and watched anxiously for the seamen: that when they appeared, he summoned them, and inquired if they could give any account of Arion; but when they answered that he was safe in Italy, and that they had left him flourishing at Tarentum, Arion in that instant appeared before them just as he was when he leaped into the sea; at which they were so astonished, that being fully convicted, they could no longer deny the fact. These things are reported by the Corinthians and Lesbians; and there is a small brazen statue of Arion at Tænarus, representing a man sitting on a dolphin.

Alyattes died when he had reigned fifty-seven years. After his death his son Crœsus, who was then thirty-five years of age, succeeded to the kingdom. He attacked the Ephesians before

any other Grecian people, and afterward the several cities of the Ionians and Æolians one after another, alleging different pretenses against different states, imputing graver charges against those in whom he was able to discover greater causes of blame, and against some of them alleging frivolous pretenses.

After he had reduced the Grecians in Asia to the payment of tribute, he formed a design to build ships and attack the Islanders. But when all things were ready for the building of ships, Bias of Priene (or, as others say, Pittacus of Mitylene), arriving at Sardis, put a stop to his shipbuilding by making this reply, when Crœsus inquired if he had any news from Greece: "O king, the Islanders are enlisting a large body of cavalry, with intention to make war upon you and Sardis."

Crœsus, thinking he had spoken the truth, said: "May the gods put such a thought into the Islanders as to attack the sons of the Lydians with horse." The other, answering, said: "Sire, you appear to wish above all things to see the Islanders on horseback upon the continent; and not without reason. But what can you imagine the Islanders more earnestly desire, after having heard of your resolution to build a fleet in order to attack them, than to catch the Lydians at sea, that they may revenge on you the cause of those Greeks who dwell on the continent, whom you hold in subjection?" Crœsus was much pleased with the retort, put a stop to the shipbuilding, and made an alliance with the Ionians that inhabit the islands.

In course of time, when nearly all the nations that dwell within the river Halys, except the Cilicians and Lycians, were subdued, and Crœsus had added them to the Lydians, all the other wise men of that time, as each had opportunity, came from Greece to Sardis, which had then attained to the highest degree of prosperity: and among them Solon, an Athenian, who, having made laws for the Athenians at their request, absented himself for ten years, having sailed away under pretense of seeing the world, that he might not be compelled to abrogate any of the laws he had established; for the Athenians could not do it themselves, since they were bound by solemn oaths to observe for ten years whatever laws Solon should enact for them.

Solon therefore, having gone abroad for these reasons, and for the purposes of observation, arrived in Egypt at the court of Amasis, and afterward at that of Crœsus at Sardis. On his

arrival he was hospitably entertained by Crœsus, and on the third or fourth day, by order of the king, the attendants conducted him round the treasury, and showed him all their grand and costly contents; and when he had seen and examined everything sufficiently, Crœsus asked him this question: "My Athenian guest, your great fame has reached even to us, as well of your wisdom as of your travels, how that as a philosopher you have traveled through various countries for the purpose of observation; I am therefore desirous of asking you, who is the most happy man you have seen?"

He asked this question, because he thought himself the most happy of men. But Solon, speaking the truth freely, without any flattery, answered, "Tellus the Athenian."

Crœsus, astonished at his answer, eagerly asked him, "On what account do you deem Tellus the happiest?"

He replied: "Tellus, in the first place, lived in a well-governed commonwealth; had sons who were virtuous and good; and he saw children born to them all, and all surviving: in the next place, when he had lived as happily as the condition of human affairs will permit, he ended his life in a most glorious manner; for, coming to the assistance of the Athenians in a battle with their neighbors of Eleusis, he put the enemy to flight, and died nobly. The Athenians buried him at the public charge in the place where he fell, and honored him greatly."

When Solon had roused the attention of Crœsus by relating many and happy circumstances concerning Tellus, Crœsus, expecting at least to obtain the second place, asked whom he had seen next to him. "Cleobis," said he, "and Biton; for they, being natives of Argos, possessed a sufficient fortune, and had withal such strength of body, that they were both alike victorious in the public games. Moreover, the following story is told of them: when the Argives were celebrating a festival of Juno, it was necessary that their mother should be drawn to the temple in a chariot; but the oxen did not come from the field in time: the young men therefore, being pressed for time, put themselves beneath the yoke, and drew the car in which their mother sat; and having conveyed it forty-five stadia [eight miles], they reached the temple. After they had done this in sight of the assembled people, a most happy termination was put to their lives; and in them the Deity clearly showed that it is better for a man to die than to live. For the men of

Argos, who stood round, commended the strength of the youths, and the women blessed her as the mother of such sons; but the mother herself, transported with joy both on account of the action and its renown, stood before the image, and prayed that the goddess would grant to Cleobis and Biton, her own sons, who had so highly honored her, the greatest blessing man could receive. After this prayer, when they had sacrificed and partaken of the feast, the youths fell asleep in the temple itself, and never awoke more, but met with such a termination of life. Upon this the Argives, in commemoration of their piety, caused their statues to be made and dedicated at Delphi."

Thus Solon adjudged the second place of felicity to these youths. But Crœsus, being enraged, said: "My Athenian friend, is my happiness, then, so slighted by you as nothing worth, that you do not think me of so much value as private men?"

He answered: "Crœsus, do you inquire of me concerning human affairs — of me, who know that the Divinity is always jealous, and delights in confusion? For in lapse of time men are constrained to see many things they would not willingly see, and to suffer many things. Now I put the term of man's life at seventy years; these seventy years, then, give twenty-five thousand two hundred days [360 to a year], without including the intercalary month; and if we add that month to every other year, in order that the seasons arriving at the proper time may agree, the intercalary months will be thirty-five more in the seventy years, and the days of these months will be one thousand and fifty. Yet in all this number of twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty days that compose these seventy years, one day produces nothing exactly the same as another. Thus, then, Crœsus, man is altogether the sport of fortune. You appear to me to be master of immense treasures, and king of many nations; but as relates to what you inquire of me, I cannot say till I hear you have ended your life happily. For the richest of men is not more happy than he that has a sufficiency for a day, unless good fortune attend him to the grave, so that he ends his life in happiness. Many men who abound in wealth are unhappy; and many who have only a moderate competency, are fortunate. He that abounds in wealth, and is yet unhappy, surpasses the other only in two things; but the other surpasses the wealthy and the miserable in many things. The former indeed is better able to gratify desire, and

to bear the blow of adversity. But the latter surpasses him in this: he is not indeed equally able to bear misfortune or satisfy desire, but his good fortune wards off these things from him; and he enjoys the full use of his limbs, he is free from disease and misfortune, he is blessed with good children and a fine form, and if, in addition to all these things, he shall end his life well, he is the man you seek, and may justly be called happy: but before one dies we ought to suspend our judgment, and not pronounce him happy, but fortunate. Now it is impossible for any one man to comprehend all these advantages: as no one country suffices to produce everything for itself, but affords some and wants others, and that which affords the most is the best; so no human being is in all respects self-sufficient, but possesses one advantage, and is in need of another: he therefore who has constantly enjoyed the most of these, and then ends his life tranquilly, this man, in my judgment, O king, deserves the name of happy. We ought therefore to consider the end of everything, in what way it will terminate; for the Deity having shown a glimpse of happiness to many, has afterward utterly overthrown them."

When he spoke thus to Crœsus, Crœsus did not confer any favor on him, and holding him in no account, dismissed him; since he considered him a very ignorant man, because he overlooked present prosperity, and bade men look to the end of everything.

After the departure of Solon, the indignation of the gods fell heavy upon Crœsus, probably because he thought himself the most happy of all men. A dream soon after visited him while sleeping, which pointed out to him the truth of the misfortunes that were about to befall him in the person of one of his sons. For Crœsus had two sons, of whom one was grievously afflicted, for he was a mute; but the other, whose name was Atys, far surpassed all the young men of his age. Now the dream intimated to Crœsus that he would lose this Atys by a wound inflicted by the point of an iron weapon: he, when he awoke, and had considered the matter with himself, dreading the dream, provided a wife for his son; and though he was accustomed to command the Lydian troops, he did not ever after send him out on that business; and causing all spears, lances, and such other weapons as men use in war, to be removed from the men's apartments, he had them laid up in private chambers, that none of them, being suspended, might fall upon his son.

While Crœsus was engaged with his son's nuptials, a man oppressed by misfortune and whose hands were polluted, a Phrygian by birth and of royal family, arrived at Sardis. This man, having come to the palace of Crœsus, sought permission to obtain purification according to the custom of the country. Crœsus purified him (the manner of expiation is nearly the same among the Lydians and the Greeks); and when he had performed the usual ceremonies, inquired whence he came, and who he was; speaking to him as follows: "Stranger, who art thou, and from what part of Phrygia hast thou come as a suppliant to my hearth? and what man or woman hast thou slain?"

The stranger answered: "Sire, I am the son of Gordius, son of Midas, and am called Adrastus; having unwittingly slain my own brother, and being banished by my father and deprived of everything, I am come hither."

Crœsus answered as follows: "You are born of parents who are our friends, and you are come to friends among whom, if you will stay, you shall want nothing; and by bearing your misfortune as lightly as possible, you will be the greatest gainer." So Adrastus took up his abode in the palace of Crœsus.

At this same time a boar of enormous size appeared in Mysian Olympus, and rushing down from that mountain, ravaged the fields of the Mysians. The Mysians, though they often went out against him, could not hurt him, but suffered much from him. At last deputies from the Mysians having come to Crœsus, spoke as follows: "O king, a boar of enormous size has appeared in our country, and ravages our fields: though we have often endeavored to take him, we cannot. We therefore earnestly beg that you would send with us your son, and some chosen youths with dogs, that we may drive him from the country."

Such was their entreaty; but Crœsus, remembering the warning of his dream, answered: "Make no further mention of my son; for I shall not send him with you, because he is lately married, and that now occupies his attention: but I will send with you chosen Lydians, and the whole hunting train, and will order them to assist you with their best endeavors in driving the monster from your country."

Such was his answer; and when the Mysians were content with this, the son of Crœsus, who had heard of their request, came in; and when Crœsus refused to send him with them,

the youth thus addressed him: "Father, in time past I was permitted to signalize myself in the two most noble and becoming exercises of war and hunting; but now you keep me excluded from both, without having observed in me either cowardice or want of spirit. How will men look on me when I go or return from the forum? What kind of man shall I appear to my fellow-citizens? What to my newly married wife? What kind of man will she think she has for a partner? Either suffer me, then, to go to this hunt, or convince me that it is better for me to do as you would have me."

"My son," answered Crœsus, "I act thus, not because I have seen any cowardice, or anything else unbecoming in you; but a vision in a dream appearing to me in my sleep warned me that you would be short-lived, and would die by the point of an iron weapon. On account of this vision, therefore, I hastened your marriage, and now refuse to send you on this expedition; taking care to preserve you, if by any means I can, as long as I live: for you are my only son; the other, who is deprived of his hearing, I consider as lost."

The youth answered: "You are not to blame, my father, if after such a dream you take so much care of me; but it is right for me to explain that which you do not comprehend, and which has escaped your notice in the dream. You say the dream signified that I should die by the point of an iron weapon. But what hand or what pointed iron weapon has a boar, to occasion such fears in you? Had it said I should lose my life by a tusk, or something of like nature, you ought then to have done as you now do; whereas it said by the point of a weapon: since, then, we have not to contend against men, let me go."

"You have surpassed me," replied Crœsus, "in explaining the import of the dream; therefore, being overcome by you, I change my resolution, and permit you to go to the chase."

Crœsus, having thus spoken, sent for the Phrygian Adrastus, and, when he came, addressed him as follows: "Adrastus, I purified you when smitten by a grievous misfortune, which I do not upbraid you with, and have received you into my house, and supplied you with everything necessary. Now, therefore (for it is your duty to requite me with kindness, since I have first conferred a kindness on you), I beg you would be my son's guardian, when he goes to the chase, and take care that no skulking villains show themselves in the way

to do him harm. Besides, you ought to go for your own sake, where you may signalize yourself by your exploits; for this was the glory of your ancestors, and you are, besides, in full vigor."

Adrastus answered: "On no other account, sire, would I have taken part in this enterprise; for it is not fitting that one in my unfortunate circumstances should join with his prosperous compeers, nor do I desire to do so; and indeed I have often restrained myself. Now, however, since you urge me, and I ought to oblige you (for I am bound to requite the benefits you have conferred on me), I am ready to do as you desire; and rest assured that your son, whom you bid me take care of, shall, as far as his guardian is concerned, return to you uninjured."

When Adrastus had made this answer to Crœsus, they went away, well provided with chosen youths and dogs; and having arrived at Mount Olympus, they sought the wild beast, and having found him and encircled him around, they hurled their javelins at him. Among the rest, the stranger, the same that had been purified of murder, named Adrastus, throwing his javelin at the boar, missed him, and struck the son of Crœsus; thus he, being pierced by the point of the lance, fulfilled the warning of the dream. Upon this, some one ran off to tell Crœsus what had happened, and having arrived at Sardis, gave him an account of the action, and of his son's fate.

Crœsus, exceedingly distressed by the death of his son, lamented it the more bitterly because he fell by the hand of one whom he himself had purified from blood; and vehemently deploring his misfortune, he invoked Jove the Expiator, attesting what he had suffered by this stranger. He invoked also the same deity, by the name of the god of hospitality and private friendship: as the god of hospitality, because, by receiving a stranger into his house, he had unawares fostered the murderer of his son; as the god of private friendship, because, having sent him as a guardian, he found him his greatest enemy.

After this, the Lydians approached, bearing the corpse, and behind it followed the slayer. He, having advanced in front of the corpse, delivered himself up to Crœsus, stretching forth his hands and begging of him to kill him upon it; then relating his former misfortune, and how, in addition to that, he had destroyed his purifier, and that he ought to live no longer. When Crœsus heard this, though his own affliction was so

great, he pitied Adrastus, and said to him: "You have made me full satisfaction by condemning yourself to die. But you are not the author of this misfortune, except as far as you were the involuntary agent, but that god, whoever he was, that long since foreshadowed what was about to happen."

Crœsus therefore buried his son as the dignity of his birth required; but Adrastus, son of Gordius, son of Midas, who had been the slayer of his own brother, and the slayer of his purifier, when all was silent round the tomb, judging himself the most heavily afflicted of all men, killed himself on the tomb. But Crœsus, bereaved of his son, continued disconsolate for two years.

Some time after, the overthrow of the kingdom of Astyages son of Cyaxares, by Cyrus son of Cambyses, and the growing power of the Persians, put an end to the grief of Crœsus; and it entered into his thoughts whether he could by any means check the growing power of the Persians before they became formidable. After he had formed this purpose, he determined to make trial as well of the oracles in Greece as of that in Libya; and sent different persons to different places, with the following orders: that, computing the days from the time of their departure from Sardis, they should consult the oracles on the hundredth day, by asking what Crœsus, son of Alyattes and king of the Lydians, was then doing; and that they should bring him the answer of each oracle in writing. Now, what were the answers given by the other oracles is mentioned by none; but no sooner had the Lydians entered the temple of Delphi to consult the god, and asked the question enjoined them, than the Pythian thus spoke in hexameter verse: "I know the number of the sands, and the measure of the sea; I understand the dumb, and hear him that does not speak; the savor of the hard-shelled tortoise boiled in brass with the flesh of lamb strikes on my senses; brass is laid beneath it, and brass is put over it."

The Lydians, having written down this answer of the Pythian, returned to Sardis. And when the rest, who had been sent to other places, arrived bringing the answers, Crœsus, having opened each of them, examined their contents; but none of them pleased him. When, however, he heard that from Delphi, he immediately adored it and approved of it, being convinced that the oracle at Delphi alone was a real oracle, because it had discovered what he had done.

For when he had sent persons to consult the different oracles, watching the appointed day, he had recourse to the following contrivance : having thought of what it was impossible to discover or guess at, he cut up a tortoise and a lamb, and boiled them himself together in a brazen caldron, and put on it a cover of brass.

Such, then, was the answer given to Crœsus from Delphi : as regards the answer of the oracle of Amphiaraus, I cannot say what answer it gave to the Lydians, who performed the accustomed rites at the temple ; for nothing else is related than that he considered this also to be a true oracle.

After this he endeavored to propitiate the god at Delphi by magnificent sacrifices ; for he offered three thousand head of cattle of every kind fit for sacrifice, and having heaped up a great pile, he burned on it beds of gold and silver, vials of gold, and robes of purple and garments, hoping by that means more completely to conciliate the god ; he also ordered all the Lydians to offer to the god whatever he was able. When the sacrifice was ended, having melted down a vast quantity of gold, he cast half-bricks from it ; of which the longest were six palms in length, the shortest three, and in thickness one palm : their number was one hundred and seventeen : four of these, of pure gold, weighed each two talents and a half ; the other half-bricks of pale gold weighed two talents each. He made also the figure of a lion of fine gold, weighing ten talents.

Crœsus, having finished these things, sent them to Delphi, and with them two large bowls, one of gold, the other of silver, and four casks of silver ; and he dedicated two lustral vases, one of gold, the other of silver ; at the same time he sent many other offerings : among them some round silver covers ; and moreover, a statue of a woman in gold three cubits high, which the Delphians say is the image of Crœsus' baking woman ; and to all these things he added the necklaces and girdles of his wife.

These were the offerings he sent to Delphi ; and to Amphiaraus, having ascertained his virtue and sufferings, he dedicated a shield all of gold, and a lance of solid gold, the shaft as well as the points being of gold ; and these are at Thebes, in the temple of Ismenian Apollo.

To the Lydians appointed to convey these presents to the temples, Crœsus gave it in charge to inquire of the oracles whether he should make war on the Persians, and if he should unite any other nation as an ally. Accordingly, when the

Lydians arrived at the places to which they were sent, and had dedicated the offerings, they consulted the oracles, saying: "Crœsus, king of the Lydians and of other nations, esteeming these to be the only oracles among men, sends these presents in acknowledgment of your discoveries; and now asks whether he should lead an army against the Persians, and whether he should join any auxiliary forces with his own." Such were their questions: and the opinions of both oracles concurred, foretelling "that if Crœsus should make war on the Persians, he would destroy a mighty empire;" and they advised him to engage the most powerful of the Grecians in his alliance.

When Crœsus heard the answers that were brought back, he was beyond measure delighted with the oracles; and fully expecting that he should destroy the kingdom of Cyrus, he again sent to Delphi, and having ascertained the number of the inhabitants, presented each of them with two staters of gold. In return for this, the Delphians gave Crœsus and the Lydians the right to consult the oracle before any others, and exemption from tribute, and the first seats in the temple, and the privilege of being made citizens of Delphi to as many as should desire it in all future time.

Crœsus, having made these presents to the Delphians, sent a third time to consult the oracle; for after he had ascertained the veracity of the oracle, he had frequent recourse to it. His demand now was, whether he should long enjoy the kingdom? to which the Pythian gave this answer: "When a mule shall become king of the Medes, then, tenderfooted Lydian, flee over pebbly Hermus, nor tarry, nor blush to be a coward."

With this answer, when reported to him, Crœsus was more than ever delighted, thinking that a mule should never be king of the Medes instead of a man, and consequently that neither he nor his posterity should ever be deprived of the kingdom. In the next place, he began to inquire carefully who were the most powerful of the Greeks whom he might gain over as allies; and on inquiry, found that the Lacedæmonians and Athenians excelled the rest, the former being of Dorian, the latter of Ionic descent; for these were in ancient time the most distinguished, the latter being a Pelasgian, the other an Hellenic nation.

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Crœsus then prepared to invade Cappadocia, hoping to overthrow Cyrus and the power of the Persians. While Crœsus

was preparing for his expedition against the Persians, a certain Lydian, who before that time was esteemed a wise man, and on this occasion acquired a very great name in Lydia, gave him advice in these words (the name of this person was Sandanis) : "O king, you are preparing to make war against a people who wear leather trousers, and the rest of their garments of leather ; who inhabit a barren country, and feed not on such things as they choose, but such as they can get. Besides, they do not habitually use wine, but drink water ; nor have they figs to eat, nor anything that is good. In the first place, then, if you should conquer, what will you take from them, since they have nothing? On the other hand, if you should be conquered, consider what good things you will lose ; for when they have tasted of our good things, they will become fond of them, nor will they be driven from them. As for me, I thank the gods that they have not put it into the thoughts of the Persians to make war on the Lydians." In saying this, he did not persuade Crœsus.

Crœsus invaded Cappadocia for the following reasons : as well from a desire of adding it to his own dominions, as, especially, from his confidence in the oracle, and a wish to punish Cyrus on account of Astyages ; for Cyrus son of Cambyses had subjugated Astyages son of Cyaxares, who was brother-in-law of Crœsus and king of the Medes. He had become brother-in-law to Crœsus in the following manner : —

A band of Scythian nomads having risen in rebellion, withdrew into Media. At that time Cyaxares son of Phraortes, grandson of Deioces, ruled over the Medes ; he at first received these Scythians kindly, as being suppliants ; so much so that, esteeming them very highly, he intrusted some youths to them to learn their language and the use of the bow. In course of time, it happened that these Scythians, who were constantly going out to hunt, and who always brought home something, on one occasion took nothing. On their returning empty-handed, Cyaxares (for he was, as he proved, of a violent temper) treated them with most opprobrious language. The Scythians, having met with this treatment from Cyaxares, and considering it undeserved by them, determined to kill one of the youths that were being educated under their care ; and having prepared the flesh as they used to dress the beasts taken in hunting, to serve it up to Cyaxares as if it were game, and then to make their escape immediately to Alyattes son of Sadyattes,

at Sardis. This was accordingly done, and Cyaxares and his guests tasted of this flesh; and the Scythians, having done this, became suppliants to Alyattes.

After this (for Alyattes refused to deliver up the Scythians to Cyaxares when he demanded them), war lasted between the Lydians and the Medes for five years; during this period the Medes often defeated the Lydians, and often the Lydians defeated the Medes; and during this time they had a kind of nocturnal engagement. In the sixth year, when they were carrying on the war with nearly equal success, on occasion of an engagement, it happened that in the heat of the battle day was suddenly turned into night. This change of the day Thales the Milesian had foretold to the Ionians, fixing beforehand this year as the very period in which the change actually took place. The Lydians and Medes seeing night succeeding in the place of day, desisted from fighting, and both showed a great anxiety to make peace. Syennesis the Cilician, and Labynetus the Babylonian, were the mediators of their reconciliation: these were they who hastened the treaty between them, and made a matrimonial connection; for they persuaded Alyattes to give his daughter Aryenis in marriage to Astyages son of Cyaxares: for without strong necessity, agreements are not wont to remain firm. These nations in their federal contracts observe the same ceremonies as the Greeks; and in addition, when they have cut their arms to the outer skin, they lick up one another's blood.

Cyrus had subdued this same Astyages, his grandfather by the mother's side, for reasons which I shall hereafter relate. Crœsus, alleging this against him, sent to consult the oracle if he should make war on the Persians; and when an ambiguous answer came back, he, interpreting it to his own advantage, led his army against the territory of the Persians. When he arrived at the river Halys, Crœsus transported his forces, as I believe, by the bridges which are now there. But the common opinion of the Grecians is, that Thales the Milesian procured him a passage; for, while Crœsus was in doubt how his army should pass over the river (for they say that these bridges were not at that time in existence), Thales, who was in the camp, caused the stream, which flowed along the left of the army, to flow likewise on the right; and he contrived it thus: having begun above the camp, he dug a deep trench, in the shape of a half-moon, so that the river, being turned into this from its old

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channel, might pass in the rear of the camp pitched where it then was, and afterward, having passed by the camp, might fall into its former course; so that as soon as the river was divided into two streams, it became fordable in both. Some say that the ancient channel of the river was entirely dried up: but this I cannot assent to; for how then could they have crossed it on their return?

However, Crœsus, having passed the river with his army, came to a place called Pteria, in Cappadocia. (Now Pteria is the strongest position of the whole of this country, and is situated over against Sinope, a city on the Euxine Sea.) Here he encamped, and ravaged the lands of the Syrians, and took the city of the Pterians, and enslaved the inhabitants; he also took all the adjacent places, and expelled the inhabitants, who had given him no cause for blame. But Cyrus, having assembled his own army, and having taken with him all who inhabited the intermediate country, went to meet Crœsus. But before he began to advance, he sent heralds to the Ionians, to persuade them to revolt from Crœsus: the Ionians, however, refused. When Cyrus had come up and encamped opposite Crœsus, they made trial of each other's strength on the plains of Pteria; but when an obstinate battle took place, and many fell on both sides, they at last parted on the approach of night, neither having been victorious. In this manner did the two armies engage.

But Crœsus laying the blame on his own army on account of the smallness of its numbers, for his forces that engaged were far fewer than those of Cyrus — laying the blame on this, when on the following day Cyrus did not attempt to attack him, he marched back to Sardis, designing to summon the Egyptians according to treaty, for he had made an alliance with Amasis, king of Egypt, before he had with the Lacedæmonians; and to send for the Babylonians (for he had made an alliance with them also, and Labynetus at this time reigned over the Babylonians), and to require the presence of the Lacedæmonians at a fixed time: having collected these together, and assembled his own army, he purposed, when winter was over, to attack the Persians in the beginning of the spring. With this design, when he reached Sardis, he dispatched ambassadors to his different allies, requiring them to meet at Sardis before the end of five months; but the army that was with him, and that had fought with the Persians, which was composed of mercenary

troops, he entirely disbanded, not imagining that Cyrus, who had come off on such equal terms, would venture to advance upon Sardis.

While Crœsus was forming these plans, the whole suburbs were filled with serpents; and when they appeared, the horses, forsaking their pastures, came and devoured them. When Crœsus beheld this, he considered it to be, as it really was, a prodigy, and sent immediately to consult the interpreters at Telmessus: but the messengers having arrived there, and learned from the Telmessians what the prodigy portended, were unable to report it to Crœsus; for before they sailed back to Sardis, Crœsus had been taken prisoner. The Telmessians had pronounced as follows: "That Crœsus must expect a foreign army to invade his country, which, on its arrival, would subdue the natives; because, they said, the serpent is a son of the earth, but the horse is an enemy and a stranger." This answer the Telmessians gave to Crœsus when he had been already taken, yet without knowing what had happened with respect to Sardis or Crœsus himself.

But Cyrus, as soon as Crœsus had retreated after the battle at Pteria, having discovered that it was the intention of Crœsus to disband his army, found, upon deliberation, that it would be to his advantage to march with all possible expedition on Sardis, before the forces of the Lydians could be a second time assembled; and when he had thus determined, he put his plan into practice with all possible expedition; for having marched his army into Lydia, he brought this news of his own enterprise to Crœsus. Thereupon Crœsus, being thrown into great perplexity, seeing that matters had turned out contrary to his expectations, nevertheless drew out the Lydians to battle; and at that time no nation in Asia was more valiant and warlike than the Lydians. Their mode of fighting was from on horseback; they were armed with long lances, and managed their horses with admirable address.

Cyrus, alarmed at the cavalry, had recourse to the following stratagem: having collected together all the camels that followed his army with provisions and baggage, and caused their burdens to be taken off, he mounted men upon them equipped in cavalry accouterments; and having furnished them, he ordered them to go in advance of the rest of his army against the Lydian horse, commanded his infantry to follow the camels, and placed the whole of his cavalry behind the infantry. When all were drawn

up in order, he charged them not to spare any of the Lydians, but to kill every one they met; but on no account to kill Crœsus, even if he should offer resistance when taken. He drew up the camels in the front of the cavalry for this reason: a horse is afraid of a camel, and cannot endure either to see its form or to scent its smell. Accordingly, when they joined battle, the horses no sooner smelt the camels and saw them, than they wheeled round, and the hopes of Crœsus were destroyed. Nevertheless, the Lydians were not therefore discouraged, but when they perceived what had happened, leaped from their horses and engaged with the Persians on foot; at last, when many had fallen on both sides, the Lydians were put to flight, and being shut up within the walls, were besieged by the Persians.

On the fourteenth day after Crœsus had been besieged, Cyrus sent horsemen throughout his army, and proclaimed that he would liberally reward the man who should first mount the wall: upon this, several attempts were made, and as often failed; till, after the rest had desisted, a Mardian, whose name was Hyrœades, endeavored to climb up on that part of the citadel where no guard was stationed, because there did not appear to be any danger that it would be taken on that part, for on that side the citadel was precipitous and impracticable. This is the quarter of the city that faces Mount Tmolus. Now this Hyrœades the Mardian, having seen a Lydian come down this precipice the day before for a helmet that was rolled down, and carry it up again, noticed it carefully, and reflected on it in his mind: he thereupon ascended the same way, followed by divers Persians; and when great numbers had gone up, Sardis was thus taken, and the whole town plundered.

The following incidents befell Crœsus himself. He had a son, of whom I have before made mention, who was in other respects proper enough, but dumb. Now, in the time of his former prosperity, Crœsus had done everything he could for him, and among other expedients had sent to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning him; but the Pythian gave him this answer: "O Lydian born, king of many, very foolish Crœsus, wish not to hear the longed-for voice of thy son speaking within thy palace: it were better for thee that this should be far off; for he will first speak in an unhappy day."

When the city was taken, one of the Persians, not knowing Crœsus, was about to kill him. Crœsus, though he saw him

approach, from his present misfortune took no heed of him, nor did he care about dying by the blow; but this speechless son of his, when he saw the Persian advancing against him, through dread and anguish burst into speech, and said, "Man, kill not Crœsus." These were the first words he ever uttered; but from that time he continued to speak during the remainder of his life.

So the Persians got possession of Sardis, and made Crœsus prisoner, after he had reigned fourteen years, been besieged fourteen days, and lost his great empire, as the oracle had predicted. The Persians, having taken him, conducted him to Cyrus; and he, having heaped up a great pile, placed Crœsus upon it, bound with fetters, and with him fourteen young Lydians, designing either to offer this sacrifice to some god as the first fruits of his victory, or wishing to perform a vow; or perhaps, having heard that Crœsus was a religious person, he placed him on the pile for the purpose of discovering whether any deity would save him from being burned alive. When Crœsus stood upon the pile, notwithstanding the weight of his misfortunes, the words of Solon recurred to him, as spoken by inspiration of the Deity, that "no living man could be justly called happy." When this occurred to him, after a long silence he recovered himself, and uttering a groan, thrice pronounced the name of Solon. When Cyrus heard him, he commanded his interpreters to ask Crœsus whom it was he called upon: they drew near and asked him, but Crœsus for some time kept silence; but at last, being constrained to speak, said, "I named a man whose discourses I more desire all tyrants might hear, than to be possessor of the greatest riches."

When he gave them this obscure answer, they again inquired what he said; and when they persisted in their inquiries, and were very importunate, he at length told them that Solon, an Athenian, formerly visited him, and having viewed all his treasures, made no account of them; telling, in a word, how everything had befallen him as Solon had warned him, though his discourse related to all mankind as much as to himself, and especially to those who imagine themselves happy. The pile being now kindled, the outer parts began to burn: but Cyrus, informed by the interpreters of what Crœsus had said, relented, and considering that being but a man, he was yet going to burn another man alive who had been no way inferior to himself in prosperity; and moreover fearing retribution, and reflecting

that nothing human is constant, commanded the fire to be instantly extinguished and Crœsus, with those who were about him, to be taken down; but they, with all their endeavors, were unable to master the fire.

Crœsus, perceiving that Cyrus had altered his resolution, when he saw every man endeavoring to put out the fire but unable to get the better of it, shouted aloud, invoking Apollo, and besought him, if ever any of his offerings had been agreeable to him, to protect and deliver him from the present danger: he with tears invoked the god, and on a sudden clouds were seen gathering in the air, which before was serene, and a violent storm burst forth and vehement rain fell and extinguished the flames; by which Cyrus perceiving that Crœsus was beloved by the gods, and a good man, when he had had him taken down from the pile, asked him the following question: "Who persuaded you, Crœsus, to invade my territories, and to become my enemy instead of my friend?"

He answered: "O king, I have done this for your good but my own evil fortune, and the god of the Greeks who encouraged me to make war is the cause of all. For no man is so void of understanding as to prefer war before peace: for in the latter, children bury their fathers; in the former, fathers bury their children. But I suppose it pleased the gods that these things should be so."

He then thus spoke: but Cyrus, having set him at liberty, placed him by his own side, and showed him great respect; and both he and all those that were with him were astonished at what they saw. But Crœsus, absorbed in thought, remained silent; and presently turning round and beholding the Persians sacking the city of the Lydians, he said: "Does it become me, O king, to tell you what is passing through my mind, or to keep silent on the present occasion?"

Cyrus bade him say with confidence whatever he wished; upon which Crœsus asked him, saying, "What is this vast crowd so earnestly employed about?"

He answered, "They are sacking your city and plundering your riches."

"Not so," Crœsus replied; "they are neither sacking my city nor plundering my riches, for they no longer belong to me, but they are ravaging what belongs to you."

The reply of Crœsus attracted the attention of Cyrus; he therefore ordered all the rest to withdraw, and asked Crœsus

what he thought should be done in the present conjuncture. He answered: "Since the gods have made me your servant, I think it my duty to acquaint you if I perceive anything deserving of remark. The Persians, who are by nature overbearing, are poor. If therefore you permit them to plunder and possess great riches, you may expect the following results: whoso acquires the greatest possessions, be assured will be ready to rebel. Therefore, if you approve what I say, adopt the following plan: place some of your bodyguard as sentinels at every gate, with orders to take the booty from all those who would go out, and to acquaint them that the tenth must of necessity be consecrated to Jupiter: thus you will not incur the odium of taking away their property; and they, acknowledging your intention to be just, will readily obey."

Cyrus, when he heard this, was exceedingly delighted, as he thought the suggestion a very good one. Having therefore commended it highly, and ordered his guards to do what Crœsus suggested, he addressed Crœsus as follows: "Crœsus, since you are resolved to display the deeds and words of a true king, ask whatever boon you desire on the instant."

"Sir," he answered, "the most acceptable favor you can bestow upon me is to let me send my fetters to the god of the Grecians, whom I have honored more than any other deity, and to ask him if it be his custom to deceive those who deserve well of him."

Cyrus asked him what cause he had to complain, that induced him to make this request: upon which Crœsus recounted to him all his projects, and the answers of the oracles, and particularly the offerings he had presented; and how he was incited by the oracle to make war against the Persians. When he had said this, he again besought him to grant him leave to reproach the god with these things. But Cyrus, smiling, said, "You shall not only receive this boon from me, but whatever else you may at any time desire."

When Crœsus heard this, he sent certain Lydians to Delphi, with orders to lay his fetters at the entrance of the temple, and to ask the god if he were not ashamed to have encouraged Crœsus by his oracles to make war on the Persians, as he would put an end to the power of Cyrus, of which war such were the first fruits (showing the fetters), and at the same time to ask if it were the custom of the Grecian gods to be ungrateful.

When the Lydians arrived at Delphi, and had delivered

their message, the Pythian is reported to have made this answer: "The god himself even cannot avoid the decrees of fate; and Crœsus has atoned the crime of his ancestor in the fifth generation, who, being one of the bodyguard of the Heraclidæ, was induced by the artifice of a woman to murder his master, and to usurp his dignity, to which he had no right. But although Apollo was desirous that the fall of Sardis might happen in the time of the sons of Crœsus, and not during his reign, yet it was not in his power to avert the fates: but so far as he allowed they accomplished, and conferred the boon on him; for he delayed the capture of Sardis for the space of three years. Let Crœsus know, therefore, that he was taken prisoner three years later than the fates had ordained; and in the next place, he came to his relief when he was upon the point of being burned alive. Then, as to the prediction of the oracle, Crœsus has no right to complain: for Apollo foretold him that if he made war on the Persians, he would subvert a great empire; and had he desired to be truly informed, he ought to have sent again to inquire whether his own or that of Cyrus was meant. But since he neither understood the oracle, nor inquired again, let him lay the blame on himself. And when he last consulted the oracle, he did not understand the answer concerning the mule: for Cyrus was that mule; inasmuch as he was born of parents of different nations, the mother superior, but the father inferior. For she was a Mede, and daughter of Astyages, king of Media; but he was a Persian, subject to the Medes; and though in every respect inferior, he married his own mistress."

The Pythian gave this answer to the Lydians, and they carried it back to Sardis, and reported it to Crœsus, and he, when he heard it, acknowledged the fault to be his, and not the gods. Such is the account of the kingdom of Crœsus, and the first subjection of Ionia.

THE LAST TWO ORACLES OF GREECE.

Translated by F. W. H. MYERS.

I.

An Oracle Concerning the Eternal God.

O God ineffable eternal Sire,
Throned on the whirling spheres, the astral fire,
Hid in whose heart thy whole creation lies,—
The whole world's wonder mirrored in thine eyes,—
List thou thy children's voice, who draw anear,
Thou hast begotten us, thou too must hear!
Each life thy life her Fount, her Ocean knows,
Fed while it fosters, filling as it flows;
Wrapt in thy light the star-set cycles roll,
And worlds within thee stir into a soul;
But stars and souls shall keep their watch and way,
Nor change the going of thy lonely day.
Some sons of thine, our Father, King of kings,
Rest in the sheen and shelter of thy wings,—
Some to strange hearts the unspoken message bear,
Sped on thy strength through the haunts and homes of air,—
Some where thine honor dwelleth hope and wait,
Sigh for thy courts and gather at thy gate;
These from afar to thee their praises bring,
Of thee, albeit they have not seen thee, sing;
Of thee the Father wise, the Mother mild,
Thee in all children the eternal Child,
Thee the first Number and harmonious Whole,
Form in all forms, and of all souls the Soul.

II.

To Amelius, who inquired, "Where is now Plotinus' Soul?"

Pure spirit — once a man — pure spirits now
Greet thee rejoicing, and of these art thou;
Not vainly was thy whole soul alway bent
With one same battle and one the same intent
Through eddying cloud and earth's bewildering roar
To win her bright way to that stainless shore.
Ay, 'mid the salt spume of this troublous sea,
This death in life, this sick perplexity,

Oft on thy struggle through the obscure unrest
A revelation opened from the Blest—
Showed close at hand the goal thy hope would win,
Heaven's kingdom round thee and thy God within.
So sure a help the eternal Guardians gave,
From Life's confusion so were strong to save,
Upheld thy wandering steps that sought the day
And set them steadfast on the heavenly way.
Nor quite even here on thy broad brows was shed
The sleep which shrouds the living, who are dead;
Once by God's grace was from thine eyes unfurled
This veil that screens the immense and whirling world,
Once, while the spheres around thee in music ran,
Was very Beauty manifest to man;—
Ah, once to have seen her, once to have known her there,
For speech too sweet, for earth too heavenly fair!
But now the tomb where long thy soul had lain
Bursts, and thy tabernacle is rent in twain;
Now from about thee, in thy new home above,
Has perished all but life, and all but love,—
And on all lives and on all loves outpoured
Free grace and full, a Spirit from the Lord,
High in that heaven whose windless vaults enfold
Just men made perfect, and an age all gold.
Thine own Pythagoras is with thee there,
And sacred Plato in that sacred air,
And whoso followed, and all high hearts that knew
In death's despite what deathless Love can do.
To God's right hand they have sealed the starry way—
Pure spirits these, thy spirit pure as they.
Ah saint! how many and many an anguish past,
To how fair haven art thou come at last!
On thy meek head what Powers their blessing pour,
Filled full with life, and rich for evermore!

WIT AND SATIRE OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED BY LORD NEAVES, SENATOR OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE, SCOTLAND.

IT would not have been conformable either to human nature in general, or to Greek nature in particular, if the country and the literature that produced Aristophanes should not in its less

serious compositions have given some place for wit and sarcasm. We find, accordingly, that these elements are not wanting. A great many epigrams both of a jocular and of a satirical kind are well deserving of notice, of which specimens shall now be given.

Nowhere, perhaps, are the proper objects of ridicule better set forth than in the Introduction to one of Foote's farces. He refuses to bring on the stage mere bodily defects or natural misfortunes ; and when asked to say at what things we may laugh with propriety, answers thus : "At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dancer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen and your mirth."

We do not say that the Greek epigrammatist always abstained from making merry at mere bodily defects ; but we shall avoid as much as possible those that have no other recommendation. The proper object of ridicule is surely Folly, and the proper object of satire, Vice. Within the present section, however, will be included not merely the ridicule of sarcasm and the attacks of satire, but any also of those merry or witty views of nature and things that tend to produce sympathetic laughter.

Of bodily peculiarities there are some at which it is difficult not to smile ; and if it is done good-humoredly, and rather as a warning to abstain from vanity or conceit, there is no harm in it. Many of such epigrams were probably written upon merely imaginary persons : —

A New Use of a Human Face.

(Attributed to the Emperor Trajan: the translation old.)

With nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders side by side,
Dick, with a very little trial,
Would make an excellent sundial.

Some of the critics are greatly delighted to find that in this epigram the Emperor's knowledge of Greek was not such as to prevent him committing a false quantity.

A Counterpart to Narcissus.

(By Lucilius: translated by Cowper.)

Beware, my friend! of crystal brook
Or fountain, lest that hideous hook,
Thy nose, thou chance to see;
Narcissus' fate would then be thine,
And self-detested thou wouldst pine,
As self-enamored he.

Long and Short.

(Anonymous: translated by Merivale.)

Dick cannot blow his nose whene'er he pleases,
His nose so long is, and his arm so short;
Nor ever cries, God bless me! when he sneezes —
He cannot hear so distant a report.

A variety of trades and professions have been traditional objects of ridicule. Schoolmasters and professors come in for their share.

On a Schoolmaster who had a Gay Wife.

(By Lucilius.)

You in your school forever flog and flay us,
Teaching what Paris did to Menelaus;
But all the while, within your private dwelling,
There's many a Paris courting of your Helen.

On a Professor who had a Small Class.

Hail, Aristides, Rhetoric's great professor!
Of wondrous words we own thee the possessor.
Hail ye, his pupils seven, that mutely hear him —
His room's four walls, and the three benches near him!

This that follows is on Cadmus, without whom there might have been no grammar, and little rhetoric. It is said to be by Zeno — not the philosopher, we presume. We give first a translation by Wellesley: —

Take it not ill that Cadmus, Phœnician though he be,
Can say that Greece was taught by him to write her A, B, C.

This is good; but even "English readers" may know that A, B, C, is not the right name of the Greek alphabet. Let us respectfully propose a slight change: —

> Cadmus am I: then grudge me not the boast, that, though I am a Phœnician born, I taught you Greeks your Alpha, Beta, Gamma.

The medical profession as usual comes in for some of those touches which we are ready enough to give or to enjoy when we are not actually in their hands.

A Convenient Partnership.

(Anonymous.)

Damon, who plied the Undertaker's trade,
With Doctor Crateas an agreement made.
What linens Damon from the dead could seize,
He to the doctor sent for bandages;
While the good Doctor, here no promise breaker,
Sent all his patients to the Undertaker.

Grammar and Medicine.

(By Agathias.)

A thriving doctor sent his son to school
To gain some knowledge, should he prove no fool;
But took him soon away with little warning,
On finding out the lesson he was learning —
How great Pelides' wrath, in Homer's rhyme,
Sent many souls to Hades ere their time.
"No need for this my boy should hither come;
That lesson he can better learn at home —
For I myself, now, I make bold to say,
Send many souls to Hades ere their day,
Nor e'er find want of Grammar stop my way."

Musical attempts, when unsuccessful, are a fruitful and fair subject of ridicule. The following is by Nicarchus: —

Men die when the night raven sings or cries:
But when Dick sings, e'en the night raven dies.

Compensation.

(By Leonidas.)

The harper Simylus, the whole night through,
Harped till his music all the neighbors slew:
All but deaf Origen, for whose dull *ears*
Nature atoned by giving length of *years*.

The Musical Doctor.

(By Ammianus: the translation altered from Wellesley.)

Nicias, a doctor and musician,
Lies under very foul suspicion.
He sings, and without any shame
  He murders all the finest music:
Does he prescribe? our fate's the same,
  If he shall e'er find me or you sick.

Unsuccessful painters, too, are sneered at. This is by Lucilius: —

Eutychus many portraits made, and many sons begot;
But, strange to say! none ever saw a likeness in the lot.

Compliments to the fair sex are often paid by the epigrammatists in a manner at once witty and graceful.

We have seen how Sappho was described as a tenth Muse; but this epigram by an unknown author goes further. The translation is old and anonymous, though borrowed apparently from one by Swift, on which it has improved. It has been slightly altered: —

The world must now two Venuses adore;
Ten are the Muses, and the Graces four.
Such Dora's wit, so fair her form and face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

We find an adaptation of this to an accomplished Cornish lady, in an old magazine: —

Now the Graces are four and the Venuses two,
  And ten is the number of Muses;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,
  My dear little Molly Trefusis.

Finally, we have another edition of this idea with a bit of satire at the end, which has been maliciously added by the translator:—

Of Graces four, of Muses ten,
Of Venuses now two are seen;
Doris shines forth to dazzled men,
A Grace, a Muse, and Beauty's Queen; —
But let me whisper one thing more;
The Furies now are likewise four.

The faults and foibles of women, springing often so naturally from their innate wish to please, have not escaped such of the epigrammatists as were inclined to satire, and some of them are bitter enough. The first we give must have been occasioned by some irritating disappointment, or have sprung from an unworthy opinion of the sex. It is by our friend Palladas: —

All wives are plagues; yet two blest times have they, —
Their bridal first, and then their burial day.

The others we give are less sweeping, and more directed against individual failings, particularly the desire to appear more beautiful or more youthful than the facts warranted. This is by Lucilius: —

Chloe, those locks of raven hair, —
Some people say you dye them black;
But that's a libel, I can swear,
For I know where you buy them black.

Our next deals with a very systematic dyer and getter-up of artificial juvenility, who seems to have been her own Madame Rachel. The Greek is Lucian's, and the translation by Merivale. There is also one by Cowper, which will be found among his works: —

Yes, you may dye your hair, but not your age,
Nor smooth, alas! the wrinkles of your face:
Yes, you may varnish o'er the telltale page,
And wear a mask for every vanished grace.
But there's an end. No Hecuba, by aid
Of rouge and ceruse, is a Helen made."

The inactive habits of most of the Greek women are thought to have created a temptation to the use of these artificial modes of heightening the complexion, which would have been better

effected by the natural pigments laid on by fresh air and exercise.

This is by Nicarchus, upon an old woman wishing to be married at rather an advanced period of life: —

Niconoè has doubtless reached her prime:
Yes, for she did so in Deucalion's time.
We don't know as to that, but think her doom
Less fitted for a husband than a tomb.

This also is upon an old, or at least a plain woman, by Lucilius: —

Gellia, your mirror's false; you could not bear,
If it were true, to see your image there.

On a Woman scornful in Youth playing the Coquette when Old.

(By Rufinus.)

You now salute me graciously, when gone
Your beauty's power, that once like marble shone;
You now look sweet, though forced to hide away
Those locks that o'er your proud neck used to stray.
Vain are your arts: your faded charms I scorn;
The rose now past, I care not for the thorn.

Upon a Lady's Coy, Reluctant, "Unamorous" Delay.

(By Rufinus.)

How long, hard Prodicè, am I to kneel,
And pray and whine, to move that breast of steel?
You e'en are getting gray, as much as I am;
We soon shall be — just Hecuba and Priam.

Deafness is an infirmity which is a proper object, not of ridicule, but of pity; but then the deaf person should not pretend to hear when he or she cannot, as was the case with the old lady now to be noticed: —

On a Deaf Housekeeper.

(Paraphrased.)

Of all life's plagues I recommend to no man
To hire as a domestic a deaf woman.

I've got one who my orders does not hear,
Mishears them rather, and keeps blundering near.
Thirsty and hot, I asked her for a *drink ;*
She bustled out, and brought me back some *ink.*
Eating a good rump steak, I called for *mustard ;*
Away she went, and whipped me up a *custard.*
I wanted with my chicken to have *ham ;*
Blundering once more, she brought a pot of *jam.*
I wished in season for a cut of *salmon,*
And what she bought me was a huge fat *gammon.*
I can't my voice raise higher and still higher,
As if I were a herald or town-crier.
'Twould better be if she were deaf outright;
But anyhow she quits my house this night.

Those ladies — generally, of course, such as were advanced in life — who unblushingly betook themselves to the bottle, are an inevitable subject of satire. It has already been mentioned that even men were considered intemperate who drank wine without a large admixture of water; but apparently the female topers, having once broken bounds, took their wine unmixed.

EPITAPH ON MARONIS.

This rudely sculptured Cup will show
Where gray Maronis lies below.
She talked, and drank strong unmixed stuff,
Both of them more than *quantum suff.*
She does not for her children grieve,
Nor their poor father grudge to leave;
It only vexes her to think
This drinking cup's not filled with drink.

The last couplet might be more literally translated thus : —

But in the grave she scarcely can lie still,
To think, what Bacchus owns, she can't with Bacchus fill.

Love is sometimes treated of in a vein of pleasantry, very different from the deep and impassioned tone in which it is exhibited in more serious compositions. Take some examples : —

Is a *Black* Woman one of the *Fair* Sex?

(By Meleager.)

By Didyma's beauty I'm carried away;
I melt, when I see it, like wax before fire:
She is black, it is true: so are coals; but even they,
When they're warmed, a bright glow like the rose cup acquire.

This is by Archias, Cicero's friend and client, written perhaps to illustrate some piece of art: —

What! fly from Love? vain hope: there's no retreat,
When he has wings and I have only feet.

This is by Crates, translated by Sayers, Southey's friend: —

Cures for Love.

Hunger, perhaps, may cure your love
Or time your passion greatly alter:
If both should unsuccessful prove,
I strongly recommend a halter.

Venus and the Muses.

(By some said to be Plato's.)

To the Muses said Venus: "Maids, mind what you do;
Honor me, or I'll set my boy Cupid on you."
Then to Venus the Muses: "To Mars chatter thus:
Your urchin ne'er ventures to fly upon us."

The light and cheerful way in which poor men speak of their poverty is often pleasant. Here are some examples: —

Want a Good Watchdog.

(By Julian: the translation by Wellesley.)

Seek a more profitable job,
Good housebreakers, elsewhere:
These premises you cannot rob,
Want guards them with such care.

The Poor Scholar's Admonition to the Mice.

(By Aristo.)

O mice! if here you come for food, you'd better go elsewhere,
For in this cabin, small and rude, you'll find but slender fare.

Go where you'll meet with good fat cheese, and sweet dried
figs in plenty,
Where even the scraps will yield with ease a banquet rich
and dainty:
If to devour my books you come, you'll rue it, without question,
And find them all, as I find some, of very hard digestion.

The folly of fools is a fair subject of ridicule. This is by Lucian: —

A blockhead bit by fleas put out the light,
And chuckling cried, Now you can't see to bite.

Here is something which the Greeks considered folly, by Lucian: —

While others tippled, Sam from drinking shrunk,
Which made the rest think Sam alone was drunk.

Without recommending excess, there are a good many invitations to jollity. Here is one: —

Sober Eubulus, friends, lies here below:
So then, let's drink: to Hades all must go.

What follows is a favorite sentiment — perhaps too much so — with the old poets: —

Wine to the poet is a wingèd steed;
Those who drink water come but little speed.

One great poet has existed in our day who was a signal exception to this alleged rule.

The following is by the Emperor Julian, and refers to that substitute for wine which the Germans discovered by fermenting, or, as Tacitus calls it, *corrupting*, grain. It does not seem to have pleased the imperial wine drinker. The translation is necessarily paraphrastic: —

Who? whence this, Bacchus? for by Bacchus' self,
The son of Jove, I know not this strange elf.
The other smells like nectar: but thou here
Like the he-goat. Those wretched Celts, I fear,
For want of grapes made thee of ears of corn.
Demetrius art thou, of Demeter born,
Not Bacchus, Dionysus, nor yet wine —
Those names but fit the products of the vine;
Beer thou mayst be from Barley; or, that failing,
We'll call thee Ale, for thou wilt keep us ailing.

A bath to the Greeks, as we might expect — at least, in their later development — was a great enjoyment, if not a necessity of life. The epigrammatists supply us with many pleasant and playful inscriptions for baths or bathing places, illustrating their virtues and attractions. The purity and freshness of the water are natural themes of eulogium, and the patronage of divine beings is readily supposed. Here is a selection, all of them apparently anonymous : —

> This bath may boast the Graces' own to be, —
> And for that reason it holds only three.

> Here bathed the Graces, and at leaving gave
> Their choicest splendors to requite the wave.

Or thus, which we may suppose written of the draped Graces : —

> Here bathed the Graces, and, by way of payment,
> Left half their charms when they resumed their raiment.

> Here Venus bathed, ere she to Paris' eyes
> Displayed the immortal form that gained the prize.

Or thus : —

> Straight from this bath went Venus, wet and dripping;
> To Paris showed herself — and won the pippin.

> Either these waves gave Venus birth, or she,
> Her form here bathing, made them what we see.

On a Small-sized Bath.

> Blame not things little: Grace may on them wait.
> Cupid is little; but his godhead's great.

We are warned, however, that excess in the use of the warm bath, as in other indulgences, may be injurious : —

> Wine and the bath, and lawless love for ladies,
> Just send us quicker down the hill to Hades.

Some vices are particularly obnoxious to the satirical epigrammatist, especially avarice and envy : —

Stinginess in Hospitality.

(By Pallas: translation altered from Wellesley.)

Most people dine but once, but when we've dined
With our friend Salaminus,
We dine again at home, for faith! we find
He did not truly dine us.

Board or Lodging.

(By Lucilius: translation altered from Cowper.)

Asclépiades, the Miser, in his house
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse:
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what cause is it
I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?"
The mouse said, smiling: "Fear not for your hoard:
I come, my friend, to lodge, and not to board."

There are several vigorous denunciations of the vice of envy. This is anonymous: —

Envy is vile, but plays a useful part,
Torturing in envious men both eyes and heart.

This is in that exaggerated style which the epigrams sometimes exhibit. It is by Lucilius — the translation from Wellesley: —

Poor Diophon of envy died,
His brother thief to see
Nailed near him, to be crucified,
Upon a higher tree.

But the best epigram on this subject is to be found in one which seems to describe a picture of Momus the fault-finder, the impersonation of Envy, perhaps also, some will say, of Criticism, — the Power who could produce nothing excellent himself, and who never saw unmixed excellence in the works of others. The picture is supposed to have been by Apelles. The epigram is anonymous; the translation partly from Hay: —

Who here has formed, with faultless hand and skill,
Fault-finding Momus, source of endless ill?
On the bare earth his aged limbs are thrown,

As if in life, to lie and sigh and groan.
His frame is wasted, and his scanty hairs
One trembling hand from his thin temple tears:
With his old staff the other strikes the ground,
Which all insensate to the blows is found.
In double row his gnashing teeth declare
How much his neighbor's weal o'erwhelms him with despair.

Swift made a well-known epitaph upon Vanbrugh as an architect : —

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

This is nearly the counterpart of the following Greek epigram : —

Hail, Mother Earth ! lie light on him
Whose tombstone here we see :
Æsigenes, his form was slim,
And light his weight on thee.

A similar request is made in another epigram by Ammianus, but with a very different feeling. The translation is by Merivale : —

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy clay, —
That so the dogs may easier find their prey.

This anonymous epigram is upon a matricide, who does not deserve burial : —

Bury him not ! no burial is for him :
Let hungry dogs devour him limb by limb.
Our general Mother, Earth, on her kind breast
Will ne'er allow a matricide to rest.

The satirical epigrammatists indulge often in national invective, and indeed the Greeks were too fond of abusing some of their neighbors. Here are specimens : —

A viper bit a Cappadocian's hide ;
But 'twas the viper, not the man, that died.

The natives of many other countries besides Cappadocia were called *bad :* among the rest the Lerians ; thus : —

Lerians are bad : not *some* bad, and some *not,*
But all ; there's not a Lerian in the lot,
Save Procles, that you could a good man call ; —
And Procles — is a Lerian after all.

Our readers will here recognize the original of a well-known epigram by Porson, which exists both in a Greek and English shape, and where the satirist, after denouncing the Germans as *all* ignorant of Greek meters, concludes : —

> All, save only Hermann; —
> And Hermann's a German.

It was unfortunate for poor Hermann that his name and his nationality rhymed so well together.

An epigram may here be given in conclusion on this head, as tending, perhaps, to illustrate the transition by which the satirical Greek epigram came to resemble the favorite style of Martial, which has been so much adopted in modern times.

The epigram we refer to is by Lucilius : —

On a Declamatory Pleader.

A little pig, an ox, a goat (my only one), I lost,
And Menecles, to plead my cause, I fee'd at some small cost.
I only wanted back my beasts, which seemed my simple due;
Then, Menecles, what had I with Othryades to do?
I never thought in this affair to charge with any theft
The men who, at Thermopylæ, their lives and bodies left.
My suit is with Eutychides; and if I get decree,
Leonidas and Xerxes both are welcome to go free.
Plead my true case: lest I cry out (I can't my feelings smother),
"The little pig one story tells, and Menecles another."

This satire upon a certain class of lawyers agrees completely with an epigram of Martial's ; and as Lucilius and he lived nearly about the same time, it would be interesting to know if the one was borrowed from the other, and which. The preponderance of evidence rather is that Lucilius, as Lessing thinks, was a century, or at least half a century, later than Martial, and is probably, therefore, the imitator in this matter, though his imitation is not slavish. Martial's epigram has been translated into French by La Monnoye.

This chapter may be concluded with a mild satire upon the condition of the times, with reference to the two ancient worthies, Heraclitus and Democritus, the weeping and the laughing philosopher. The translation is mainly from Prior : —

"The isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung"

From a painting by Alma-Tadema

Sad Heraclitus, with thy tears return;
Life more than ever gives us cause to mourn.
Democritus, dear droll, revisit earth:
Life more than ever gives us cause for mirth.
Between you both I stand in thoughtful pother,
How I should weep with one, how laugh with t'other.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

By LORD BYRON.

[Lord George Noel Gordon Byron: A famous English poet; born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten he succeeded to the estate and title of his granduncle William, fifth Lord Byron. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge, and in 1807 published his first volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness." After a tour through eastern Europe he brought out two cantos of "Childe Harold," which met with instantaneous success, and soon after he married the heiress Miss Millbanke. The union proving unfortunate, Byron left England, and passed several years in Italy. In 1823 he joined the Greek insurgents in Cephalonia, and later at Missolonghi, where he died of a fever April 19, 1824. His chief poetical works are: "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," "Manfred," "Cain," "Marino Faliero," "Sardanapalus," "The Giaour," "Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," and "Mazeppa."]

The isles of Greece! The isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung, —
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet, —
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds that echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  That looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships by thousands lay below,
  And men in nations — all were his!
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
  Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face,
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blessed?
  Must *we* but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
  Ah! no; the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain; strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet —
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?

You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such claims as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
I see their glorious black eyes shine:
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Samian's marbled steep —
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep:
There, swanlike, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine.

SOLON.

By PLUTARCH.

[Plutarch: A Greek writer of biographies and miscellaneous works; born about A.D. 50. He came of a wealthy and distinguished family and received a careful philosophical training at Athens under the Peripatetic philosopher Ammonius. After this he made several journeys, and stayed a considerable time in Rome, where he enjoyed friendly intercourse with persons of distinction, and conducted the education of the future Emperor Hadrian. He died about A.D. 120 in his native town, in which he held the office of archon and priest of the Pythian Apollo. His fame as an author is founded upon the celebrated "Parallel Lives," consisting of the biographies of forty-six Greeks and Romans, divided into pairs. Each pair contains the life of a Greek and a Roman, and generally ends with a comparison of the two. Plutarch's other writings, more than sixty short treatises on a great variety of subjects, are grouped under the title of "Morals."]

It is perfectly possible for a good man and a statesman, without being solicitous for superfluities, to show some concern for competent necessaries. In his time, as Hesiod says, — "Work was a shame to none," nor was distinction made with respect to trade, but merchandise was a noble calling, which brought home the good things which the barbarous nations enjoyed, was the occasion of friendship with their kings, and a great source of experience. Some merchants have built great cities, as Protis, the founder of Massilia, to whom the Gauls, near the Rhone, were much attached. Some report also, that Thales and Hippocrates the mathematician traded; and that Plato defrayed the charges of his travels by selling oil in Egypt. Solon's softness and profuseness, his popular rather than philosophical tone about pleasure in his poems, have been ascribed to his trading life; for, having suffered a thousand dangers, it was natural they should be recompensed with some gratifications and enjoyments; but that he accounted himself rather poor than rich is evident from the lines, —

> Some wicked men are rich, some good are poor —
> We will not change our virtue for their store:
> Virtue's a thing that none can take away;
> But money changes owners all the day.

At first he used his poetry only in trifles, not for any serious purpose, but simply to pass away his idle hours; but afterwards he introduced moral sentences and state matters, which he did,

PLUTARCH

From a rare old print

not to record them merely as an historian, but to justify his own actions, and sometimes to correct, chastise, and stir up the Athenians to noble performances. Some report that he designed to put his laws into heroic verse, and that they began thus, —

> We humbly beg a blessing on our laws
> From mighty Jove, and honor, and applause.

In philosophy, as most of the wise men then, he chiefly esteemed the political part of morals; in physics, he was very plain and antiquated, as appears by this, —

> It is the clouds that make the snow and hail,
> And thunder comes from lightning without fail;
> The sea is stormy when the winds have blown,
> But it deals fairly when 'tis left alone.

And, indeed, it is probable that at that time Thales alone had raised philosophy above mere practice into speculation; and the rest of the wise men were so called from prudence in political concerns. . . . It is stated that Anacharsis and Solon, and Solon and Thales, were familiarly acquainted, and some have delivered parts of their discourse; for, they say, Anacharsis, coming to Athens, knocked at Solon's door, and told him, that he, being a stranger, was come to be his guest, and contract a friendship with him; and Solon replying, "It is better to make friends at home," Anacharsis replied, "Then you that are at home make friendship with me." Solon, somewhat surprised at the readiness of the repartee, received him kindly, and kept him some time with him, being already engaged in public business and the compilation of his laws; which, when Anacharsis understood, he laughed at him for imagining the dishonesty and covetousness of his countrymen could be restrained by written laws, which were like spiders' webs, and would catch, it is true, the weak and poor, but easily be broken by the mighty and rich. To this Solon rejoined that men keep their promises when neither side can get anything by the breaking of them; and he would so fit his laws to the citizens, that all should understand it was more eligible to be just than to break the laws. But the event rather agreed with the conjecture of Anacharsis than Solon's hope. Anacharsis, being once at the Assembly, expressed his wonder at the fact that in Greece wise men spoke and fools decided.

Solon went, they say, to Thales, at Miletus, and wondered that Thales took no care to get him a wife and children. To this, Thales made no answer for the present; but a few days after procured a stranger to pretend that he had left Athens ten days ago; and Solon inquiring what news there, the man, according to his instructions, replied, "None but a young man's funeral, which the whole city attended; for he was the son, they said, of an honorable man, the most virtuous of the citizens, who was not then at home, but had been traveling a long time." Solon replied, "What a miserable man is he! But what was his name?" "I have heard it," says the man, "but have now forgotten it, only there was a great talk of his wisdom and his justice." Thus Solon was drawn on by every answer, and his fears heightened, till at last, being extremely concerned, he mentioned his own name, and asked the stranger if that young man was called Solon's son; and the stranger assenting, he began to beat his head, and to do and say all that is usual with men in transports of grief. But Thales took his hand, and, with a smile, said, "These things, Solon, keep me from marriage and rearing children, which are too great for even your constancy to support; however, be not concerned at the report, for it is a fiction." This Hermippus relates, from Patæcus, who boasted that he had Æsop's soul.

However, it is irrational and poor-spirited not to seek conveniences for fear of losing them, for upon the same account we should not allow ourselves to like wealth, glory, or wisdom, since we may fear to be deprived of all these; nay, even virtue itself, than which there is no greater nor more desirable possession, is often suspended by sickness or drugs. Now Thales, though unmarried, could not be free from solicitude, unless he likewise felt no care for his friends, his kinsmen, or his country; yet we are told he adopted Cybisthus, his sister's son. For the soul, having a principle of kindness in itself, and being born to love, as well as perceive, think, or remember, inclines and fixes upon some stranger, when a man has none of his own to embrace. And alien or illegitimate objects insinuate themselves into his affections, as into some estate that lacks lawful heirs; and with affection come anxiety and care; insomuch that you may see men that use the strongest language against the marriage bed and the fruit of it, when some servant's or concubine's child is sick or dies, almost killed with grief, and abjectly lamenting. Some have given way to shameful and

desperate sorrow at the loss of a dog or horse; others have borne the death of virtuous children without any extravagant or unbecoming grief, have passed the rest of their lives like men, and according to the principles of reason. It is not affection, it is weakness that brings men, unarmed against fortune by reason, into these endless pains and terrors; and they indeed have not even the present enjoyment of what they dote upon, the possibility of the future loss causing them continual pangs, tremors, and distresses. We must not provide against the loss of wealth by poverty, or of friends by refusing all acquaintance, or of children by having none, but by morality and reason. But of this too much.

Now, when the Athenians were tired with a tedious and difficult war that they conducted against the Megarians for the island Salamis, and made a law that it should be death for any man, by writing or speaking, to assert that the city ought to endeavor to recover it, Solon, vexed at the disgrace, and perceiving thousands of the youth wished for somebody to begin, but did not dare to stir first for fear of the law, counterfeited a distraction, and by his own family it was spread about the city that he was mad. He then secretly composed some elegiac verses, and getting them by heart, that it might seem extempore, ran out into the market place with a cap upon his head, and, the people gathering about him, got upon the herald's stand, and sang that elegy which begins thus: —

> I am a herald come from Salamis the fair,
> My news from thence my verses shall declare.

The poem is called Salamis; it contains an hundred verses very elegantly written; when it had been sung, his friends commended it, and especially Pisistratus exhorted the citizens to obey his directions; insomuch that they recalled the law, and renewed the war under Solon's conduct.

The Megarians, however, still contending, and both sides having received considerable losses, they chose the Spartans for arbitrators. Some of Apollo's oracles, where he calls Salamis Ionian, made much for Solon. This matter was determined by five Spartans, Critolaidas, Amompharetus, Hypsechidas, Anaxilas, and Cleomenes.

For this, Solon grew famed and powerful; but his advice in favor of defending the oracle at Delphi, to give aid, and not to suffer the Cirrhæans to profane it, but to maintain the honor

of the god, got him most repute among the Greeks; for upon his persuasion the Amphictyons undertook the war.

Now the Cylonian pollution had a long while disturbed the commonwealth, ever since the time when Megacles the archon persuaded the conspirators with Cylon that took sanctuary in Minerva's temple to come down and stand to a fair trial. And they, tying a thread to the image, and holding one end of it, went down to the tribunal; but when they came to the temple of the Furies, the thread broke of its own accord, upon which, as if the goddess had refused them protection, they were seized by Megacles and the other magistrates; as many as were without the temples were stoned, those that fled for sanctuary were butchered at the altar, and only those escaped who made supplication to the wives of the magistrates. But they from that time were considered under pollution, and regarded with hatred. The remainder of the faction of Cylon grew strong again, and had continual quarrels with the family of Megacles; and now the quarrel being at its height, and the people divided, Solon, being in reputation, interposed with the chiefest of the Athenians, and by entreaty and admonition persuaded the polluted to submit to a trial and the decision of three hundred noble citizens. And Myron of Phlya being their accuser, they were found guilty, and as many as were then alive were banished, and the bodies of the dead were dug up, and scattered beyond the confines of the country.

In the midst of these distractions, the Megarians falling upon them, they lost Nisæa and Salamis again; besides, the city was disturbed with superstitious fears and strange appearances, and the priests declared that the sacrifices intimated some villainies and pollutions that were to be expiated. Upon this, they sent for Epimenides the Phæstian from Crete, who is counted the seventh wise man by those that will not admit Periander into the number. He seems to have been thought a favorite of heaven, possessed of knowledge in all the supernatural and ritual parts of religion; and, therefore, the men of his age called him a new Cures, and son of a nymph named Balte. When he came to Athens, and grew acquainted with Solon, he served him in many instances, and prepared the way for his legislation. He made them moderate in their forms of worship, and abated their mourning by ordering some sacrifices presently after the funeral, and taking off those severe and barbarous ceremonies which the women usually practiced; but

the greatest benefit was his purifying and sanctifying the city, by certain propitiatory and expiatory lustrations, and foundations of sacred buildings, by that means making them more submissive to justice, and more inclined to harmony. It is reported that, looking upon Munychia, and considering a long while, he said to those that stood by, "How blind is man in future things! for did the Athenians foresee what mischief this would do their city, they would even eat it with their own teeth to be rid of it." A similar anticipation is ascribed to Thales; they say he commanded his friends to bury him in an obscure and contemned quarter of the territory of Miletus, saying that it should some day be the market place of the Milesians. Epimenides, being much honored, and receiving from the city rich offers of large gifts and privileges, requested but one branch of the sacred olive, and, on that being granted, returned.

The Athenians, now the Cylonian sedition was over and the polluted gone into banishment, fell into their old quarrels about the government, there being as many different parties as there were diversities in the country. The Hill quarter favored democracy, the Plain, oligarchy, and those that lived by the Seaside stood for a mixed sort of government, and so hindered either of the other parties from prevailing. And the disparity of fortune between the rich and the poor at that time also reached its height; so that the city seemed to be in a truly dangerous condition, and no other means for freeing it from disturbances and settling it to be possible but a despotic power. All the people were indebted to the rich; and either they tilled their land for their creditors, paying them a sixth part of the increase, and were, therefore, called Hectemorii and Thetes, or else they engaged their body for the debt, and might be seized, and either sent into slavery at home, or sold to strangers; some (for no law forbade it) were forced to sell their children, or fly their country to avoid the cruelty of their creditors; but the most part and the bravest of them began to combine together and encourage one another to stand to it, to choose a leader, to liberate the condemned debtors, divide the land, and change the government.

Then the wisest of the Athenians, perceiving Solon was of all men the only one not implicated in the troubles, that he had not joined in the exactions of the rich, and was not involved in the necessities of the poor, pressed him to succor the common-

wealth and compose the differences. Though Phanias the Lesbian affirms that Solon, to save his country, put a trick upon both parties, and privately promised the poor a division of the lands, and the rich security for their debts. Solon, however, himself says that it was reluctantly at first that he engaged in state affairs, being afraid of the pride of one party and the greediness of the other; he was chosen archon, however, after Philombrotus, and empowered to be an arbitrator and lawgiver, the rich consenting because he was wealthy, the poor because he was honest. There was a saying of his current before the election, that when things are *even* there never can be war, and this pleased both parties, the wealthy and the poor, — the one conceiving him to mean, when all have their fair proportion; the others, when all are absolutely equal.

Thus, there being great hopes on both sides, the chief men pressed Solon to take the government into his own hands, and, when he was once settled, manage the business freely and according to his pleasure; and many of the commons, perceiving it would be a difficult change to be effected by law and reason, were willing to have one wise and just man set over the affairs; and some say that Solon had this oracle from Apollo —

> Take the mid seat, and be the vessel's guide;
> Many in Athens are upon your side.

But chiefly his familiar friends chid him for disaffecting monarchy only because of the name, as if the virtue of the ruler could not make it a lawful form; Eubœa had made this experiment when it chose Tynnondas, and Mitylene, which had made Pittacus its prince; yet this could not shake Solon's resolution; but, as they say, he replied to his friends, that it was true a tyranny was a very fair spot, but it had no way down from it; and in a copy of verses to Phocus he writes —

> — that I spared my land,
> And withheld from usurpation and from violence my hand,
> And forbore to fix a stain and a disgrace on my good name,
> I regret not; I believe that it will be my chiefest fame.

From which it is manifest that he was a man of great reputation before he gave his laws. The several mocks that were put upon him for refusing the power, he records in these words, —

Solon surely was a dreamer, and a man of simple mind;
When the gods would give him fortune, he of his own will declined;
When the net was full of fishes, overheavy thinking it,
He declined to haul it up, through want of heart and want of wit.
Had but I that chance of riches and of kingship, for one day,
I would give my skin for flaying, and my house to die away.

Thus he makes the many and the low people speak of him. Yet, though he refused the government, he was not too mild in the affair; he did not show himself mean and submissive to the powerful, nor make his laws to pleasure those that chose him. For where it was well before, he applied no remedy, nor altered anything, for fear lest,

Overthrowing altogether and disordering the state,

he should be too weak to new-model and recompose it to a tolerable condition; but what he thought he could effect by persuasion upon the pliable, and by force upon the stubborn, this he did, as he himself says,

With force and justice working both in one.

And, therefore, when he was afterwards asked if he had left the Athenians the best laws that could be given, he replied, "The best they could receive."

The way which, the moderns say, the Athenians have of softening the badness of a thing, by ingeniously giving it some pretty and innocent appellation, — calling harlots, for example, mistresses, tributes customs, a garrison a guard, and the jail the chamber, — seems originally to have been Solon's contrivance, who called canceling debts Seisacthea, a relief, or disencumbrance. For the first thing which he settled was that what debts remained should be forgiven, and no man, for the future, should engage the body of his debtor for security. Though some, as Androtion, affirm that the debts were not canceled, but the interest only lessened, which sufficiently pleased the people; so that they named this benefit the Seisacthea, together with the enlarging their measures, and raising the value of their money; for he made a pound, which before passed for seventy-three drachmas, go for a hundred; so that, though the number of pieces in the payment was equal, the value was less;

which proved a considerable benefit to those that were to discharge great debts, and no loss to the creditors. But most agree that it was the taking off the debts that was called Seisacthea, which is confirmed by some places in his poem, where he takes honor to himself, that

> The mortgage stones that covered her, by me
> Removed, — the land that was a slave is free;

that some who had been seized for their debts he had brought back from other countries, where

> — so far their lot to roam,
> They had forgot the language of their home;

and some he had set at liberty,

> Who here in shameful servitude were held.

While he was designing this, a most vexatious thing happened; for when he had resolved to take off the debts, and was considering the proper form and fit beginning for it, he told some of his friends, Conon, Clinias, and Hipponicus, in whom he had a great deal of confidence, that he would not meddle with the lands, but only free the people from their debts; upon which they, using their advantage, made haste and borrowed some considerable sums of money, and purchased some large farms; and when the law was enacted, they kept the possessions, and would not return the money; which brought Solon into great suspicion and dislike, as if he himself had not been abused, but was concerned in the contrivance. But he presently stopped this suspicion, by releasing his debtors of five talents (for he had lent so much), according to the law; others, as Polyzelus the Rhodian, say fifteen; his friends, however, were ever afterward called Chreocopidæ, repudiators.

In this he pleased neither party, for the rich were angry for their money, and the poor that the land was not divided, and, as Lycurgus ordered in his commonwealth, all men reduced to equality. He, it is true, being the eleventh from Hercules, and having reigned many years in Lacedæmon, had got a great reputation and friends and power, which he could use in modeling his state; and applying force more than persuasion, insomuch that he lost his eye in the scuffle, was able to employ the most effectual means for the safety and harmony of a state, by not permitting any to be poor or rich in his commonwealth.

Solon could not rise to that in his polity, being but a citizen of the middle classes; yet he acted fully up to the height of his power, having nothing but the good will and good opinion of his citizens to rely on; and that he offended the most part, who looked for another result, he declares in the words—

> Formerly they boasted of me vainly; with averted eyes
> Now they look askance upon me; friends no more, but enemies.

And yet had any other man, he says, received the same power,

> He would not have forborne, nor let alone,
> But made the fattest of the milk his own.

Soon, however, becoming sensible of the good that was done, they laid by their grudges, made a public sacrifice, calling it Seisacthea, and chose Solon to new-model and make laws for the commonwealth, giving him the entire power over everything, their magistracies, their assemblies, courts, and councils; that he should appoint the number, times of meeting, and what estate they must have that could be capable of these, and dissolve or continue any of the present constitutions, according to his pleasure.

First, then, he repealed all Draco's laws, except those concerning homicide, because they were too severe, and the punishments too great; for death was appointed for almost all offenses, insomuch that those that were convicted of idleness were to die, and those that stole a cabbage or an apple to suffer even as villains that committed sacrilege or murder. So that Demades, in after time, was thought to have said very happily, that Draco's laws were written not with ink but blood; and he himself, being once asked why he made death the punishment of most offenses, replied, "Small ones deserve that, and I have no higher for the greater crimes."

Next, Solon, being willing to continue the magistracies in the hands of the rich men, and yet receive the people into the other part of the government, took an account of the citizens' estates, and those that were worth five hundred measures of fruit, dry and liquid, he placed in the first rank, calling them Pentacosiomedimni; those that could keep a horse, or were worth three hundred measures, were named Hippada Teluntes, and made the second class; the Zeugitæ, that had two hundred measures, were in the third; and all the others were called

Thetes, who were not admitted to any office, but could come to the assembly, and act as jurors; which at first seemed nothing, but afterwards was found an enormous privilege, as almost every matter of dispute came before them in this latter capacity. Even in the cases which he assigned to the archon's cognizance, he allowed an appeal to the courts. Besides, it is said that he was obscure and ambiguous in the wording of his laws, on purpose to increase the honor of his courts; for since their differences could not be adjusted by the letter, they would have to bring all their causes to the judges, who thus were in a manner masters of the laws. Of this equalization he himself makes mention in this manner:—

> Such power I gave the people as might do,
> Abridged not what they had, now lavished new,
> Those that were great in wealth and high in place
> My counsel likewise kept from all disgrace.
> Before them both I held my shield of might,
> And let not either touch the other's right.

And for the greater security of the weak commons, he gave general liberty of indicting for an act of injury; if any one was beaten, maimed, or suffered any violence, any man that would and was able might prosecute the wrongdoer; intending by this to accustom the citizens, like members of the same body, to resent and be sensible of one another's injuries. And there is a saying of his agreeable to his law, for, being asked what city was best modeled, "That," said he, "where those that are not injured try and punish the unjust as much as those that are."

When he had constituted the Areopagus of those who had been yearly archons, of which he himself was a member therefore, observing that the people, now free from their debts, were unsettled and imperious, he formed another council of four hundred, a hundred out of each of the four tribes, which was to inspect all matters before they were propounded to the people, and to take care that nothing but what had been first examined should be brought before the general assembly. The upper council, or Areopagus, he made inspectors and keepers of the laws, conceiving that the commonwealth, held by these two councils, like anchors, would be less liable to be tossed by tumults, and the people be more quiet. Such is the general statement, that Solon instituted the Areopagus; which seems

to be confirmed, because Draco makes no mention of the Areopagites, but in all causes of blood refers to the Ephetæ; yet Solon's thirteenth table contains the eighth law set down in these very words: "Whoever before Solon's archonship were disfranchised, let them be restored, except those that, being condemned by the Areopagus, Ephetæ, or in the Prytaneum by the kings, for homicide, murder, or designs against the government, were in banishment when this law was made;" and these words seem to show that the Areopagus existed before Solon's laws, for who could be condemned by that council before his time, if he was the first that instituted the court? unless, which is probable, there is some ellipsis, or want of precision in the language, and it should run thus: "Those that are convicted of such offenses as belong to the cognizance of the Areopagites, Ephetæ, or the Prytanes, when this law was made," shall remain still in disgrace, whilst others are restored; of this the reader must judge.

Amongst his other laws, one is very peculiar and surprising, which disfranchises all who stand neuter in a sedition; for it seems he would not have any one remain insensible and regardless of the public good, and, securing his private affairs, glory that he has no feeling of the distempers of his country; but at once join with the good party and those that have the right upon their side, assist and venture with them, rather than keep out of harm's way and watch who would get the better. It seems an absurd and foolish law which permits an heiress, if her lawful husband fail her, to take his nearest kinsman; yet some say this law was well contrived against those who, conscious of their own unfitness, yet, for the sake of the portion, would match with heiresses, and make use of law to put a violence upon nature; for now, since she can quit him for whom she pleases, they would either abstain from such marriages, or continue them with disgrace, and suffer for their covetousness and designed affront; it is well done, moreover, to confine her to her husband's nearest kinsman, that the children may be of the same family. Agreeable to this is the law that the bride and bridegroom shall be shut into a chamber, and eat a quince together; and that the husband of an heiress shall consort with her thrice a month: for though there be no children, yet it is an honor and due affection which an husband ought to pay to a virtuous, chaste wife; it takes off all petty differences, and will not permit their little quarrels to proceed to a rupture.

In all other marriages he forbade dowries to be given; the wife was to have three suits of clothes, a little inconsiderable household stuff, and that was all; for he would not have marriages contracted for gain or an estate, but for pure love, kind affection, and birth of children. When the mother of Dionysus desired him to marry her to one of his citizens, "Indeed," said he, "by my tyranny I have broken my country's laws, but cannot put a violence upon those of nature by an unseasonable marriage." Such disorder is never to be suffered in a commonwealth, nor such unseasonable and unloving and unperforming marriages, which attain no due end or fruit; any provident governor or lawgiver might say to an old man that takes a young wife what is said to Philoctetes in the tragedy, —

Truly, in a fit state thou to marry!

and if he find a young man, with a rich and elderly wife, growing fat in his place, like the partridges, remove him to a young woman of proper age. And of this enough.

Another commendable law of Solon's is that which forbids men to speak evil of the dead; for it is pious to think the deceased sacred, and just, not to meddle with those that are gone, and politic, to prevent the perpetuity of discord. He likewise forbade them to speak evil of the living in the temples, the courts of justice, the public offices, or at the games, or else to pay three drachmas to the person, and two to the public. For never to be able to control passion shows a weak nature and ill breeding; and always to moderate it is very hard, and to some impossible. And laws must look to possibilities, if the maker designs to punish few in order to their amendment, and not many to no purpose.

He is likewise much commended for his law concerning wills; for before him none could be made, but all the wealth and estate of the deceased belonged to his family; but he by permitting them, if they had no children, to bestow it on whom they pleased, showed that he esteemed friendship a stronger tie than kindred, and affection than necessity; and made every man's estate truly his own. Yet he allowed not all sorts of legacies, but those only which were not extorted by the frenzy of a disease, charms, imprisonment, force, or the persuasions of a wife, — with good reason thinking that being seduced into wrong was as bad as being forced, and that between deceit and

necessity, flattery and compulsion, there was little difference, since both may equally suspend the exercise of reason.

He regulated the walks, feasts, and mourning of the women, and took away everything that was either unbecoming or immodest; when they walked abroad, no more than three articles of dress were allowed them; an obol's worth of meat and drink; and no basket above a cubit high; and at night they were not to go about unless in a chariot with a torch before them. Mourners tearing themselves to raise pity, and set wailings, and at one man's funeral to lament for another, he forbade. To offer an ox at the grave was not permitted, nor to bury above three pieces of dress with the body, or visit the tombs of any besides their own family, unless at the very funeral; most of which are likewise forbidden by our laws, but this is further added in ours, that those that are convicted of extravagance in their mournings are to be punished as soft and effeminate by the censors of women.

Observing the city to be filled with persons that flocked from all parts into Attica for security of living, and that most of the country was barren and unfruitful, and that traders at sea imported nothing to those that could give them nothing in exchange, he turned his citizens to trade, and made a law that no son be obliged to relieve a father who had not bred him up to any calling. It is true, Lycurgus, having a city free from all strangers, and land, according to Euripides,

> Large for large hosts, for twice their number much,

and, above all, an abundance of laborers about Sparta, who should not be left idle, but be kept down with continual toil and work, did well to take off his citizens from laborious and mechanical occupations, and keep them to their arms, and teach them only the art of war. But Solon, fitting his laws to the state of things, and not making things to suit his laws, and finding the ground scarce rich enough to maintain the husbandmen, and altogether incapable of feeding an unoccupied and leisured multitude, brought trades into credit, and ordered the Areopagites to examine how every man got his living, and chastise the idle. But that law was yet more rigid which, as Heraclides Ponticus delivers, declared the sons of unmarried mothers not obliged to relieve their fathers; for he that avoids the honorable form of union shows that he does not take a woman for children, but for pleasure, and thus gets his just reward,

and has taken away from himself every title to upbraid his children, to whom he has made their very birth a scandal and reproach.

Since the country has but few rivers, lakes, or large springs, and many used wells which they had dug, there was a law made, that, where there was a public well within a *hippicon*, that is, four furlongs, all should draw at that; but when it was farther off, they should try and procure a well of their own; and if they had dug ten fathoms deep and could find no water, they had liberty to fetch a pitcherful of four gallons and a half in a day from their neighbors'; for he thought it prudent to make provision against want, but not to supply laziness. He showed skill in his orders about planting, for any one that would plant another tree was not to set it within five feet of his neighbor's field; but if a fig or an olive, not within nine; for their roots spread farther, nor can they be planted near all sorts of trees without damage, for they draw away the nourishment, and in some cases are noxious by their effluvia. He that would dig a pit or a ditch was to dig it at the distance of its own depth from his neighbor's ground; and he that would raise stocks of bees was not to place them within three hundred feet of those which another had already raised.

He permitted only oil to be exported, and those that exported any other fruit, the archon was solemnly to curse, or else pay an hundred drachmas himself; and this law was written in his first table, and, therefore, let none think it incredible, as some affirm, that the exportation of figs was once unlawful, and the informer against the delinquents called a sycophant. He made a law, also, concerning hurts and injuries from beasts, in which he commands the master of any dog that bit a man to deliver him up with a log about his neck, four and a half feet long; a happy device for men's security. The law concerning naturalizing strangers is of doubtful character; he permitted only those to be made free of Athens who were in perpetual exile from their own country, or came with their whole family to trade there; this he did, not to discourage strangers, but rather to invite them to a permanent participation in the privileges of the government; and, besides, he thought those would prove the more faithful citizens who had been forced from their own country, or voluntarily forsook it. The law of public entertainment (*parasitein* is his name for it) is also peculiarly Solon's; for if any man came often, or if he

that was invited refused, they were punished, for he concluded that one was greedy, the other a contemner of the state.

All his laws he established for an hundred years, and wrote them on wooden tables or rollers, named axones, which might be turned round in oblong cases; some of their relics were in my time still to be seen in the Prytaneum, or common hall, at Athens. These, as Aristotle states, were called cyrbes, and there is a passage of Cratinus the comedian, —

> By Solon, and by Draco, if you please,
> Whose Cyrbes make the fires that parch our peas.

But some say those are properly cyrbes, which contain laws concerning sacrifices and the rites of religion, and all the others axones. The council all jointly swore to confirm the laws, and every one of the Thesmothetæ vowed for himself at the stone in the market place, that if he broke any of the statutes, he would dedicate a golden statue, as big as himself, at Delphi.

Observing the irregularity of the months, and that the moon does not always rise and set with the sun, but often in the same day overtakes and gets before him, he ordered the day should be named the Old and New, attributing that part of it which was before the conjunction to the old moon, and the rest to the new, he being the first, it seems, that understood that verse of Homer, —

> The end and the beginning of the month, —

and the following day he called the new moon. After the twentieth he did not count by addition, but, like the moon itself in its wane, by subtraction; thus up to the thirtieth.

When Solon was gone, the citizens began to quarrel; Lycurgus headed the Plain; Megacles, the son of Alcmæon, those to the Seaside; and Pisistratus the Hill party, in which were the poorest people, the Thetes, and greatest enemies to the rich; insomuch that, though the city still used the new laws, yet all looked for and desired a change of government, hoping severally that the change would be better for them, and put them above the contrary faction. Affairs standing thus, Solon returned, and was reverenced by all, and honored; but his old age would not permit him to be as active, and to speak in public, as formerly; yet, by privately conferring with the heads of the factions, he endeavored to compose the differences,

Pisistratus appearing the most tractable; for he was extremely smooth and engaging in his language, a great friend to the poor, and moderate in his resentments; and what nature had not given him, he had the skill to imitate; so that he was trusted more than the others, being accounted a prudent and orderly man, one that loved equality, and would be an enemy to any that moved against the present settlement. Thus he deceived the majority of people; but Solon quickly discovered his character, and found out his design before any one else; yet did not hate him upon this, but endeavored to humble him, and bring him off from his ambition, and often told him and others, that if any one could banish the passion for preëminence from his mind, and cure him of his desire of absolute power, none would make a more virtuous man or a more excellent citizen.

Thespis, at this time, beginning to act tragedies, and the thing, because it was new, taking very much with the multitude, though it was not yet made a matter of competition, Solon, being by nature fond of hearing and learning something new, and now, in his old age, living idly, and enjoying himself, indeed, with music and with wine, went to see Thespis himself, as the ancient custom was, act: and after the play was done, he addressed him, and asked him if he was not ashamed to tell so many lies before such a number of people; and Thespis replying that it was no harm to say or do so in play, Solon vehemently struck his staff against the ground: "Ah," said he, "if we honor and commend such play as this, we shall find it some day in our business."

Now when Pisistratus, having wounded himself, was brought into the market place in a chariot, and stirred up the people, as if he had been thus treated by his opponents because of his political conduct, and a great many were enraged and cried out, Solon, coming close to him, said, "This, O son of Hippocrates, is a bad copy of Homer's Ulysses; you do, to trick your countrymen, what he did to deceive his enemies." After this, the people were eager to protect Pisistratus, and met in an assembly, where one Ariston making a motion that they should allow Pisistratus fifty clubmen for a guard to his person, Solon opposed it, and said much to the same purport as what he has left us in his poems,—

> You dote upon his words and taking phrase;

and again, —

> True, you are singly each a crafty soul,
> But all together make one empty fool.

But observing the poor men bent to gratify Pisistratus, and tumultuous, and the rich fearful and getting out of harm's way, he departed, saying he was wiser than some and stouter than others; wiser than those that did not understand the design, stouter than those that, though they understood it, were afraid to oppose the tyranny.

Now, the people, having passed the law, were not nice with Pisistratus about the number of his clubmen, but took no notice of it, though he enlisted and kept as many as he would, until he seized the Acropolis. When that was done, and the city in an uproar, Megacles, with all his family, at once fled; but Solon, though he was now very old, and had none to back him, yet came into the market place and made a speech to the citizens, partly blaming their inadvertency and meanness of spirit, and in part urging and exhorting them not thus tamely to lose their liberty; and likewise then spoke that memorable saying, that, before, it was an easier task to stop the rising tyranny, but now the greater and more glorious action to destroy it, when it was begun already, and had gathered strength. But all being afraid to side with him, he returned home, and, taking his arms, he brought them out and laid them in the porch before his door, with these words: "I have done my part to maintain my country and my laws," and then he busied himself no more. His friends advising him to fly, he refused, but wrote poems, and thus reproached the Athenians in them, —

> If now you suffer, do not blame the Powers,
> For they are good, and all the fault was ours.
> All the strongholds you put into his hands,
> And now his slaves must do what he commands.

And many telling him that the tyrant would take his life for this, and asking what he trusted to, that he ventured to speak so boldly, he replied, "To my old age."

But Pisistratus, having got the command, so extremely courted Solon, so honored him, obliged him, and sent to see him, that Solon gave him his advice, and approved many of his actions; for he retained most of Solon's laws, observed them himself, and compelled his friends to obey. And he himself,

though already absolute ruler, being accused of murder before the Areopagus, came quietly to clear himself; but his accuser did not appear. And he added other laws, one of which is that the maimed in the wars should be maintained at the public charge.

Solon lived after Pisistratus seized the government, as Heraclides Ponticus asserts, a long time; but Phanias the Eresian says not two full years; for Pisistratus began his tyranny when Comias was archon, and Phanias says Solon died under Hegestratus, who succeeded Comias. The story that his ashes were scattered about the island Salamis is too strange to be easily believed, or be thought anything but a mere fable; and yet it is given, amongst other good authors, by Aristotle, the philosopher.

ARETHUSA.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

Arethusa arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
From cloud and from crag,
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.
She leapt down the rocks,
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The earth seemed to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she lingered towards the deep.

II.

Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountains strook

And opened a chasm
In the rocks; — with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below;
The beard and the hair
Of the River God were
Seen thro' the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III.

"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depths stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream: —
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rushed behind, —
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Thro' the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Thro' the dim beams
Which amid the streams

Weave a network of colored light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night: —
Outspeeding the shark,
And the swordfish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up thro' the rifts
Of the mountain clifts
They past to their Dorian home.

V.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore; —
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

AN ANCIENT GULLIVER.

(From "The True History," by Lucian of Samosata.)

[Lucian, one of the foremost humorists and men of letters of all time, was born in Asia Minor during Trajan's reign. He studied for a sculptor, but finally went to Antioch and devoted himself to literature and oratory. He died in extreme old age. His works, written in Greek, are largely satirical burlesques on pagan philosophy and mythology and on the literature of his day, with some stories.]

Ctesias wrote an account of India, in which he records matters which he neither saw himself, nor heard from the

mouth of any creature in the world. So likewise a certain Jambulus wrote many incredible wonders of the great sea, that are too palpably untrue for any one to suppose they are not of his own invention, though they are very entertaining to read. Many others have in the same spirit written pretended voyages and occasional peregrinations in unknown regions, wherein they give us incredible accounts of prodigiously huge animals, wild men, and strange and uncouth manners and habits of life. Their great leader and master in this fantastical way of imposing upon people was the famous Homeric Ulysses, who tells a long tale to Alcinous and his silly Phæacians about King Æolus and the winds, who are his slaves, and about one-eyed men-eaters and other the like savages; talks of many-headed beasts, of the transformation of his companions into brutes, and a number of other fooleries of a like nature. For my part I was the less displeased at all the falsehoods, great and numerous as they were, of these honest folks, when I saw that even men who pretend that they only philosophize, act not a hair better; but this has always excited my wonder, how they could imagine their readers would fail of perceiving that there was not a word of truth in all their narratives.

Now, as I cannot resist the vanity of transmitting to posterity a little work of my own composing, and though I have nothing true to relate (for nothing memorable has happened to me in all my life), I see not why I have not as good a right to deal in fiction as another: I resolved, however, to adopt an honester mode of lying than the generality of my compeers: for I tell at least one truth, by saying that I lie; and the more confidently hope therefore to escape the general censure, since my own voluntary confession is a sufficient proof that I desire to impose upon no one. Accordingly I hereby declare, that I sit down to relate what never befell me; what I neither saw myself, nor heard by report from others; aye, what is more, about matters that not only are not, but never will be, because in one word they are absolutely impossible, and to which therefore I warn my readers (if by the by I should have any) not to give even the smallest degree of credit.

Once on a time, then, I set sail from Cadiz, and steered my course with a fair wind to the Hesperian ocean. The occasion and the object of my voyage were, to speak honestly, that I had nothing more convenient to think of or to do, and had a certain

restless curiosity to see novelties of whatever kind, and a desire to ascertain where the western ocean terminates, and what sort of men dwell beyond it. In this view my first care was to get on board the necessary stock of provision for so long a voyage, and plenty of fresh water, taking along with me fifty companions of the same mind as myself; and, moreover, I provided myself with a good store of arms, and one of the most experienced pilots, whom I took into my service on an allowance of considerable wages. My vessel was a sort of yacht, but built as large and stout as was necessary for a long and dangerous voyage.

We sailed a day and a night with favorable gales, and while still within sight of land, were not violently carried on; on the following day at sunrise, however, the wind blew fresher, the sea ran high, the sky lowered, and it was impossible even to take in the sails. We were therefore forced to resign ourselves to the wind, and were nine and seventy days driven about by the storm. On the eightieth, however, at daybreak, we descried a high and woody island not far off, against which, the gale having greatly abated, the breakers were not uncommonly furious. We landed therefore, got out, and, happy after sustaining so many troubles to feel the solid earth under us, we stretched ourselves at ease upon the ground. At length, after having rested for some time, we arose, and selected thirty of our company to stay by the ship, while the remaining thirty accompanied me in penetrating farther inland, to examine into the quality of the island.

When we had proceeded about two thousand paces from the shore through the forest, we came up to a pillar of brass, on which in Greek letters, half effaced and consumed by rust, this inscription was legible: Thus far came Bacchus and Hercules. We also discovered, at no great distance from it, two footmarks in the rock, one of which measured a whole acre, but the other was apparently somewhat smaller. I conjectured the lesser one to be that of Bacchus, and the other that of Hercules. We bowed the knee, and went on, but had not proceeded far when we came to a river, that instead of water ran with wine, which both in color and flavor appeared to us like our Chian wine. The river was so broad and deep, that in many places it was even navigable. Such an evident sign that Bacchus had once been here served not a little to confirm our faith in the inscription on the pillar. But being curious to learn whence

this stream derived its origin, we went up to its head; but found no spring, and only a quantity of large vines hung full of clusters, and at the bottom of every stem the wine trickled down in bright transparent drops, from the confluence whereof the stream arose. We saw likewise a vast quantity of fishes therein, the flesh of which had both the color and flavor of the wine in which they lived. We caught some, and so greedily swallowed them down, that as many as ate of them were completely drunk; and on cutting up the fishes we found them to be full of lees. It occurred to us afterwards to mix these wine fishes with water fishes, whereby they lost their strong vinous taste, and yielded an excellent dish.

We then crossed the river at a part where we found it fordable, and came among a wonderful species of vines: which toward the earth had firm stocks, green and knotty; but upwards they were ladies, having down to the waist their several proportions perfect and complete; as Daphne is depicted, when she was turned into a tree in Apollo's embrace. Their fingers terminated in shoots, full of bunches of grapes, and instead of hair their heads were grown over with tendrils, leaves, and clusters. These ladies came up to us, amicably gave us their hands, and greeted us, some in Lydian, others in Indian language, but most of them in Greek; they saluted us also on the lips; but those whom they kissed immediately became drunk, and reeled. Their fruit, however, they would not permit us to pluck, and screamed out with pain when we broke off a bunch. Some of them even showed an inclination to consort with us; but a couple of my companions, in consenting to it, paid dear for their complaisance. For they got so entangled in their embraces, that they could never after be loosed; but every limb coalesced and grew together with theirs, in such sort as to become one stock with roots in common. Their fingers changed into vine twigs, and began to bud, giving promise of fruit.

Leaving them to their fate, we made what haste we could to our ship, where we related all that we had seen to our comrades, whom we had left behind, particularly the adventure of the two whose embraces with the vine women had turned out so badly. Hereupon we filled our empty casks partly with common water, partly from the wine stream; and after having passed the night not far from the latter, weighed anchor in the morning with a moderate breeze. But about noon, when we

had lost sight of the island, we were suddenly caught by a whirlwind, which turned our vessel several times round in a circle with tremendous velocity, and lifted it above three thousand stadia aloft in the air, not setting it down again on the sea, but kept it suspended above the water at that height, and carried us on, with swelled sails, above the clouds.

Having thus continued our course through the sky for the space of seven days and as many nights, on the eighth day we descried a sort of earth in the air, resembling a large, shining, circular island, spreading a remarkably brilliant light around it. We made up to it, anchored our ship, and went on shore, and on examination found it inhabited and cultivated. Indeed, by day we could distinguish nothing: but as soon as the night came on, we discerned other islands in the vicinity, some bigger, some less, and all of a fiery color. There was also, very deep below these, another earth, having on it cities and rivers and lakes and forests and mountains; whence we concluded that it might probably be ours.

Having resolved on prosecuting our journey, we came up with a number of horse vultures or hippogypes, as they are called in this country, who immediately seized our persons. These hippogypes are men who ride upon huge vultures, and are as well skilled in managing them as we are in the use of horses. But the vultures are of a prodigious bulk, and for the most part have three heads; and how large they must be, may be judged of by this, that each of the feathers in their wings is longer and thicker than the mast of a great corn ship. The hippogypes are commissioned to fly round the whole island, and whenever they meet a stranger, to carry him before the king; with which order we were therefore obliged to comply. The king no sooner spied us, than he understood, I suppose from our dress, what countrymen we were; for the first word he said to us was, "The gentlemen then are Greeks." On our not scrupling to own it, he continued, "How got you hither, through such a vast tract of air as that lying between your earth and this?" We then told him all that had happened to us. Upon this he was pleased to communicate to us some particulars of his history. He told us: he was likewise a man, and the same Endymion who was long since, while he lay asleep, rapt up from our earth and conveyed hither, where he was appointed king, and is the same that appears to us below as the moon. Moreover, he bade us be of good cheer and appre-

hend no danger; assuring us at the same that we should be provided with all necessaries: "and," added he, "when I shall have successfully put a period to the war in which I am at present engaged with the inhabitants of the sun, you shall pass with me the happiest lives you can possibly conceive." On our asking him what enemies he had, and how the misunderstanding began, he replied: —

"It is now a long time, that Phaeton, the king of the solar inhabitants (for the sun is no less peopled than the moon), has been at war with us, for no other reason than this. I had taken the resolution to send out the poorest people of my dominions as a colony into the morning star, which at that time was waste and void of inhabitants. To this now, Phaeton, out of envy, would not consent, and opposed my colonists with a troop of horse pismires in midway. Being unprepared for the encounter, and therefore not provided with arms, we were for that time forced to retreat. I have now, however, resolved to have another contest with them, and to settle my colony there, cost what it will. If you therefore have a mind to take part in this enterprise, I will furnish you with vultures out of my own mews, and provide you with the necessary arms and accouterments; and to-morrow we will begin our march."

"With all my heart," I replied, "whenever you please."

The king that evening made us sit down to an entertainment; and on the following morning early we made the necessary preparations, and drew up in battle array, our scouts having apprised us that the enemy was approaching. Our army consisted, besides the light infantry, the foreign auxiliaries, the engineers and sutlers, of a hundred thousand men: that is to say, eighty thousand horse vultures, and twenty thousand who were mounted on cabbage fowl. These are an exceedingly numerous species of birds, that instead of feathers are thickly grown over with cabbages, and have a broad kind of lettuce leaves for wings. Our flanks were composed of bean shooters and garlic throwers. In addition to these, thirty thousand flea guards and fifty thousand wind coursers were sent to our aid from the bean star. The former are archers mounted on a kind of fleas which are twelve times as big as an elephant; but the wind coursers, though they fight on foot, yet run without wings in the air. This is performed in the following manner: they wear wide, long gowns, reaching down to the ankles; these they tuck up so as to hold the wind, like a sail,

and thus they are wafted through the air after the manner of ships. In battle they are generally used like our peltasts. It was currently reported that seventy thousand sparrow acorns and five thousand horse cranes were to be sent us from the stars over Cappadocia; but I must own that I did not see them, and for this plain reason, that they never came. I therefore shall not take upon me to describe them; for all sorts of amazing and incredible things were propagated about them.

Such were the forces of Endymion. Their arms and accouterments were all alike. Their helmets were of bean shells, the beans with them being excessively large and thick-shelled. Their scaly coats of mail were made of the husks of their lupines sewed together, for in that country the shell of the lupine is as hard and impenetrable as horn. Their shields and swords differ not from those of the Greeks.

Everything now being ready, the troops disposed themselves in the following order of battle: the horse vultures composed the right wing, and were led on by the king in person, surrounded by a number of picked men, amongst whom we also were ranged; the left wing consisted of the cabbage fowl, and in the center were placed the auxiliaries, severally classed. The foot soldiery amounted to about sixty millions. There is a species of spiders in the moon, the smallest of which is bigger than one of the islands of the Cyclades. These received orders to fill up the whole tract of air between the moon and morning star with a web. This was done in a few instants, and served as a floor for the foot soldiers to form themselves in order of battle upon; these were commanded by Nightbird, Fairweather's son, and two other generals.

On the left wing of the enemy stood the horse pismires, headed by Phaeton. These animals are a species of winged ants, differing from ours only in bulk, the largest of them covering no less than two acres. They have besides one peculiarity, that they assist their riders in fighting principally with their horns. Their number was given in at about fifty thousand. On the right wing in the first engagement somewhere about fifty thousand gnat riders were posted, all archers, mounted on monstrous huge gnats. Behind these stood the radish darters, a sort of light infantry, but who greatly annoyed the enemy: being armed with slings from which they threw horrid large radishes to a very great distance; whoever was struck by them died on the spot, and the wound instantly gave out an intoler-

able steneh, for it is said that they dipped the radishes in mallow poison. Behind them stood the stalky mushrooms, heavy-armed infantry, ten thousand in number, having their name from their bearing a kind of fungus for their shield, and using stalks of large asparagus for spears. Not far from these were placed the dog acorns, who were sent to succor Phaeton from the inhabitants of Sirius, in number five thousand. They were men with dogs' heads, who fought on winged acorns, whieh served them as chariots. Besides, there went a report that several other reinforcements were to have come, on which Phaeton had reekoned, particularly the slingers that were expeeted from the Milky Way, together with the cloud centaurs. The latter, however, did not arrive till after the affair was decided, and it had been as well for us if they had stayed away; the slingers, however, eame not at all, at whieh Phaeton was so enraged that he afterwards laid waste their country by fire. These then were all the forees that Phaeton brought into the field.

The signal for the onset was now given on both sides by asses, whieh in this country are employed instead of trumpeters: and the engagement had no sooner begun, than the left wing of the Heliotans, without waiting for the attack of the horse vultures, turned their baeks immediately; and we pursued them with great slaughter. On the other hand, their right wing at first gained the advantage over our left, and the gnat riders overthrew our eabbage fowl with such force, and pursued them with so mueh fury, that they advanced even to our footmen; who, however, stood their ground so bravely that the enemy were in their turn thrown into disorder and obliged to fly, espeeially when they saw that their left wing was routed. Their defeat was now deeisive; we made a great many prisoners, and the slain were so numerous that the clouds were tinged with the blood that was spilt, as they sometimes appear to us at the going down of the sun; aye, it even triekled down from them upon the earth. So that I was led to suppose that a similar event in former times, in the upper regions, might perhaps have caused those showers of blood which Homer makes his Jupiter rain for Sarpedon's death.

Returning from the pursuit of the enemy, we erected two trophies; one for the infantry on the cobweb, the other on the clouds for those who had fought in the air. While we were thus employed, intelligenee was brought us from our fore posts

that the cloud centaurs were now coming up, which ought to have joined Phaeton before the battle. I must own, that the march towards us of an army of cavalry that were half men and half winged horses, and of whom the human half was as big as the upper moiety of the colossus at Rhodes, and the equine half resembling a great ship of burden, formed a spectacle altogether extraordinary. Their number I rather decline to state, for it was so prodigious that I am fearful I should not be believed. They were led on by Sagittarius from the Zodiac. As soon as they learnt that their friends had been defeated, they sent immediately a dispatch to Phaeton, to call him back to the fight; whilst they marched up in good array to the terrified Selenites, who had fallen into great disorder in pursuing the enemy and dividing the spoil, put them all to flight, pursued the king himself to the very walls of his capital, killed the greater part of his birds, threw down the trophies, overran the whole field of cobweb, and together with the rest made me and my two companions prisoners of war. Phaeton at length came up; and after they had erected other trophies, that same day we were carried prisoners into the sun, our hands tied behind our backs with a cord of the cobweb.

The enemy did not think fit to besiege Endymion's capital, but contented himself with carrying up a double rampart of clouds between the moon and the sun, whereby all communication between the two was effectually cut off, and the moon deprived of all sunlight. The poor moon, therefore, from that instant suffered a total eclipse, and was shrouded in complete uninterrupted darkness. In this distress, Endymion had no other resource than to send a deputation to the sun, humbly to entreat him to demolish the wall, and that he would not be so unmerciful as to doom him to utter darkness; binding himself to pay a tribute to the sun, to assist him with auxiliaries whenever he should be at war, never more to act with hostility against him, and to give hostages as surety for the due performance of the contract. Phaeton held two councils to deliberate on these proposals: in the first, their minds were as yet too soured to admit of a favorable reception; but in the second, their anger had somewhat subsided, and the peace was concluded by a treaty which ran thus: —

The Heliotans with their allies on the one part, and the Selenites with their confederates on the other part, have entered into a

league, in which it is stipulated as follows: The Heliotans engage to demolish the wall, never more to make hostile attacks upon the moon, and that the prisoners taken on both sides shall be set at liberty on the payment of an equitable ransom. The Selenites on their part promise not to infringe the rights and privileges of the other stars, nor ever again to make war upon the Heliotans; but on the contrary, the two powers shall mutually aid and assist one another with their forces, in case of any invasion. The king of the Selenites also binds himself to pay to the king of the Heliotans a yearly tribute of ten thousand casks of dew, and give ten thousand hostages by way of security. With reference to the colony in the morning star, both the contracting parties shall jointly assist in establishing it, and liberty is given to any that will to share in the peopling of it. This treaty shall be engraved on a pillar of amber, to be set up between the confines of the two kingdoms. To the due performance of this treaty are solemnly sworn, on the part of the

Heliotes.	Selenites.
Fireman.	Nightlove.
Summerheat.	Moonius.
Flamington.	Changelight.

This treaty of peace being signed, the wall was pulled down, and the prisoners were exchanged. On our return to the moon, our comrades and Endymion himself came forth to meet us, and embraced us with weeping eyes. The prince would fain have retained us with him; making us the proposal at the same time to form part of the new colony, as we liked best. He even offered me his own son for a mate (for they have no women there). This I could by no means be persuaded to, but earnestly begged that he would set us down upon the sea. Finding that I could not be prevailed on to stay, he consented to dismiss us, after he had feasted us most nobly during a whole week.

* * * * * * *

When a Selenite is grown old, he does not die as we do, but vanishes like smoke in the air.

The whole nation eats the same sort of food. They roast frogs (which with them fly about the air in vast numbers) on coals; then when they are done enough, seating themselves round the hearth, as we do at a table, snuff up the effluvia that rises from them, and in this consists their whole meal. When thirsty, they squeeze the air into a goblet, which is filled in this manner with a dewlike moisture. . . .

Whoever would pass for a beauty among them must be bald and without hair; curly and bushy heads are an abomination to them. But in the comets it is just the reverse: for there only curly hair is esteemed beautiful, as some travelers, who were well received in those stars, informed us. Nevertheless they have somewhat of a beard a little above the knee. On their feet they have neither nails nor toes; for the whole foot is entirely one piece. Every one of them at the point of the rump has a large cabbage growing, in lieu of a tail, always green and flourishing, and which never breaks off though a man falls on his back.

They sneeze a very sour kind of honey; and when they are at work or gymnastic exercises, or use any exertion, milk oozes from all the pores of the body in such quantities that they make cheese of it, only mixing with it a little of the said honey.

They have an art of extracting an oil from onions, which is very white, and of so fragrant an odor that they use it for perfuming. Moreover, their soil produces a great abundance of vines, which instead of wine yield water grapes, and the grape-stones are the size of our hail. I know not how better to explain the hail with us, than by saying that it hails on the earth whenever the vines in the moon are violently agitated by a high wind, so as to burst the water grapes.

The Selenites wear no pockets, but put all they would carry with them in their bellies, which they can open and shut at pleasure. For by nature they are quite empty, having no intestines; only they are rough and hairy within, so that even their new-born children, when they are cold, creep into them.

As to their clothing, the rich wear garments of glass, but those of the poorer sort are wove of brass; for these regions are very prolific in ores, and they work it as we do wool, by pouring water upon it.

But what sort of eyes they have, I doubt my veracity would be suspected were I to say; it is so incredible. Yet, having already related so much of the marvelous, this may as well go along with the rest. They have eyes, then, that they can take out whenever they choose: whoever therefore would save his eyes, takes them out, and lays them by; if anything that he would fain see presents itself, he puts his eyes in again and looks at it. Some who have carelessly lost their own borrow of others; for rich people are always provided with a good stock.

Their ears are made of plane-tree leaves, and only the Dendrites have wooden ones.

I saw also another strange object in the king's palace; which was a looking-glass of enormous dimensions, lying over a well not very deep. Whoever goes down into this well hears everything that is said upon our earth; and whoever looks in the mirror sees in it all the cities and nations of the world, exactly as if they were standing before him. I saw on this occasion my family and my whole country: whether, however, they likewise saw me, I cannot positively say. He who does not believe what I have mentioned touching the virtues of this looking-glass, if he ever goes thither, may convince himself by his own eyes that I have said nothing but what is true.

We now took our leaves of the king and his court, repaired on board our ship, and departed. Endymion at parting made me a present of two glass and five brazen robes, together with a complete suit of armor made of bean shells; all of which I was afterwards forced to leave behind in the whale's belly. He likewise sent with us a thousand hippogypes, to escort us five hundred stadia on our way.

After having in our course coasted along several countries, we landed on the morning star, which had lately been cultivated, to take in fresh water. Thence we steered into the Zodiac, sailing close by the sun on the left hand; but here we did not go ashore, though my companions were very desirous to do so, because the wind was against us. We got near enough, however, to see that the landscape was covered with the most beautiful verdure, well watered, and richly endowed with all sorts of natural productions. The nephelocentaurs, who are mercenaries in the service of Phaeton, on seeing us fled on board our pinnace; but on being informed that we were included in the treaty of peace, soon departed.

The hippogypes now likewise took leave of us, and all the next night and day, continuing our course, always bearing downwards, towards evening we arrived at a place called Lampton. This city is situated between the Pleiades and Hyades, and a little below the Zodiac. Here we landed, but saw no men; instead of them, however, we beheld a vast concourse of lamps, running to and fro along the streets, and busily employed in the market and the harbor. They were in general little, and had a poor appearance. Some few, we could perceive by their fine show and brightness, were the great and

powerful among them. Every one had its own lantern to live in, with their proper names as men have. We likewise heard them articulate a sort of speech. They offered us no injury, but rather seemed to receive us hospitably after their manner; notwithstanding which, we could not get the better of our fears, and none of us would venture to eat or to sleep with them. In the middle of the city they have a kind of court-house, where their chief magistrate sits all the night long, and calls every one by name to him; and whoever does not answer is treated as a deserter, and punished by death, — that is, he is extinguished. We likewise heard, while standing by to see what passed, some of them make their several excuses, and the reasons they alleged for coming so late. On this occasion I recognized our own house lamp; upon which I inquired of it how affairs went on at home, and it told me all that it knew.

Having resolved to stay there but one night, we weighed anchor the next morning, and sailed off from Lychnopolis, passing near the clouds, where we, among others, saw to our great astonishment the famous city of Nephelococcygia, but by reason of adverse winds could not enter the port. We learnt, however, that Coronos, Cottyphion's son, was reigning there; and I for my own part was confirmed in the opinion that I have ever entertained of the wisdom and veracity of the poet Aristophanes, whose account of that city has been unjustly discredited. Three days afterwards we came again in sight of the great ocean; but the earth showed itself nowhere, that floating in the air excepted, which appeared exceedingly fiery and sparkling. On the fourth day about noon, the wind, gently subsiding, settled us fair and leisurely upon the sea.

It is impossible to describe the ravishment that seized us on feeling ourselves once more on the water. We gave the whole ship's crew a feast on the remainder of our provisions, and afterwards leaped into the water, and bathed to our heart's content; for it was now a perfect calm, and the sea as smooth as a looking-glass.

Soon, however, we experienced that a sudden change for the better is not seldom the beginning of greater misfortunes. For scarcely had we proceeded two days on the sea, when about sunrise a great many whales and other monsters of the deep appeared. Among the former, one was of a most enormous size, being not less than three hundred miles long. This came towards us, open-mouthed, raising the waves on all sides, and

beating the sea before him into a foam, and showing teeth much larger than our colossal phalli, sharp-pointed as needles and white as ivory. We therefore took our last leave of one another, and while we were thus in mutual embraces expecting him every moment, he came on and swallowed us up, ship and all, at one gulp ; for he found it unnecessary to crush us first with his teeth, but the vessel at one squeeze slipped between the interstices, and went down into his maw.

When we were in, it was at first so dark that we could discern nothing ; but when after some time he opened his chops, we saw ourselves in a cavity of such prodigious height and width that it seemed to have room enough for a city of ten thousand inhabitants. All about lay a vast quantity of small fishes, macerated animals, sails, anchors, men's bones, and whole cargoes. Farther in, probably from the quantity of mud this whale had swallowed, was an earth with mountains and valleys upon it ; the former being covered with all sorts of forest trees, and the valleys planted with different herbs and vegetables, so that one would have thought it had been cultivated. This island, if I may so term it, might perhaps be about forty-five miles in circumference. We saw likewise sundry species of sea fowl, gulls, halcyons, and others, that had made their nests upon the trees.

We now had leisure to contemplate our deplorable situation, and wept plentifully. At last when I had somewhat comforted the dejected spirits of my companions, our first business was to make the ship fast ; we then struck fire, and of the fishes, which lay in great quantities and variety about us, we prepared a good meal ; water we had on board, the remainder of what we took in at the morning star.

On getting up the next morning, we perceived that as often as the whale fetched breath, we one while saw mountains, at another nothing but the sky, sometimes likewise islands ; whence we then concluded that he moved about with great velocity, and seemed to visit every part of the ocean.

When we were grown a little familiar with our new place of abode, taking with me seven of my companions, we went into the forest to make farther discoveries. We had not proceeded above a furlong before we came to a temple, which, as the inscription ran, was dedicated to Neptune ; not far off we found a great number of tombs with pillars, and a little farther on, a spring of clear water. We also heard the barking of a dog,

and seeing smoke rise at some distance, we concluded that probably we might not be far from some dwelling. We now doubled our speed, and had not advanced many paces, when we met an old man and a youth very busy in cultivating a kitchen garden, and just then employed in conducting water into it by a furrow from the spring. At this sight, surprised at once both by joy and fear, we stood mute, and it may easily be imagined that they were possessed by the same apprehensions. They paused from their work, and for some time surveyed us attentively, without uttering a sound. At last the old man, taking courage, spoke to us : " Who are you," said he, " demons of the ocean, or miserable men like us? For as to us, we are men, and from offspring of the earth, as we were, are become inmates of the sea, and are carried up and down with this monster in which we are inclosed, without rightly knowing what to think of ourselves ; for we have every reason to suppose we are dead, though we believe that we are alive." " We also, old father," I replied, " are men, who first found ourselves here a short time ago ; for this is but the third day since we were swallowed up, together with our ship : and it is purely the desire of exploring this forest, which appeared so vast and thick, that has brought us hither. But without doubt it was by the guidance of some good genius that we found you, and now know that we are not alone inclosed in this whale. Tell us, then, if I may be so bold, who you are, and how you came hither." Whereupon the good old man assured us that he would not satisfy our curiosity, till he had first entertained us as well as he was able ; and saying this, he led us into his house, which he had fitted up conveniently. It was commodious enough for his situation, and provided with pallets and other necessaries. Here, after setting before us legumes, fruits, fish, and wine, and when we had satisfied our appetites, he began to inquire into the accidents that had occurred to us, and I recounted to him everything in order, — the storm, and what befell us on the island, and our voyage in the air, and the war, and all the rest of it, to the moment of our submersion into the whale.

After having emphatically expressed to me his astonishment at such wonderful occurrences, he then told us his own story. " My friends," said he, " I am a merchant of Cyprus. Business called me from home ; and with my son, whom you see here, and a great number of servants, I set out on a voyage

to Italy, on board a ship freighted with various kinds of merchandise, the scattered fragments of which you may probably have observed in the whale's gullet. We came as far as Sicily with a prosperous gale; but there a contrary wind got up, which the third day drove us into the ocean, where we had the misfortune to fall in with this whale, and to be swallowed up, crew and ship and all. All my people lost their lives, and we two alone remained. Having deposited them in the earth, we built a temple to Neptune, and here we have lived ever since, cultivating our little garden, and raising herbs, which with fish and fruits are our constant nourishment. The forest, which is of great extent, as you see, produces likewise abundance of vines, which yield a delicious wine; and you may perhaps have seen that we have a spring of fresh and excellent water. We make our bed of leaves, have plenty of fuel, and catch birds in nets, and even live fish, when we get out upon the gills of the monster, where we bathe likewise whenever we have an inclination that way. Besides, not far from hence is a lake of salt water, twenty stadia in circumference, and abounding in fish of various kinds. In this lake we sometimes amuse ourselves with swimming, or in rowing about in a little boat of my own making. In this manner we have now spent seven and twenty years, since we were swallowed up by the whale. We should be contented and easy enough here if our neighbors, who are very unsociable and rude people, were not so troublesome to us."

"What, then," I exclaimed, "are there any other people beside us in this whale?"

"A great many," returned the old man; "but as I said, untractable creatures, and of very grotesque shapes. The western part of the forest, towards the tail of the whale, is inhabited by the Tarichanes, who have the eyes of an eel and the face of a crab, — a warlike, bold, and rude, carnivorous people. On the other side, to the right, the Tritonomensetes dwell, down to the waist resembling men, and below formed like weasels; yet their disposition is not so mischievous and ferocious as that of the others. On the left hand reside the Carcinocheires and Thynnocephali, the former of whom instead of hands have crabs' claws, the latter have the head of a tunny fish; these two tribes have entered into alliance, and make common cause in the war. The middle region is occupied by the Pagurades and Psettapodes, a couple of warlike races, who are particularly swift-footed. The eastern parts, next the

whale's jaws, being generally overwashed by the sea, are almost uninhabited; I am therefore fain to take up my quarters here, on condition of paying the Psettapodes an annual tribute of five hundred oysters. Such is the internal division of this country; and you may easily conceive that it is a matter of no small concern to us, how to defend ourselves against so many nations, and at least how to live among them."

"How many may you be in all?" I asked. — "Above a thousand." — "What arms do you wear?" — "None but fish bones." — "We had best then attack them," said I, "seeing we are armed and they are not. If we once for all subdue them, we may afterwards live without disturbance."

This proposal pleased our host. We therefore repaired to our ship, and made the necessary preparations. An occasion of war we could not be at a loss for. Our host had no more to do but refuse paying the tribute, the day appointed being near at hand; and this was accordingly agreed on. They sent to demand the tribute. He sent them packing without their errand. At this the Psettapodes and Pagurades were so incensed that with great clamor they fell furiously upon the plantation of Skintharus, — for that was the name of our new friend. As this was no more than we had expected, they found us in a condition to receive them. I had sent out a detachment consisting of half my crew, five and twenty in number, with orders to lie in ambuscade, and when the enemy had passed, to attack him in the rear; which they did with complete success. I then with the rest of my men, also five and twenty strong (for Skintharus and his son fought with us), marched forward to oppose them; and when we had come to close quarters, we fought with such bravery and strength that after an obstinate struggle, not without danger on our part, they were at last beat out of the field, and pursued to their dens. Of the enemy were slain a hundred threescore and ten; on our side we lost only one, — my pilot, who was run through the shoulder by the rib of a mullet.

That day, and the night after it, we lodged in our trenches, and erected the dry backbone of a dolphin as a trophy. But the rumor of this engagement having in the mean time gone abroad, we found the next morning a fresh enemy before us: the Tarichanes under the command of a certain Pelamus in the left wing, the Thynnocephali taking the right, and the Carkinocheires occupying the center. For the Tritonomendetes, not

liking to have anything to do with either party, chose to remain neuter. We came up to the enemy close by the temple of Neptune, where, under so great a war cry that the whole whale rebellowed with it through its immense caverns, the armies rushed to combat. Our enemies, however, being not much better than naked and unarmed, were soon put to flight and chased into the heart of the forest, whereby we became masters of the country.

They sent heralds a little while after, to fetch away their dead and propose terms of accommodation; which, so far from thinking proper to agree to, we marched in a body against them the very next day, and put them all to the sword, except the Tritonomendetes, who, seeing how it had fared with their fellows, ran away as fast as they could to the whale's gills, and cast themselves headlong into the sea.

We now scoured the country, and finding it cleared of all enemies, we have ever since lived agreeably together, passing our time in bodily exercises and hunting, tending our vines, gathering the fruits of the trees, and living, in one word, like people who make themselves very comfortable in a spacious prison which they cannot get out of. In this manner we spent a year and eight months.

On the fifteenth day of the ninth month, however, at the second opening of the whale's chops (for this he did once every hour, by which periodical gaping we computed the hours of the day), we heard a great cry, and a noise like that of sailors, and the dashing of oars. Not a little alarmed, we crept forward to the jaws of the monster, where, standing between the teeth, where everything might be seen, we beheld one of the most astonishing spectacles, far surpassing all that I had ever seen in my whole life; men who were five hundred feet in stature, and came sailing on islands, as if they had been on shipboard. I am aware that what I am saying will be thought incredible, yet I cannot help proceeding: it must out. These islands were indeed of considerable length, one with another about eighteen miles in circumference; but proportionally not very high. Upon each of them were some eight and twenty rowers, who, sitting in two rows on both sides, rowed with huge cypresses, having their branches and leaves on. In the after part of the ship (if I may so term it) stood the pilot on a high hill, managing a brazen rudder that might be perhaps six hundred feet long. On the forecastle about forty of them were

standing, armed for war, and looking in all respects like men, excepting that instead of hair they had flames of fire on their heads, and therefore had no occasion for a helmet. The place of sails on each of these islands was supplied by a thick forest, on which the wind rushing, drove and turned the island, how and whither the pilot would. By the rowers stood one that had the command over them; and these islands moved by the help of the oar, like so many galleys, with the greatest velocity.

At first we saw only two or three; by degrees, however, perhaps six hundred came in sight; and after forming themselves in two lines, they began to engage in a regular sea fight. Many ran foul of each other by the stern with such force that not a few were overset by the violence of the shock, and went to the bottom. Others got entangled together, and obstinately maintained the fight with equal bravery and ardor, and could not easily be parted. The combatants on the foredeck showed the most consummate valor, leaped into the enemy's ships, and cut down all before them, for no quarter was given. Instead of grappling irons, they hurled enormous polypi fast tied to thick ropes, which clung to the forest, with their numerous arms, and thus kept the island from moving. The shot they made use of, and with which they sadly wounded one another, were oysters one of which would have completely filled a wagon, and sponges each big enough to cover an acre of ground.

By what we could gather from their mutual shouts, the commander of one fleet was called Æolocentaurus, and that of the other Thalassopotes; and the occasion of the war, as it appeared, was given by Thalassopotes, who accused Æolocentaurus of having stolen several shoals of dolphins from him. Certain it is, that the Æolocentaurian party came off victorious, having sunk nearly a hundred and fifty of their enemy's islands, and captured three others, with all the men upon them; the rest sheered off, and made their escape. The conquerors, after pursuing them for some time, returned towards evening to the wrecks, made prizes of most of them, and got up their own islands; for in the engagement no fewer than eighty had gone down. This done, they nailed one of the islands to the head of the whale as a monument of the victory, and passed the night in the wake of the monster, after fastening the ship to him with hawsers, having previously hooked their anchors into his sides; for they had with them anchors immensely large and strong, all made of glass. On the follow-

ing day they got out upon the back of the whale, sacrificed to their deities, buried their dead in it, and then set sail with great jubilation.

FROM ÆSCHYLUS' "AGAMEMNON."

VERSION OF EDWARD FITZGERALD.

[ÆSCHYLUS: The earliest of the Greek tragic poets; born at Eleusis in Attica, B.C. 525. He fought at the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa, and in his twenty-fifth year appeared as a writer of tragedies, although he did not win a first prize until B.C. 485. He maintained his supremacy until his defeat by the younger Sophocles, when he retired in disgust to Gela in Sicily (B.C. 459), and died there a few years later. Æschylus is called "the father of Greek Tragedy" on account of the many improvements he introduced in the form of the drama. Of his seventy tragedies there are extant only seven: "The Persians," "Seven against Thebes," "The Suppliants," "Prometheus Bound," and the famous Orestean trilogy, consisting of "Agamemnon," "The Choephori," and "The Eumenides."]

Clytemnestra receives Agamemnon on his Return from the Sack of Troy, with Priam's Daughter Cassandra a Prisoner.

Clytemnestra —

Down from the chariot thou standest in,
Crowned with the flaming towers of Troy, descend,
And to this palace, rich indeed with thee,
But beggar-poor without, return! And ye,
My women, carpet all the way before,
From the triumphal carriage to the door,
With all the gold and purple in the chest
Stored these ten years; and to what purpose stored,
Unless to strew the footsteps of their Lord
Returning to his unexpected rest!

Agamemnon —

Daughter of Leda, Mistress of my house,
Beware lest loving Welcome of your Lord,
Measuring itself by its protracted absence,
Exceed the bound of rightful compliment,
And better left to other lips than yours.
Address me not, address me not, I say
With dust-adoring adulation, meeter
For some barbarian Despot from his slave;
Nor with invidious Purple strew my way,
Fit only for the footstep of a God
Lighting from Heaven to earth. Let whoso will

Trample their glories underfoot, not I.
Woman, I charge you, honor me no more
Than as the man I am; if honor-worth,
Needing no other trapping but the fame
Of the good deed I clothe myself withal;
And knowing that, of all their gifts to man,
No greater gift than Self-sobriety
The Gods vouchsafe him in the race of life:
Which, after thus far running, if I reach
The goal in peace, it shall be well for me.

Clytemnestra —
Why, how think you old Priam would have walked
Had he returned to Troy your conqueror,
As you to Hellas his?

Agamemnon — What then? Perhaps
Voluptuary Asiatic-like,
On gold and purple.

Clytemnestra — Well, and grudging this,
When all that out before your footsteps flows
Ebbs back into the treasury again;
Think how much more, had Fate the tables turned,
Irrevocably from those coffers gone,
For those barbarian feet to walk upon,
To buy your ransom back!

Agamemnon — Enough, enough!
I know my reason.

Clytemnestra — What! the jealous God?
Or, peradventure, yet more envious man?

Agamemnon —
And *that* of no small moment.

Clytemnestra — No; the one
Sure proof of having won what others would.

Agamemnon —
No matter — Strife but ill becomes a woman.

Clytemnestra —
And frank submission to her simple wish
How well becomes the Soldier in his strength!

Agamemnon —
And I must then submit?

Clytemnestra — Ay, Agamemnon,
Deny me not this first Desire on this
First Morning of your long-desired Return.

Agamemnon —
But not till I have put these sandals off,
That, slavelike, too officiously would pander

Between the purple and my dainty feet.
For fear, for fear indeed, some Jealous eye
From heaven above, or earth below, should strike
The Man who walks the earth Immortal-like.
So much for that. For this same royal maid,
Cassandra, daughter of King Priamus,
Whom, as the flower of all the spoil of Troy,
The host of Hellas dedicates to me;
Entreat her gently; knowing well that none
But submit hardly to a foreign yoke;
And those of Royal blood most hardly brook.
That if I sin thus trampling underfoot
A woof in which the Heavens themselves are dyed,
The jealous God may less resent his crime,
Who mingles human mercy with his pride.

Clytemnestra —

The Sea there is, and shall the sea be dried?
Fount inexhaustibler of purple grain
Than all the wardrobes of the world could drain;
And Earth there is, whose dusky closets hide
The precious metal wherewith not in vain
The Gods themselves this Royal house provide;
For what occasion worthier, or more meet,
Than now to carpet the victorious feet
Of Him who, thus far having done their will,
Shall now their last About-to-be fulfill?

[AGAMEMNON *descends from his chariot, and goes with* CLYTEMNESTRA *into the house,* CASSANDRA *remaining.*

Chorus.

About the nations runs a saw,
That Over-good ill fortune breeds;
And true that, by the mortal law,
Fortune her spoilt children feeds
To surfeit, such as sows the seeds
Of Insolence, that, as it grows,
The flower of Self-repentance blows.
And true that Virtue often leaves
The marble walls and roofs of kings,
And underneath the poor man's eaves
On smoky rafter folds her wings.

Thus the famous city, flown
With insolence, and overgrown,
Is humbled: all her splendor blown

To smoke: her glory laid in dust;
Who shall say by doom unjust?
But should He to whom the wrong
Was done, and Zeus himself made strong
To do the vengeance He decreed —
At last returning with the meed
He wrought for — should the jealous Eye
That blights full-blown prosperity
Pursue him — then indeed, indeed,
Man should hoot and scare aloof
Good fortune lighting on the roof;
Yea, even Virtue's self forsake
If Glory followed in the wake;
Seeing bravest, best, and wisest
But the playthings of a day,
Which a shadow can trip over,
And a breath can puff away.

Clytemnestra [*reëntering*] —
Yet for a moment let me look on her —
This, then, is Priam's daughter —
Cassandra, and a Prophetess, whom Zeus
Has given into my hands to minister
Among my slaves. Didst thou prophesy that?
Well — some more famous have so fallen before —
Even Heracles, the son of Zeus, they say
Was sold, and bowed his shoulder to the yoke.

Chorus —
And, if needs must a captive, better far
Of some old house that affluent Time himself
Has taught the measure of prosperity,
Than drunk with sudden superfluity.

Clytemnestra —
Even so. You hear? Therefore at once descend
From that triumphal chariot — And yet
She keeps her station still, her laurel on,
Disdaining to make answer.

Chorus — Nay, perhaps,
Like some stray swallow blown across the seas,
Interpreting no twitter but her own.

Clytemnestra —
But, if barbarian, still interpreting
The universal language of the hand.

Chorus —
Which yet again she does not seem to see,
Staring before her with wide-open eyes
As in a trance.

Clytemnestra — Ay, ay, a prophetess —
Phœbus Apollo's minion once — Whose now?
A time will come for her. See you to it:
A greater business now is on my hands:
For lo! the fire of Sacrifice is lit,
And the grand victim by the altar stands.
[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.

Chorus [*continuing*].

Still a muttered and half-blind
Superstition haunts mankind,
That, by some divine decree
Yet by mortal undivined,
Mortal Fortune must not over-
Leap the bound he cannot see;
For that even wisest labor
Lofty-building, builds to fall,
Evermore a jealous neighbor
Undermining floor and wall.
So that on the smoothest water
Sailing, in a cloudless sky,
The wary merchant overboard
Flings something of his precious hoard
To pacify the jealous eye,
That will not suffer man to swell
Over human measure. Well,
As the Gods have ordered we
Must take — I know not — let it be.
But, by rule of retribution,
Hidden, too, from human eyes,
Fortune in her revolution,
If she fall, shall fall to rise:
And the hand of Zeus dispenses
Even measure in the main:
One short harvest recompenses
With a glut of golden grain;
So but men in patience wait
Fortune's counter revolution
Axled on eternal Fate;
And the Sisters three that twine,
Cut not short the vital line;
For indeed the purple seed
Of life once shed —

Cassandra — Phœbus Apollo!
Chorus — Hark!
The lips at last unlocking.

Cassandra — Phœbus! Phœbus!
Chorus —
Well, what of Phœbus, maiden? though a name
'Tis but disparagement to call upon
In misery.
Cassandra — Apollo! Apollo! Again!
Oh, the burning arrow through the brain!
Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus — Seemingly
Possessed indeed — whether by —
Cassandra — Phœbus! Phœbus!
Thorough trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain,
Over water seething, and behind the breathing
Warhorse in the darkness — till you rose again —
Took the helm — took the rein —
Chorus —
As one that half asleep at dawn recalls
A night of Horror!
Cassandra —
Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,
Leading me, lighting me —
Chorus — I can answer that —
Cassandra —
Down to what slaughterhouse?
Foh! the smell of carnage through the door
Scares me from it — drags me toward it —
Phœbus! Apollo! Apollo!
Chorus —
One of the dismal prophet pack, it seems,
That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault —
This is no den of slaughter, but the house
Of Agamemnon.
Cassandra — Down upon the towers
Phantoms of two mangled Children hover — and a famished man,
At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!
Chorus —
Thyestes and his children! Strange enough
For any maiden from abroad to know,
Or, knowing —
Cassandra — And look! in the chamber below
The terrible Woman, listening, watching,
Under a mask, preparing the blow
In the fold of her robe —
Chorus — Nay, but again at fault:

For in the tragic story of this House —
Unless, indeed, the fatal Helen —
No woman —

Cassandra — No Woman — Tisiphone! Daughter
Of Tartarus — love-grinning Woman above,
Dragon-tailed under — honey-tongued, Harpy-clawed,
Into the glittering meshes of slaughter
She wheedles, entices, him into the poisonous
Fold of the serpent —

Chorus — Peace, mad woman, peace!
Whose stony lips once open vomit out
Such uncouth horrors.

Cassandra — I tell you the lioness
Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting
Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,
Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing,
Bounds hither — Phœbus, Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!
Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,
Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,
From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted shrine,
Slavelike to be butchered, the daughter of a Royal line?

Chorus —
And so returning, like a nightingale
Returning to the passionate note of woe
By which the silence first was broken!

Cassandra — Oh,
A nightingale, a nightingale, indeed,
That, as she "Itys! Itys! Itys!" so
I "Helen! Helen! Helen!" having sung
Amid my people, now to those who flung
And trampled on the nest, and slew the young,
Keep crying "Blood! blood! blood!" and none will heed!
Now what for me is this prophetic weed,
And what for me is this immortal crown,
Who like a wild swan from Scamander's reed
Chanting her death song float Cocytus-down?
There let the fatal Leaves to perish lie!
To perish, or enrich some other brow
With that all-fatal gift of Prophecy
They palpitated under Him who now,
Checking his flaming chariot in mid sky,
With divine irony sees disadorn
The wretch his love has made the people's scorn,
The raving quean, the mountebank, the scold,
Who, wrapt up in the ruin she foretold

With those who would not listen, now descends
To that dark kingdom where his empire ends.

Chorus —

Strange that Apollo should the laurel wreath
Of Prophecy he crowned your head withal
Himself disgrace. But something have we heard
Of some divine revenge for slighted love.

Cassandra —

Ay — and as if in malice to attest
With one expiring beam of Second-sight
Wherewith his victim he has cursed and blest,
Ere quenched forever in descending night;
As from behind a veil no longer peeps
The Bride of Truth, nor from their hidden deeps
Darkle the waves of Prophecy, but run
Clear from the very fountain of the Sun.
Ye called — and rightly called — me bloodhound: ye
That like old lagging dogs in self-despite
Must follow up the scent with me; with me,
Who having smelt the blood about this house
Already spilt, now bark of more to be.
For, though you hear them not, the infernal Choir
Whose dread antiphony forswears the lyre,
Who now are chanting of that grim carouse
Of blood with which the children fed their Sire,
Shall never from their dreadful chorus stop
Till all be counter-pledged to the last drop.

Chorus —

Hinting at what indeed has long been done,
And widely spoken, no Apollo needs;
And for what else you aim at — still in dark
And mystic language —

Cassandra — Nay, then, in the speech,
She that reproved me was so glib to teach —
Before yon Sun a hand's breadth in the skies
He moves in shall have moved, those age-sick eyes
Shall open wide on Agamemnon slain
Before your very feet. Now, speak I plain?

Chorus —

Blasphemer, hush!

Cassandra — Ay, hush the mouth you may,
But not the murder.

Chorus — Murder! But the Gods —

Cassandra — The Gods!
Who even now are their accomplices.

Chorus—
Woman!— Accomplices— With whom?—
Cassandra— With Her,
Who brandishing aloft the ax of doom,
That just has laid one victim at her feet,
Looks round her for that other, without whom
The banquet of revenge were incomplete.
Yet ere I fall will I prelude the strain
Of Triumph, that in full I shall repeat
When, looking from the twilight Underland,
I welcome Her as she descends amain,
Gashed like myself, but by a dearer hand.
For that old murdered Lion with me slain,
Rolling an awful eyeball through the gloom
He stalks about of Hades up to Day,
Shall rouse the whelp of exile far away,
His only authentic offspring, ere the grim
Wolf crept between his Lioness and him;
Who with one stroke of Retribution, her
Who did the deed, and her adulterer,
Shall drive to hell; and then, himself pursued
By the winged Furies of his Mother's blood,
Shall drag about the yoke of Madness, till
Released, when Nemesis has gorged her fill,
By that same God, in whose prophetic ray
Viewing To-morrow mirrored as To-day,
And that this House of Atreus the same wine
Themselves must drink they brewed for me and mine;
I close my lips forever with one prayer,
That the dark Warder of the World below
Would ope the portal at a single blow.

Chorus.

And the raving voice, that rose
Out of silence into speech
Overshooting human reach,
Back to silence foams and blows,
Leaving all my bosom heaving—
Wrath and raving all, one knows;
Prophet-seeming, but if ever
Of the Prophet God possest,
By the Prophet's self-confest
God-abandoned—woman's shrill
Anguish into tempest rising,
Louder as less listened.
Still—

Spite of Reason, spite of Will,
What unwelcome, what unholy,
Vapor of Foreboding, slowly
Rising from the central soul's
Recesses, all in darkness rolls?
What! shall Age's torpid ashes
Kindle at the ransom spark
Of a raving maiden? — Hark!
What was that behind the wall?
A heavy blow — a groan — a fall —
Some one crying — Listen further —
Hark again then, crying "Murder!"
Some one — who then? Agamemnon?
Agamemnon? — Hark again!
Murder! murder! murder! murder!
Help within there! Help without there!
Break the doors in! —

Clytemnestra [*appearing from within, where lies* AGAMEMNON *dead*] —

Spare your pain.
Look! I who but just now before you all
Boasted of loyal wedlock unashamed,
Now unashamed dare boast the contrary.
Why, how else should one compass the defeat
Of him who underhand contrives one's own,
Unless by such a snare of circumstance
As, once enmeshed, he never should break through?
The blow now struck was not the random blow
Of sudden passion, but with slow device
Prepared, and leveled with the hand of time.
I say it who devised it; I who did;
And now stand here to face the consequence.
Ay, in a deadlier web than of that loom
In whose blood-purple he divined a doom,
And feared to walk upon, but walked at last,
Entangling him inextricably fast,
I smote him, and he bellowed; and again
I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way;
And, as he fell before me, with a third
And last libation from the deadly mace
I pledged the crowning draught to Hades due,
That subterranean Savior — of the Dead!
At which he spouted up the Ghost in such
A burst of purple as, bespattered with,
No less did I rejoice than the green ear

Rejoices in the largess of the skies
That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.

Chorus —

Oh, woman, woman, woman!
By what accursèd root or weed
Of Earth, or Sea, or Hell, inflamed,
Darest stand before us unashamed
And, daring do, dare glory in the deed!

Clytemnestra —

Oh, that I dreamed the fall of Troy, as you
Belike of Troy's destroyer. Dream or not,
Here lies your King — my Husband — Agamemnon,
Slain by this right hand's righteous handicraft.
Like you, or like it not, alike to me;
To me alike whether or not you share
In making due libation over this
Great Sacrifice — if ever due, from him
Who, having charged so deep a bowl of blood,
Himself is forced to drink it to the dregs.

Chorus —

Woman, what blood but that of Troy, which Zeus
Foredoomed for expiation by his hand
For whom the penalty was pledged? And now,
Over his murdered body, Thou
Talk of libation! — Thou! Thou! Thou!
But mark! Not thine of sacred wine
Over his head, but ours on thine
Of curse, and groan, and torn-up stone,
To slay or storm thee from the gate,
The City's curse, the People's hate,
Execrate, exterminate —

Clytemnestra —

Ay, ay, to me how lightly you adjudge
Exile or death, and never had a word
Of counter condemnation for Him there;
Who, when the field throve with the proper flock
For Sacrifice, forsooth let be the beast,
And with his own hand his own innocent
Blood, and the darling passion of my womb —
Her slew — to lull a peevish wind of Thrace.
And him who cursed the city with that crime
You hail with acclamation; but on me,
Who only do the work you should have done,
You turn the ax of condemnation. Well;
Threaten you me, I take the challenge up;

Here stand we face to face; win Thou the game,
And take the stake you aim at; but if I —
Then, by the Godhead that for me decides,
Another lesson you shall learn, though late.

Chorus —

Man-mettled evermore, and now
Manslaughter-maddened! Shameless brow!
But do you think us deaf and blind
Not to know, and long ago,
What Passion under all the prate
Of holy justice made thee hate
Where Love was due, and love where —

Clytemnestra — Nay, then, hear!

By this dead Husband, and the reconciled
Avenging Fury of my slaughtered child,
I swear I will not reign the slave of fear
While he that holds me, as I hold him, dear,
Kindles his fire upon this hearth: my fast
Shield for the time to come, as of the past.
Yonder lies he that in the honeyed arms
Of his Chryseides under Troy walls
Dishonored mine: and this last laureled wench,
Prophetic messmate of the rower's bench,
Thus far in triumph his, with him along
Shall go, together chanting one death song
To Hades — fitting garnish for the feast
Which Fate's avenging hand through mine hath drest.

Chorus — Woe, woe, woe, woe!

That death as sudden as the blow
That laid Thee low would me lay low
Where low thou liest, my sovereign Lord!
Who ten years long to Trojan sword
Devoted, and to storm aboard,
In one ill woman's cause accurst,
Liest slain before thy palace door
By one accursedest and worst!

Clytemnestra —

Call not on Death, old man, that, called or no,
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,
Nor Helena: who but as arrows be
Shot by the hidden hand behind the bow.

Chorus — Alas, alas! The Curse I know
That round the House of Atreus clings,
About the roof, about the walls,
Shrouds it with his sable wings;

And still as each new victim falls,
And gorged with kingly gore,
Down on the bleeding carcass flings,
And croaks for "More, more, more!"

Clytemnestra —

Ay, now, indeed, you harp on likelier strings.
Not I, nor Helen, but that terrible
Alastor of old Tantalus in Hell;
Who, one sole actor in the scene begun
By him, and carried down from sire to son,
The mask of Victim and Avenger shifts:
And, for a last catastrophe, that grim
Guest of the abominable banquet lifts
His head from Hell, and in my person cries
For one full-grown sufficient sacrifice,
Requital of the feast prepared for him
Of his own flesh and blood — And there it lies.

Chorus — O Agamemnon! O my Lord!
Who, after ten years toiled;
After barbarian lance and sword
Encountered, fought, and foiled;
Returning with the just award
Of Glory, thus inglorious by
Thine own domestic Altar die,
Fast in the spider meshes coiled
Of Treason most abhorred!

Clytemnestra —

And by what retribution more complete,
Than, having in the meshes of deceit
Enticed my child, and slain her like a fawn
Upon the altar; to that altar drawn
Himself, like an unconscious beast, full-fed
With Conquest, and the garland on his head,
Is slain? and now, gone down among the Ghost,
Of taken Troy indeed may make the most,
But not *one* unrequited murder boast.

Chorus —

Oh, Agamemnon, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead!
What hand, what pious hand shall wash the wound
Through which the sacred spirit ebbed and fled!
With reverend care composed, and to the ground
Commit the mangled form of Majesty,
And pour the due libation o'er the mound!

Clytemnestra —

This hand, that struck the guilty life away,

The guiltless carcass in the dust shall lay
With due solemnities: and if with no
Mock tears, or howling counterfeit of woe,
On this side earth; perhaps the innocent thing,
Whom with paternal love he sent before,
Meeting him by the melancholy shore,
Her arms about him with a kiss shall fling,
And lead him to his shadowy throne below.

Chorus — Alas! alas! the fatal rent
Which through the house of Atreus went,
Gapes again; a purple rain
Sweats the marble floor, and falls
From the tottering roof and walls,
The Demon heaving under; gone
The master prop they rested on:
And the storm once more awake
Of Nemesis; of Nemesis
Whose fury who shall slake!

Clytemnestra —
Even I; who by this last grand victim hope
The Pyramid of Vengeance so to cope,
That — and methinks I hear him in the deep
Beneath us growling toward his rest — the stern
Alastor to some other roof may turn,
Leaving us here at last in peace to keep
What of life's harvest yet remains to reap.

Chorus — Thou to talk of reaping Peace
Who sowest Murder! Woman, cease!
And, despite that iron face —
Iron as the bloody mace
Thou bearest — boasting as if Vengeance
Centered in that hand alone;
Know that, Fury pledged to Fury,
Vengeance owes himself the debts
He makes, and while he serves thee, whets
His knife upon another stone,
Against thyself, and him with thee
Colleaguing, as you boast to be,
The tools of Fate. But Fate is Zeus;
Zeus — who for a while permitting
Sin to prosper in his name,
Shall vindicate his own abuse;
And having brought his secret thought
To light, shall break and fling to shame
The baser tools with which he wrought.

Ægisthus —

All hail, thou daybreak of my just revenge!
In which, as waking from injurious sleep,
Methinks I recognize the Gods enthroned
In the bright conclave of eternal Justice,
Revindicate the wrongs of man to man!
For see *this* man — so dear to me now dead —
Caught in the very meshes of the snare
By which his father Atreus netted mine.
For that same Atreus surely, was it not?
Who, wrought by false Suspicion to fixed Hate,
From Argos out his younger brother drove,
My sire — Thyestes — drove him like a wolf,
Keeping his cubs — save one — to better purpose.
For when at last the home-heartbroken man
Crept humbly back again, craving no more
Of his own country than to breathe its air
In liberty, and of her fruits as much
As not to starve withal — the savage King,
With damnable alacrity of hate,
And reconciliation of revenge,
Bade him, all smiles, to supper — such a supper,
Where the prime dainty was — my brother's flesh,
So maimed and clipt of human likelihood,
That the unsuspecting Father, light of heart,
And quick of appetite, at once fell to,
And ate — ate — what, with savage irony
As soon as eaten, told — the wretched man
Disgorging with a shriek, down to the ground
The table with its curst utensil dashed,
And, grinding into pieces with his heel,
Cried, loud enough for Heaven and Hell to hear,
"Thus perish all the race of Pleisthenes!"
And now behold! the son of that same Atreus
By me the son of that Thyestes slain
Whom the kind brother, sparing from the cook,
Had with his victim packed to banishment;
Where Nemesis — (so sinners from some nook,
Whence least they think assailable, assailed) —
Reared me from infancy till fully grown,
To claim in full my father's bloody due.
Ay, I it was — none other — far away
Who spun the thread, which gathering day by day
Mesh after mesh, inch upon inch, at last
Reached him, and wound about him, as he lay,

And in the supper of his smoking Troy
Devoured his own destruction — scarce condign
Return for that his Father forced on mine.

Chorus —

Ægisthus, only things of baser breed
Insult the fallen; fallen too, as you boast,
By one who planned but dared not do the deed.
This is your hour of triumph. But take heed;
The blood of Atreus is not all outrun
With this slain King, but flowing in a son,
Who saved by such an exile as your own
For such a counter retribution —

Ægisthus — Oh,
You then, the nether benches of the realm,
Dare open tongue on those who rule the helm?
Take heed yourselves; for, old and dull of wit,
And hardened as your mouth against the bit,
Be wise in time; kick not against the spurs;
Remembering Princes are shrewd taskmasters.

Chorus — Beware thyself, bewaring me;
Remembering that, too sharply stirred,
The spurrer need beware the spurred;
As thou of me; whose single word
Shall rouse the City — yea, the very
Stones you walk upon, in thunder
Gathering o'er your head, to bury
Thee and thine Adultress under!

Ægisthus — Raven, that with croaking jaws
Unorphean, undivine,
After you no City draws;
And if any vengeance, mine
Upon your withered shoulders —

Chorus — Thine!
Who daring not to strike the blow
Thy worse than woman craft designed,
To worse than woman —

Ægisthus — Soldiers, ho!

Clytemnestra —

Softly, good Ægisthus, softly; let the sword that has so deep
Drunk of righteous Retribution now within the scabbard sleep!
And if Nemesis be sated with the blood already spilt,
Even so let us, nor carry lawful Justice into Guilt.
Sheathe your sword; dismiss your spears; and you, Old men, your howling cease,

KING ŒDIPUS

From a painting by E. Tescshendorff

And, ere ill blood come to running, each unto his home in peace,
Recognizing what is done for done indeed, as done it is,
And husbanding your scanty breath to pray that nothing more amiss.
Farewell. Meanwhile, you and I, Ægisthus, shall deliberate,
When the storm is blowing under, how to settle House and State.

THE DOWNFALL AND DEATH OF KING ŒDIPUS.

By SOPHOCLES.

(Version of Edward Fitzgerald.)

[Sophocles: A famous Greek tragic poet; born at Colonus, near Athens, probably in B.C. 495. He received a careful education, and at his first appearance as a tragic poet, when only twenty-seven years old, gained a victory over the veteran Æschylus. From that time until extreme old age he maintained his preëminence, obtaining the first prize more than twenty times. He also took part in political affairs, and during the Samian war (B.C. 440) was one of the ten generals acting jointly with Pericles. Of the one hundred and thirty dramas ascribed to him only seven are preserved complete: "Trachiniæ," "Ajax," "Philoctetes," "Electra," "Œdipus Tyrannus," "Œdipus at Colonus," and "Antigone." Among the innovations which Sophocles made in the drama were the introduction of a third actor, the increase of the number of the chorus from twelve to fifteen, and the perfection of costumes and decoration.]

Œdipus, Priest, *and* Suppliants *assembled before his Palace Gate,* Chorus.

Œdipus —

Children of Cadmus, and as mine to me,
When all that of the plague-struck city can
With lamentation loud, and sacrifice,
Beset the shrines and altars of the Gods
Through street and market, by the Temples twain
Of Pallas, and before the Tomb that shrouds
Ismenus his prophetic ashes — why
Be you thus gathered at my palace door,
Mute, with the Suppliant's olive branch in hand?
Asking, or deprecating, what? which I,
Not satisfied from other lips to learn,
Myself am come to hear it from your own.
You, whose grave aspect and investiture
Announce the chosen oracle of all,
Tell me the purport: I am here, you see,
As King, and Father of his people too,

To listen and what in me lies to do;
For surely mine were but a heart of stone
Not to be moved by such an embassy,
Nor feel my people's sorrows as my own.

Priest —

O Œdipus, our Father, and our King!
Of what a mingled company you see
This Supplication gathered at your door;
Even from the child who scarce has learned to creep,
Down to old age that little further can,
With all the strength of life that breathes between.
You know how all the shattered city lies
Reeling a-wreck, and cannot right herself
Under the tempest of this pestilence,
That nips the fruitful growth within the bud,
Strangles the struggling blossom in the womb,
With sudden death infects the living man,
Until the realm of Cadmus wastes, and Thebes
With her depopulation Hades feeds.
Therefore, myself and this mute company
In supplication at your altar sit,
Looking to you for succor; looking not
As to a God, but to the Man of men,
Most like the God in man's extremity:
Who, coming here a stranger to the land,
Didst overcome the Witch who with her song
Seduced, and slew the wisest and the best;
For which all but divine deliverance Thebes
Called the strange man who saved her to the throne
Left void by her hereditary king.
And now the kingdom looks to you once more —
To you, the Master of the master mind,
To save her in a worse extremity:
When men, not one by one, but troop by troop,
Fall by a plague more deadly than the Sphinx,
Till Thebes herself is left to foreign arms
Assailable — for what are wall and tower,
Divinely built and founded as they be,
Without the rampart of the man within? —
And let not what of Cadmus yet survives
From this time forth regard you as the man
Who saved them once, by worse to perish now.

Œdipus —

Alas, my children! telling me of that
My people groans with, knowing not yourselves

How more than any man among you, I,
Who bear the accumulated woes of all;
So that you find me, coming when you may,
Restlessly all day pacing up and down,
Tossing all night upon a sleepless bed,
Endeavoring all that of myself I can,
And all of Heaven implore — thus far in vain.
But if your King have seemed to pause awhile,
'Tis that I wait the issue of one hope,
Which, if accomplished, will accomplish all.
Creon, my brother, and my second self
Beside the throne I sit on, to the shrine
Of Delphian Phœbus, — man's assured appeal
In all his exigence, — I have dispatched:
And long before you gathered at my door
Within my soul was fretting, lest To-day
That should have lighted him from Delphi back
Pass over into night, and bring him not.
But come he must, and will; and when he comes,
Do I not all, so far as man may do,
To follow where the God shall point the way,
Denounce me traitor to the State I saved
And to the people who proclaimed me King.

Chorus — Your words are as a breath from Delphi, King,
Prophetic of itself; for even now
Forerunning Rumor buzzes in our ear
That he whose coming all await is here.

Œdipus — And as before the advent of a God,
The moving multitude divides — O Phœbus!
Be but the word he carries back to me
Auspicious as well-timed!

Chorus — And shall no less;
For look! the laurel wreath about his brow
Can but announce the herald of Success.

Enter CREON.

Œdipus — Son of Menœceus! Brother! Brother king! —
Oh, let impatience for the word you bring
Excuse brief welcome to the messenger!
Be but the word as welcome! —

Creon — As it shall,
Have you your ancient cunning to divine
The darker word in which the God of Light
Enshrines his answer.

Œdipus — Speak! for till I hear,
I know not whether most to hope or fear.

Creon —
Am I to speak before the people here,
Or to yourself within?
Œdipus — Here, before all,
Whose common cause it is.
Creon — To all then thus:
When Delphi reached, and at the sacred shrine
Lustration, sacrifice, and offering made,
I put the question I was charged withal,
The Prophetess of the three-footed throne,
Conceiving with the vapor of the God,
Which wrapt her, rising from Earth's center, round,
At length convulsed to sudden answer broke: —
"O seven-gated City, by the Lyre
Compact, and peopled from a Dragon Sire!
Thebes feeds the Plague that slays her, nourishing
Within her walls the slayer of her King."
Œdipus —
The slayer of her King? What king?
Creon — None else
I know than Laius, son of Labdacus,
Who occupied the throne before you came;
That much of Oracle, methinks, is plain.
Œdipus —
A story rises on me from the past.
Laius, the son of Labdacus — of whom
I know indeed, but him I never saw.
Creon —
No; he was slain before you set your foot
Over the country's threshold.
Œdipus — Slain! By whom?
Creon —
That to divine were to interpret all
That Œdipus himself is called to answer.
Thus much is all we know,
The King was murdered by some roving band
Of outlaws, who waylaid him on his road
To that same Delphi, whither he had gone
On some such sacred mission as myself.
Œdipus —
Yet of those roving outlaws, one at least
Yet breathes among us in the heart of Thebes.
Creon —
So saith the Oracle.
Œdipus — In the midst of all

The citizens and subjects of the King
He slew:

Creon —

So saith the Oracle.

Œdipus — But hold!
The story of this treason — all, you say,
Now known of it, how first made known in Thebes?

Creon —

By the one man of the King's retinue,
Who having 'scaped the fate which took the rest,
As if the assassin's foot were at his heels,
Half dead with fear, just reached the city gates
With breath to tell the story.

Œdipus — And breathes still
To tell it once again?

Creon — I know not that:
For having told it, the bewildered man,
As fast as hither he had fled, fled hence,
Where, if the assassin's foot not on him then,
His eye, the God declares, were on him now —
So fled he to his native field again
Among his flocks and fellow-husbandmen.

Œdipus —

And thus the single witness you let slip,
Whose eye might even have singled out the man,
As him the man's! Oh, had I but been by,
I would have driven interrogation home,
Would the bewildered memory so have sifted
Of each minutest grain of circumstance —
How many, accoutered how, what people like —
Now, by the lapse of time and memory,
Beyond recall into oblivion passed!
But not to lose what yet of hope there is —
Let him be sent for, sought for, found, and brought.

Creon —

Meanwhile, default of him for whom you send,
Or of uncertain memory when he comes,
Were it not well, if still the God withhold
His revelation of the word we need,
To question it of his Interpreter?

Œdipus —

Of his Interpreter?

Creon — Of whom so well,
As of Tiresias, the blind Seer of Thebes,
Whose years the God hath in his service counted
Beyond all reach of human memory?

Œdipus —

So be it. But I marvel yet why Thebes,
Letting the witness slip, then unpursued,
Or undetected, left the criminal,
Whom the King's blood, by whomsoever spilt,
Cried out aloud to be revenged upon.

Creon —

What might be done we did. But how detect
The roving robber, in whatever land,
Of friend or foe alike, outlawed of all,
Wherever prey to pounce on on the wing,
Or housed in rock or forest, save to him
Unknown, or inaccessible? Besides,
Thebes soon had other business on her hand.

Œdipus —

Why, what of business to engage her more
Than to revenge the murder of her King?

Creon —

None other than the riddle-singing Sphinx
Who, till you came to silence her, held Thebes
From thinking of the dead to save herself.

Œdipus —

And leaving this which then you might have guessed,
To guess at that which none of you could solve,
You have brought home a riddle on your heads
Inextricable and more fatal far!
But I, who put the riddling Witch to rest,
This fatal riddle will unravel too,
And by swift execution following
The revelation, once more save the realm,
And wipe away the impiety and shame
Of Laius' yet unexpiated death.
For were no expiation to the God,
And to the welfare of this people due,
Were't not a shame thus unrevenged so long
To leave the slaughter of so great a King —
King Laius, the son of Labdacus,
Who from his father Polydore his blood
Direct from Cadmus and Agenor drew?
Shame to myself, who, sitting on the throne
He sat on, wedded to the very Queen
Who should have borne him children, as to me
She bore them, had not an assassin's hand
Divorced them ere their wedded life bore fruit!
Therefore to this as 'twere my father's cause,

As of my people's — nay, why not my own,
Who in his death am threatened by the hand
Of him, whose eye now follows me about? —
With the Gods' aid do I devote myself.
I, Œdipus, albeit no Theban born,
By Thebes herself enthroned her sovereign King,
Thus to the citizens of Thebes proclaim:
That whosoever of them knows by whom
King Laius, son of Labdacus, was slain,
Forthwith let him disclose it undismayed;
Yea, though the criminal himself he were,
Let not the dread of deadly consequence
Revolt him from confession of crime;
For he shall suffer nothing worse than this, —
Instant departure from the city, but
Uninjured, uninsulted, unpursued;
For though feloniously a King he slew,
Yet haply as a stranger unaware
That king was Laius; and thus the crime
Half cleared of treason, half absolved by time.
Nor, on the other hand, if any knows
Another guilty, let him not for love,
Or fear, or whatsoever else regard,
Flinch from a revelation that shall win
More from myself than aught he fears to lose —
Nay, as a second savior of the State
Shall after me be called; and who should not
Save a whole people at the cost of one?
But Him — that one — who would not at the cost
Of self-confession save himself and all —
Him — were he nearest to my heart and hearth —
Nearest and dearest — thus do I renounce:
That from the very moment that he stands,
By whatsoever, or by whom, revealed,
No man shall him bespeak, at home, abroad,
Sit with at table, nor by altar stand,
But, as the very Pestilence he were
Incarnate which this people now devours,
Him slay at once, or hoot and hunt him forth
With execration from the city walls.
But if, in spite of promise or of threat,
The man who did, or knows who did, this deed,
Still hold it in his bosom unrevealed —
That man — and he is here among us now —
Man's vengeance may escape when he forswears

Participation in the crime, but not
The Gods', himself involving in the Curse
Which, with myself and every man in Thebes,
He shall denounce upon the criminal,
The Gods invoking to withhold from him
That issue of the earth by which he lives,
That issue of the womb by which himself
Lives after him; that in the deadly curse
By which his fellows perish he and his
May perish, or, if worse there be, by worse!

Chorus —

Beside Apollo's altar standing here,
That oath I swear, that neither I myself
Nor did myself, nor know who did this deed;
And in the curse I join on him who did,
Or, knowing him who did, will not reveal.

Œdipus —

'Tis well: and, all the city's seven gates closed,
Thus solemnly shall every man in Thebes
Before the altars of his country swear.

Chorus —

Well have you done, O Master, in so far
As human hand and wit may reach; and lo!
The sacred Seer of Thebes, Tiresias.
To whom, next to God himself, we look
For Heaven's assistance, at your summons comes,
In his prophetic raiment, staff in hand,
Approaching, gravely guided as his wont,
But with a step, methinks, unwonted slow.

Enter TIRESIAS.

Tiresias, Minister and Seer of God,
Who, blind to all that others see without,
See that within to which all else are blind;
Sequestered as you are with Deity,
You know, what others only know too well,
The mortal sickness that confounds us all;
But you alone can tell the remedy.
For since the God whose Minister you are
Bids us, if Thebes would be herself again,
Revenge the murder of King Laius
By retribution on the murderer,
Who undetected walks among us now;
Unless by you, Tiresias, to whose lips,
As Phœbus his Interpreter we cling,

To catch the single word that he withholds,
And without which what he reveals is vain —
Therefore to you, Tiresias, you alone,
Do look this people and their Ruler — look,
Imploring you, by that same inward light
Which sees, to name the man who lurks unseen,
And whose live presence is the death of all.

Tiresias —
Alas! how worse than vain to be well armed
When the man's weapon turns upon himself!

Œdipus —
I know not upon whom that arrow lights.

Tiresias —
If not on him that summoned, then on him
Who, summoned, came. There is one remedy;
Let those who hither led me lead me hence.

Œdipus —
Before the single word — which you alone
Can speak — be spoken? How is this, Tiresias,
That to your King on such a summons come,
You come so much distempered?

Tiresias — For the King,
With all his wisdom, knows not what he asks.

Œdipus —
And therefore asks that he may know from you,
Seeing the God hath folded up his word
From human eyesight.

Tiresias — Why should I reveal
What He I serve has chosen to conceal?

Œdipus —
Is't not your office to interpret that
To man which he for man vouchsafes from Heaven?

Tiresias —
What Fate hath fixed to come to pass come will,
Whether revealed or not.

Œdipus — I know it must;
But Fate may cancel Fate, foretelling that
Which, unpredicted, else would come to pass.

Tiresias —
Yet none the less I tell you, Œdipus,
That you, though wise, not knowing what you ask,
I, knowing, shall not answer.

Œdipus — You will not!
Inexorable to the people's cries —
Plague-pitiless, disloyal to your King —

Tiresias —
Oh! you forsooth were taunting me but now
With my distempered humor —
Œdipus — Who would not,
When but a word, which you pretend to know,
Would save a people?
Tiresias — One of them at least
It would not.
Œdipus — Oh, scarce any man, methinks,
But would himself, though guiltless, sacrifice,
If that would ransom all.
Tiresias — Yet one, you see,
Obdurate as myself —
Œdipus —
You have not heard, perchance, Tiresias
(Unless from that prophetic voice within),
How through the city, by my herald's voice,
With excommunication, death, or banishment,
I have denounced, not him alone who did,
But him who, knowing who, will not reveal?
Tiresias —
I hear it now.
Œdipus — And are inflexible
To Fear as Pity?
Tiresias — It might be, to Fear
Inflexible by Pity; else, why fear
Invulnerable as I am in Truth,
And by the God I serve inviolate?
Œdipus —
Is not your King a Minister of Zeus,
As you of Phœbus, and the King of Thebes
Not more to be insulted or defied
Than any Priest or Augur in his realm?
Tiresias —
Implore, denounce, and threaten as you may,
What unrevealed I would, I will not say.
Œdipus —
You will not! Mark then how, default of your
Interpretation, I interpret you:
Either not knowing what you feign to know,
You lock your tongue in baffled ignorance;
Or, knowing that which you will not reveal,
I do suspect — Suspect! why, stand you not
Self-accused, self-convicted, and by me
Denounced as he, that knowing him who did,

Will not reveal — nay, might yourself have done
The deed that you with some accomplice planned,
Could those blind eyes have aimed the murderous hand?

Tiresias —

You say so! Now then, listen in your turn
To that one word which, as it leaves my lips,
By your own Curse upon the Criminal
Denounced, should be your last in Thebes to hear.
For by the unerring insight of the God
You question, Zeus his delegate though you be
Who lay this Theban people under curse
Of revelation of the murderer
Whose undiscovered presence eats away
The people's life — I tell you — You are he!

Chorus —

Forbear, old man, forbear! And you, my King,
Heed not the passion of provoked old age.

Œdipus —

And thus, in your blind passion of revenge,
You think to 'scape contempt or punishment
By tossing accusation back on me
Under Apollo's mantle.

Tiresias — Ay, and more,
Dared you but listen.

Chorus — Peace, O peace, old man!

Œdipus —

Nay, let him shoot his poisoned arrows out;
They fall far short of me.

Tiresias — Not mine, but those
Which Fate had filled my Master's quiver with,
And you have drawn upon yourself.

Œdipus — Your Master's?

Your Master's; but assuredly not His
To whom you point, albeit you see him not,
In his meridian dazzling overhead,
Who is the God of Truth as well as Light,
And knows as I within myself must know
If Memory be not false as Augury,
The words you put into his lips a Lie!
Not He, but Self — Self only — in revenge
Of self-convicted ignorance — Self alone,
Or with some self whom Self would profit by —
As were it — Creon, say — smooth, subtle Creon,
Moving by rule and weighing every word
As in the scales of Justice — but of whom

Whispers of late have reached me — Creon, ha!
Methinks I scent another Master here!
Who, wearied of but secondary power
Under an alien King, and would belike
Exalt his Prophet for good service done
Higher than ever by my throne he stood —
And, now I think on't, bade me send for you
Under the mask of Phœbus —

Chorus — Oh, forbear —
Forbear, in turn, my lord and master!

Tiresias — Nay,
Let him, in turn, his poisoned arrows, not
From Phœbus' quiver, shoot, but to recoil
When, his mad Passion having passed —

Œdipus — O vain
Prerogative of human majesty,
That one poor mortal from his fellows takes,
And, with false pomp and honor dressing up,
Lifts idol-like to what men call a Throne,
For all below to worship and assail!
That even the power which unsolicited
By aught but salutary service done
The men of Thebes committed to my hands,
Some, restless under just authority,
Or jealous of not wielding it themselves,
Even with the altar and the priest collude,
And tamper with, to ruin or to seize!
Prophet and Seer forsooth, and Soothsayer!
Why, when the singing Witch contrived the noose
Which strangled all who tried and none could loosè,
Where was the Prophet of Apollo then?
'Twas not for one who poring purblind down
Over the reeking entrail of the beast,
Nor gaping to the wandering bird in air,
Nor in the empty silence of his soul
Feigning a voice of God inaudible,
Not he, nor any of his tribe — but I —
I, Œdipus, a stranger in the land,
And uninspired by all but mother wit,
Silenced and slew the monster against whom
Divine and human cunning strove in vain.
And now again when tried, and foiled again,
This Prophet — whether to revenge the past,
And to prevent discomfiture to come,
Or by some traitor aiming at my throne

Suborned to stand a greater at his side
Than peradventure e'er he stood at mine,
Would drag me to destruction! But beware!
Beware lest, blind and aged as you are,
Wrapt in supposititious sanctity,
You, and whoever he that leagues with you,
Meet a worse doom than you for me prepare.

Tiresias —

Quick to your vengeance, then; for this same day
That under Phœbus' fiery rein flies fast
Over the field of heaven, shall be the last
That you shall play the tyrant in.

Œdipus — O Thebes,
You never called me Tyrant, from the day
Since first I saved you!

Tiresias — And shall save again;
As then by coming, by departing now.
Enough: before the day that judges both
Decide between us, let them lead me home.

Œdipus —

Ay, lead him hence — home — Hades — anywhere!
Blind in his inward as his outward eye.

Tiresias —

Poor man! that in your inward vision blind,
Know not, as I, that ere this day go down,
By your own hand yourself shall be consigned
To deeper night than now you taunt me with;
When, not the King and Prophet that you were,
But a detested outcast of the land,
With other eyes and hands you feel your way
To wander through the world, begging the bread
Of execration from the stranger's hand
Denied you here, and thrust from door to door,
As though yourself the Plague you brought from Thebes;
A wretch, self-branded with the double curse
Of such unheard, unnatural infamy,
As shall confound a son in the embrace
Of her who bore him to the sire he slew!

FROM EURIPIDES' "MEDEA."

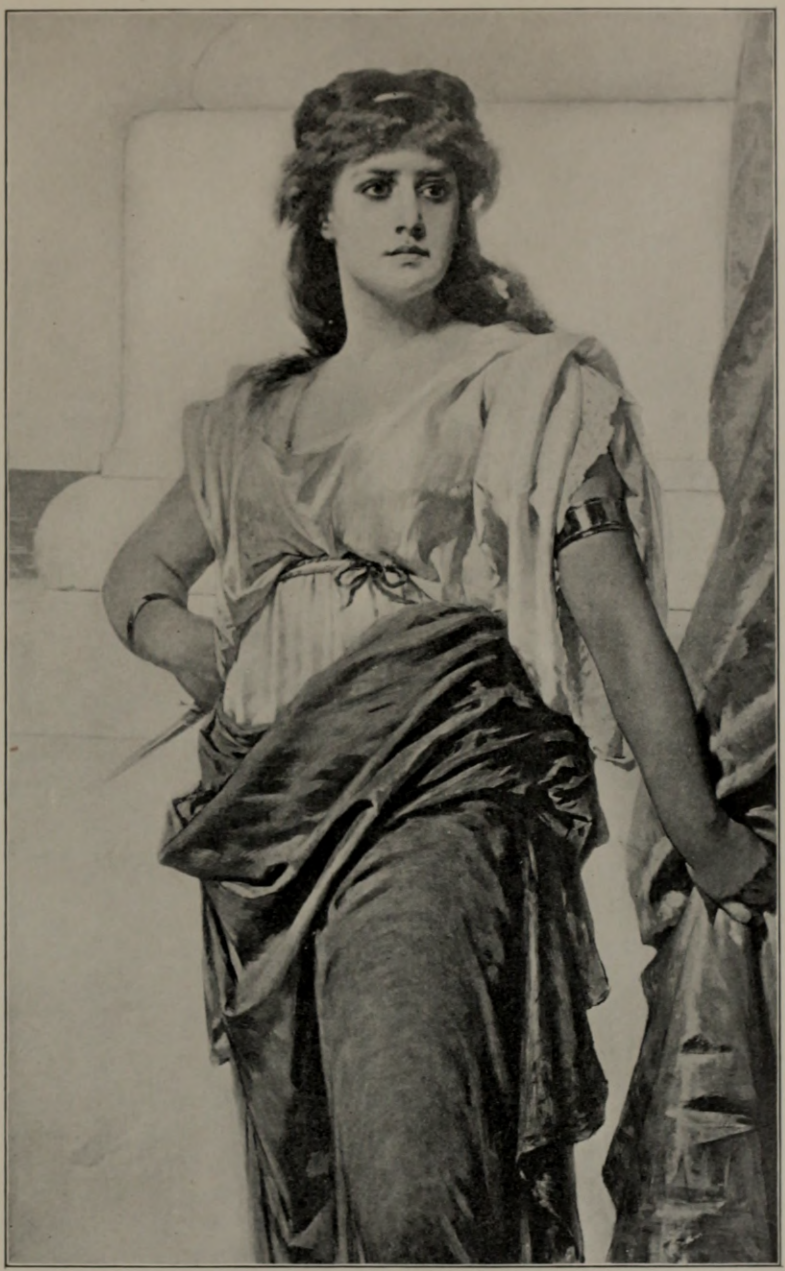
TRANSLATION OF E. P. COLERIDGE.

[EURIPIDES: The last of the three Greek tragic poets; born on the island of Salamis in B.C. 480, according to popular tradition, on the day of the famous naval battle. He received instruction in physics from Anaxagoras, in rhetoric from Prodicus, and was on terms of intimate friendship with Socrates. He early devoted his attention to dramatic composition, and at the age of twenty-five obtained a prize for his first tragedy. After a successful career at Athens, he retired for unknown reasons to Magnesia in Thessaly, and thence proceeded to the court of Archelaus, king of Macedonia, where he died in B.C. 405. Of over seventy-five tragedies there have come down to us only eighteen, the best known being: "Alcestis," "Medea," "Hippolytus," "Hecuba," "Andromache," "Iphigenia at Aulis," "Iphigenia among the Tauri," "Electra," "Orestes," "Bacchæ."]

Jason — I am come at thy bidding, for e'en though thy hate for me is bitter thou shalt not fail in this small boon, but I will hear what new request thou hast to make of me, lady.

Medea — Jason, I crave thy pardon for the words I spoke, and well thou mayest brook my burst of passion, for ere now we twain have shared much love. For I have reasoned with my soul and railed upon me thus: "Ah! poor heart! why am I thus distraught, why so angered 'gainst all good advice, why have I come to hate the rulers of the land, my husband too, who does the best for me he can, in wedding with a princess and rearing for my children noble brothers? Shall I not cease to fret? What possesses me, when heaven its best doth offer? Have I not my children to consider? do I forget that we are fugitives, in need of friends?" When I had thought all this, I saw how foolish I had been, how senselessly enraged. So now I do commend thee and think thee most wise in forming this connection for us; but I was mad, I who should have shared in these designs, helped on thy plans, and lent my aid to bring about the match, only too pleased to wait upon thy bride. But what we are, we are, we women, evil I will not say; wherefore thou shouldst not sink to our sorry level nor with our weapons meet our childishness.

I yield and do confess that I was wrong then, but now have I come to a better mind. Come hither, my children, come, leave the house, step forth, and with me greet and bid farewell to your father, be reconciled from all past bitterness unto your friends, as now your mother is; for we have made a truce and anger is no more.



MEDEA

From a painting by N. Sichel

Enter the CHILDREN.

Take his right hand; ah me! my sad fate! when I reflect, as now, upon the hidden future. O my children, since there awaits you even thus a long, long life, stretch forth the hand to take a fond farewell. Ah me! how new to tears am I, how full of fear! For now that I have at last released me from my quarrel with your father, I let the tear-drops stream adown my tender cheek.

Chorus — From my eyes too bursts forth the copious tear; O, may no greater ill than the present e'er befall!

Jason — Lady, I praise this conduct, not that I blame what is past; for it is but natural to the female sex to vent their spleen against a husband when he traffics in other marriages besides his own. But thy heart is changed to wiser schemes, and thou art determined on the better course, late though it be; this is acting like a woman of sober sense. And for you, my sons, hath your father provided with all good heed a sure refuge, by God's grace; for ye, I trow, shall with your brothers share hereafter the foremost rank in this Corinthian realm. Only grow up, for all the rest your sire and whoso of the gods is kind to us is bringing to pass. May I see you reach man's full estate, high o'er the heads of those I hate! But thou, lady, why with fresh tears dost thou thine eyelids wet, turning away thy wan cheek, with no welcome for these my happy tidings?

Medea — 'Tis naught; upon these children my thoughts were turned.

Jason — Then take heart; for I will see that it is well with them.

Medea — I will do so; nor will I doubt thy word; woman is a weak creature, ever given to tears.

Jason — Why, prithee, unhappy one, dost moan o'er these children?

Medea — I gave them birth; and when thou didst pray long life for them, pity entered into my soul to think that these things must be. But the reason of thy coming hither to speak with me is partly told, the rest will I now mention. Since it is the pleasure of the rulers of the land to banish me, and well I know 'twere best for me to stand not in the way of thee or of the rulers by dwelling here, enemy as I am thought unto their house, forth from this land in exile am I going; but

these children, — that they may know thy fostering hand, beg Creon to remit their banishment.

Jason — I doubt whether I can persuade him, yet must I attempt it.

Medea — At least do thou bid thy wife ask her sire this boon, to remit the exile of the children from this land.

Jason — Yea, that will I; and her methinks I shall persuade, since she is a woman like the rest.

Medea — I too will aid thee in this task, for by the children's hand I will send to her gifts that far surpass in beauty, I well know, aught that now is seen 'mongst men, a robe of finest tissue and a chaplet of chased gold. But one of my attendants must haste and bring the ornaments hither. Happy shall she be not once alone but ten thousandfold, for in thee she wins the noblest soul to share her love, and gets these gifts as well which on a day my father's sire, the Sun God, bestowed on his descendants. My children, take in your hands these wedding gifts, and bear them as an offering to the royal maid, the happy bride; for verily the gifts she shall receive are not to be scorned.

Jason — But why so rashly rob thyself of these gifts? Dost think a royal palace wants for robes or gold? Keep them, nor give them to another. For well I know that if my lady hold me in esteem, she will set my price above all wealth.

Medea — Say not so; 'tis said that gifts tempt even gods; and o'er men's minds gold holds more potent sway than countless words. Fortune smiles upon thy bride, and heaven now doth swell her triumph; youth is hers and princely power; yet to save my children from exile I would barter life, not dross alone. Children, when ye are come to the rich palace, pray your father's new bride, my mistress, with suppliant voice to save you from exile, offering her these ornaments the while; for it is most needful that she receive the gifts in her own hand. Now go and linger not; may ye succeed and to your mother bring back the glad tidings she fain would hear!

Chorus — Gone, gone is every hope I had that the children yet might live; forth to their doom they now proceed. The hapless bride will take, ay, take the golden crown that is to be her ruin; with her own hand will she lift and place upon her golden locks the garniture of death. Its grace and sheen divine will tempt her to put on the robe and crown of gold, and in that act will she deck herself to be a bride amid the

dead. Such is the snare whereinto she will fall, such is the deadly doom that waits the hapless maid, nor shall she from the curse escape. And thou, poor wretch, who to thy sorrow art wedding a king's daughter, little thinkest of the doom thou art bringing on thy children's life, or of the cruel death that waits thy bride.

Woe is thee! how art thou fallen from thy high estate!

Next do I bewail thy sorrows, O mother hapless in thy children, thou who wilt slay thy babes because thou hast a rival, the babes thy husband hath deserted impiously to join him to another bride.

Attendant — Thy children, lady, are from exile freed, and gladly did the royal bride accept thy gifts in her own hands, and so thy children made their peace with her.

Medea — Ah!

Attendant — Why art so disquieted in thy prosperous hour? Why turnest thou thy cheek away, and hast no welcome for my glad news?

Medea — Ah me!

Attendant — These groans but ill accord with the news I bring.

Medea — Ah me! once more I say.

Attendant — Have I unwittingly announced some evil tidings? Have I erred in thinking my news was good?

Medea — Thy news is as it is; I blame thee not.

Attendant — Then why this downcast eye, these floods of tears?

Medea — Old friend, needs must I weep; for the gods and I with fell intent devised these schemes.

Attendant — Be of good cheer; thou too of a surety shalt by thy sons yet be brought home again.

Medea — Ere that shall I bring others to their home, ah! woe is me!

Attendant — Thou art not the only mother from thy children reft. Bear patiently thy troubles as a mortal must.

Medea — I will obey; go thou within the house and make the day's provision for the children. O my babes, my babes, ye have still a city and a home, where far from me and my sad lot you will live your lives, reft of your mother forever; while I must to another land in banishment, or ever I have had my joy of you, or lived to see you happy, or ever I have graced your marriage couch, your bride, your bridal bower, or lifted

high the wedding torch. Ah me! a victim of my own self-will. So it was all in vain I reared you, O my sons; in vain did suffer, racked with anguish, enduring the cruel pangs of childbirth. 'Fore Heaven I once had hope, poor me! high hope of ye that you would nurse me in my age and deck my corpse with loving hands, a boon we mortals covet; but now is my sweet fancy dead and gone; for I must lose you both and in bitterness and sorrow drag through life. And ye shall never with fond eyes see your mother more, for o'er your life there comes a change. Ah me! ah me! why do ye look at me so, my children? why smile that last sweet smile? Ah me! what am I to do? My heart gives way when I behold my children's laughing eyes. O, I cannot; farewell to all my former schemes; I will take the children from the land, the babes I bore. Why should I wound their sire by wounding them, and get me a twofold measure of sorrow? No, no, I will not do it. Farewell my scheming! And yet what am I coming to? Can I consent to let those foes of mine escape from punishment, and incur their mockery? I must face this deed. Out upon my craven heart! to think that I should even have let the soft words escape my soul. Into the house, children! and whoso feels he must not be present at my sacrifice, must see to it himself; I will not spoil my handiwork. Ah! ah! do not, my heart, O do not do this deed! Let the children go, unhappy lady, spare thy babes! For if they live, they will cheer thee in thy exile there. Nay, by the fiends of hell's abyss, never, never will I hand my children over to their foes to mock and flout. Die they must in any case, and since 'tis so, why I, the mother who bore them, will give the fatal blow. In any case their doom is fixed and there is no escape. Already the crown is on her head, the robe is round her, and she is dying, the royal bride; that do I know full well. But now since I have a piteous path to tread, and yet more piteous still the path I send my children on, fain would I say farewell to them. O my babes, my babes, let your mother kiss your hands. Ah! hands I love so well, O lips most dear to me! O noble form and features of my children, I wish ye joy, but in that other land, for here your father robs you of your home. O the sweet embrace, the soft young cheek, the fragrant breath! my children! Go, leave me; I cannot bear to longer look upon ye; my sorrow wins the day. At last I understand the awful deed I am to do; but passion, that cause of direst woes to mortal man, hath triumphed o'er my sober thoughts.

Chorus — Oft ere now have I pursued subtler themes and have faced graver issues than woman's sex should seek to probe; but then e'en we aspire to culture, which dwells with us to teach us wisdom; I say not all; for small is the class amongst women — (one maybe shalt thou find 'mid many) — that is not incapable of culture. And amongst mortals I do assert that they who are wholly without experience and have never had children far surpass in happiness those who are parents. The childless, because they have never proved whether children grow up to be a blessing or curse to men, are removed from all share in many troubles; whilst those who have a sweet race of children growing up in their houses do wear away, as I perceive, their whole life through; first with the thought how they may train them up in virtue, next how they shall leave their sons the means to live; and after all this 'tis far from clear whether on good or bad children they bestow their toil. But one last crowning woe for every mortal man I now will name; suppose that they have found sufficient means to live, and seen their children grow to man's estate and walk in virtue's path, still if fortune so befall, comes Death and bears the children's bodies off to Hades. Can it be any profit to the gods to heap upon us mortal men besides our other woes this further grief for children lost, a grief surpassing all?

Medea — Kind friends, long have I waited expectantly to know how things would at the palace chance. And lo! I see one of Jason's servants coming hither, whose hurried gasps for breath proclaim him the bearer of some fresh tidings.

Messenger — Fly, fly, Medea! who hast wrought an awful deed, transgressing every law; nor leave behind or sea-borne bark or car that scours the plain.

Medea — Why, what hath chanced that calls for such a flight of mine?

Messenger — The princess is dead, a moment gone, and Creon too, her sire, slain by those drugs of thine.

Medea — Tidings most fair are thine! Henceforth shalt thou be ranked amongst my friends and benefactors.

Messenger — Ha! What? Art sane? Art not distraught, lady, who hearest with joy the outrage to our royal house done, and art not at the horrid tale afraid?

Medea — Somewhat have I, too, to say in answer to thy words. Be not so hasty, friend, but tell the manner of their

death, for thou wouldst give me double joy, if so they perished miserably.

Messenger — When the children twain whom thou didst bear came with their father and entered the palace of the bride, right glad were we thralls who had shared thy griefs, for instantly from ear to ear a rumor spread that thou and thy lord had made up your former quarrel. One kissed thy children's hands, another their golden hair, while I for very joy went with them in person to the women's chambers. Our mistress, whom now we do revere in thy room, cast a longing glance at Jason, ere she saw thy children twain; but then she veiled her eyes and turned her blanching cheek away, disgusted at their coming; but thy husband tried to check his young bride's angry humor with these words: "O, be not angered 'gainst thy friends; cease from wrath and turn once more thy face this way, counting as friends whomso thy husband counts, and accept these gifts, and for my sake crave thy sire to remit these children's exile." Soon as she saw the ornaments, no longer she held out, but yielded to her lord in all; and ere the father and his sons were far from the palace gone, she took the broidered robe and put it on, and set the golden crown about her tresses, arranging her hair at her bright mirror, with many a happy smile at her breathless counterfeit. Then rising from her seat she passed across the chamber, tripping lightly on her fair white foot, exulting in the gift, with many a glance at her uplifted ankle. When lo! a scene of awful horror did ensue. In a moment she turned pale, reeled backwards, trembling in every limb, and sank upon a seat scarce soon enough to save herself from falling to the ground. An aged dame, one of her company, thinking belike it was a fit from Pan or some god sent, raised a cry of prayer, till from her mouth she saw the foam flakes issue, her eyeballs rolling in their sockets, and all the blood her face desert; then did she raise a loud scream far different from her former cry. Forthwith one handmaid rushed to her father's house, another to her new bridegroom to tell his bride's sad fate, and the whole house echoed with their running to and fro. By this time would a quick walker have made the turn in a course of six plethra and reached the goal, when she with one awful shriek awoke, poor sufferer, from her speechless trance and oped her closed eyes, for against her a twofold anguish was warring. The chaplet of gold about her head was sending forth a wondrous stream of ravening flame, while the

fine raiment, thy children's gift, was preying on the hapless maiden's fair white flesh; and she starts from her seat in a blaze and seeks to fly, shaking her hair and head this way and that, to cast the crown therefrom; but the gold held firm to its fastenings, and the flame, as she shook her locks, blazed forth the more with double fury. Then to the earth she sinks, by the cruel blow o'ercome, past all recognition now save to a father's eye; for her eyes had lost their tranquil gaze, her face no more its natural look preserved, and from the crown of her head blood and fire in mingled stream ran down; and from her bones the flesh kept peeling off beneath the gnawing of those secret drugs, e'en as when the pine tree weeps its tears of pitch, a fearsome sight to see. And all were afraid to touch the corpse, for we were warned by what had chanced. Anon came her hapless father unto the house, all unwitting of her doom, and stumbles o'er the dead, and loud he cried, and folding his arms about her kissed her, with words like these the while: "O my poor, poor child, which of the gods hath destroyed thee thus foully? Who is robbing me of thee, old as I am and ripe for death? O my child, alas! would I could die with thee!" He ceased his sad lament, and would have raised his aged frame, but found himself held fast by the fine-spun robe as ivy that clings to the branches of the bay, and then ensued a fearful struggle. He strove to rise, but she still held him back; and if ever he pulled with all his might, from off his bones his aged flesh he tore. At last he gave it up, and breathed forth his soul in awful suffering; for he could no longer master the pain. So there they lie, daughter and aged sire, dead side by side, a grievous sight that calls for tears. And as for thee, I leave thee out of my consideration, for thyself must discover a means to escape punishment. Not now for the first time I think this human life a shadow; yea, and without shrinking I will say that they amongst men who pretend to wisdom and expend deep thought on words do incur a serious charge of folly; for amongst mortals no man is happy; wealth may pour in and make one luckier than another, but none can happy be.

Chorus — This day the deity, it seems, will mass on Jason, as he well deserves, a heavy load of evils. Woe is thee, daughter of Creon! I pity thy sad fate, gone as thou art to Hades' halls as the price of thy marriage with Jason.

Medea — My friends, I am resolved upon the deed; at once

will I slay my children and then leave this land, without delaying long enough to hand them over to some more savage hand to butcher. Needs must they die in any case; and since they must, I will slay them — I, the mother that bare them. O heart of mine, steel thyself! Why do I hesitate to do the awful deed that must be done? Come, take the sword, thou wretched hand of mine! Take it, and advance to the post whence starts thy life of sorrow! Away with cowardice! Give not one thought to thy babes, how dear they are or how thou art their mother. This one brief day forget thy children dear, and after that lament; for though thou wilt slay them, yet they were thy darlings still, and I am a lady of sorrows.

Chorus — O earth, O sun whose beam illumines all, look, look upon this lost woman, ere she stretch forth her murderous hand upon her sons for blood; for lo! these are scions of thy own golden seed, and the blood of gods is in danger of being shed by man. O light, from Zeus proceeding, stay her, hold her hand, forth from the house chase this fell bloody fiend by demons led. Vainly wasted were the throes thy children cost thee; vainly hast thou borne, it seems, sweet babes, O thou who hast left behind thee that passage through the blue Symplegades, that strangers justly hate. Ah! hapless one, why doth fierce anger thy soul assail? Why in its place is fell murder growing up? For grievous unto mortal men are pollutions that come of kindred blood poured on the earth, woes to suit each crime hurled from heaven on the murderer's house.

First Son [*within*] — Ah me, what can I do? Whither fly to escape my mother's blows?

Second Son [*within*] — I know not, sweet brother mine; we are undone.

Chorus — Didst hear, didst hear the children's cry? O lady, born to sorrow, victim of an evil fate! Shall I enter the house? For the children's sake I am resolved to ward off the murder.

First Son [*within*] — Yea, by heaven I adjure you; help, your aid is needed.

Second Son [*within*] — Even now the toils of the sword are closing round us.

Chorus — O hapless mother, surely thou hast a heart of stone or steel to slay the offspring of thy womb by such a murderous doom. Of all the wives of yore I know but one who laid her hand upon her children dear, even Ino, whom the gods

did madden in the day that the wife of Zeus drove her wandering from her home. But she, poor sufferer, flung herself into the sea because of the foul murder of her children, leaping o'er the wave-beat cliff, and in her death was she united to her children twain. Can there be any deed of horror left to follow this? Woe for the wooing of women fraught with disaster! What sorrows hast thou caused for men ere now!

Jason — Ladies, stationed near this house, pray tell me is the author of these hideous deeds, Medea, still within, or hath she fled from hence? For she must hide beneath the earth or soar on wings towards heaven's vault, if she would avoid the vengeance of the royal house. Is she so sure she will escape herself unpunished from this house, when she hath slain the rulers of the land? But enough of this! I am forgetting her children. As for her, those whom she hath wronged will do the like by her; but I am come to save the children's life, lest the victims' kin visit their wrath on me, in vengeance for the murder foul, wrought by my children's mother.

Chorus — Unhappy man, thou knowest not the full extent of thy misery, else had thou never said those words.

Jason — How now? Can she want to kill me too?

Chorus — Thy sons are dead; slain by their own mother's hand.

Jason — O God! what sayest thou? Woman, thou hast sealed my doom.

Chorus — Thy children are no more; be sure of this.

Jason — Where slew she them; within the palace or outside?

Chorus — Throw wide the doors and see thy children's murdered corpses.

Jason — Haste, ye slaves, loose the bolts, undo the fastenings, that I may see the sight of twofold woe, my murdered sons and her, whose blood in vengeance I will shed.

[MEDEA *in mid air, on a chariot drawn by dragons; the children's corpses by her.*

Medea — Why shake those doors and attempt to loose their bolts, in quest of the dead and me their murderess? From such toil desist. If thou wouldst aught with me, say on, if so thou wilt; but never shalt thou lay hand on me, so swift the steeds the sun, my father's sire, to me doth give to save me from the hand of my foes.

Jason — Accursed woman! by gods, by me and all man-

kind abhorred as never woman was, who hadst the heart to stab thy babes, thou their mother, leaving me undone and childless; this hast thou done and still dost gaze upon the sun and earth after this deed most impious? Curses on thee! I now perceive what then I missed in the day I brought thee, fraught with doom, from thy home in a barbarian land to dwell in Hellas, traitress to thy sire and to the land that nurtured thee. On me the gods have hurled the curse that dogged thy steps, for thou didst slay thy brother at his hearth ere thou cam'st aboard our fair ship Argo. Such was the outset of thy life of crime; then didst thou wed with me, and having borne me sons to glut thy passion's lust, thou now hast slain them. Not one amongst the wives of Hellas e'er had dared this deed; yet before them all I chose thee for my wife, wedding a foe to be my doom, no woman, but a lioness fiercer than Tyrrhene Scylla in nature. But with reproaches heaped a thousandfold I cannot wound thee, so brazen is thy nature. Perish, vile sorceress, murderess of thy babes! Whilst I must mourn my luckless fate, for I shall ne'er enjoy my new-found bride, nor shall I have the children, whom I bred and reared, alive to say the last farewell to me; nay, I have lost them.

Medea — To this thy speech I could have made a long retort, but Father Zeus knows well all I have done for thee, and the treatment thou hast given me. Yet thou wert not ordained to scorn my love and lead a life of joy in mockery of me, nor was thy royal bride nor Creon, who gave thee a second wife, to thrust me from this land and rue it not. Wherefore, if thou wilt, call me e'en a lioness, and Scylla, whose home is in the Tyrrhene land; for I in turn have wrung thy heart, as well I might.

Jason — Thou, too, art grieved thyself, and sharest in my sorrow.

Medea — Be well assured I am; but it relieves my pain to know thou canst not mock at me.

Jason — O my children, how vile a mother ye have found!

Medea — My sons, your father's feeble lust has been your ruin!

Jason — 'Twas not my hand, at any rate, that slew them.

Medea — No, but thy foul treatment of me, and thy new marriage.

Jason — Didst think that marriage cause enough to murder them?

Medea — Dost think a woman counts this a trifling injury?

Jason — So she be self-restrained; but in thy eyes all is evil.

Medea — Thy sons are dead and gone. That will stab thy heart.

Jason — They live, methinks, to bring a curse upon thy head.

Medea — The gods know, whoso of them began this troublous coil.

Jason — Indeed, they know that hateful heart of thine.

Medea — Thou art as hateful. I am aweary of thy bitter tongue.

Jason — And I likewise of thine. But parting is easy.

Medea — Say how; what am I to do? for I am fain as thou to go.

Jason — Give up to me those dead, to bury and lament.

Medea — No, never! I will bury them myself, bearing them to Hera's sacred field, who watches o'er the Cape, that none of their foes may insult them by pulling down their tombs; and in this land of Sisyphus I will ordain hereafter a solemn feast and mystic rites to atone for this impious murder. Myself will now to the land of Erechtheus, to dwell with Ægeus, Pandion's son. But thou, as well thou mayest, shalt die a caitiff's death, thy head crushed 'neath a shattered relic of Argo, when thou hast seen the bitter ending of my marriage.

Jason — The curse of our sons' avenging spirit and of Justice, that calls for blood, be on thee!

Medea — What god or power divine hears thee, breaker of oaths and every law of hospitality?

Jason — Fie upon thee! cursed witch! child murderess!

Medea — To thy house! go, bury thy wife.

Jason — I go, bereft of both my sons.

Medea — Thy grief is yet to come; wait till old age is with thee too.

Jason — O my dear, dear children!

Medea — Dear to their mother, not to thee.

Jason — And yet thou didst slay them?

Medea — Yea, to vex thy heart.

Jason — One last fond kiss, ah me! I fain would on their lips imprint.

Medea — Embraces now, and fond farewells for them; but then a cold repulse!

Jason — By heaven I do adjure thee, let me touch their tender skin.

Medea — No, no! in vain this word has sped its flight.

Jason — O Zeus, dost hear how I am driven hence; dost mark the treatment I receive from this she-lion, fell murderess of her young? Yet so far as I may and can, I raise for them a dirge, and do adjure the gods to witness how thou hast slain my sons, and wilt not suffer me to embrace or bury their dead bodies. Would I had never begotten them to see thee slay them after all!

Chorus — Many a fate doth Zeus dispense, high on his Olympian throne; oft do the gods bring things to pass beyond man's expectation; that which we thought would be is not fulfilled, while for the unlooked-for God finds out a way; and such hath been the issue of this matter.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

[CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, English novelist, was born in 1823. Her first celebrated novel, "The Heir of Redclyffe," was published in 1853, the equally well-known "Daisy Chain" in 1856, and "Dynevor Terrace" in 1857; she has written many others. Her "Book of Golden Deeds" appeared in 1864.]

THE spirit of self-devotion is so beautiful and noble, that even when the act is performed in obedience to the dictates of a false religion, it is impossible not to be struck with admiration and almost reverence for the unconscious type of the one great act that has hallowed every other sacrifice. Thus it was that Codrus, the Athenian king, has ever since been honored for the tradition that he gave his own life to secure the safety of his people; and there is a touching story, with neither name nor place, of a heathen monarch who was bidden by his priests to appease the supposed wrath of his gods by the sacrifice of the being dearest to him. His young son had been seized on as his most beloved, when his wife rushed between and declared that her son must live, and not by his death rob her of her right to fall, as her husband's dearest. The priest looked at the father; the face that had been sternly composed before was full of uncontrolled anguish as he sprang forward to save the

wife rather than the child. That impulse was an answer, like the entreaty of the mother before Solomon; the priest struck the fatal blow ere the king's hand could withhold him, and the mother died with a last look of exceeding joy at her husband's love and her son's safety. Human sacrifices are of course accursed, and even the better sort of heathens viewed them with horror; but the voluntary confronting of death, even at the call of a distorted presage of future atonement, required qualities that were perhaps the highest that could be exercised among those who were devoid of the light of truth.

In the year 339 there was a remarkable instance of such devotion. The Romans were at war with the Latins, a nation dwelling to the south of them, and almost exactly resembling themselves in language, habits, government, and fashions of fighting. Indeed the city of Rome itself was but an offshoot from the old Latin kingdom; and there was not much difference between the two nations even in courage and perseverance. The two consuls of the year were Titus Manlius Torquatus and Publius Decius Mus. They were both very distinguished men. Manlius was a patrician, or one of the high ancient nobles of Rome, and had in early youth fought a single combat with a gigantic Gaul, who offered himself, like Goliath, as a champion of his tribe; he had slain him and taken from him a gold torque, or collar, whence his surname Torquatus. Decius was a plebeian; one of the free though not noble citizens who had votes, but only within a few years had been capable of being chosen to the higher offices of state, and who looked upon every election to the consulship as a victory. Three years previously, when a tribune in command of a legion, Decius had saved the consul, Cornelius Cossus, from a dangerous situation, and enabled him to gain a great victory; and this exploit was remembered, and led to the choice of this well-experienced soldier as the colleague of Manlius.

The two consuls both went out together in command of the forces, each having a separate army, and intending to act in concert. They marched to the beautiful country at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was then a harmless mountain clothed with chestnut woods, with spaces opening between, where farms and vineyards rejoiced in the sunshine and the fresh breezes of the lovely blue bay that lay stretched beneath. Those who climbed to the summit might indeed find beds of ashes and the jagged edge of a huge basin or gulf; the houses

and walls were built of dark red and black material that once had flowed from the crater in boiling torrents : but these had long since cooled, and so long was it since a column of smoke had been seen to rise from the mountain top, that it only remained as a matter of tradition that this region was one of mysterious fire, and that the dark cool lake Avernus, near the mountain skirts, was the very entrance to the shadowy realms beneath, that were supposed to be inhabited by the spirits of the dead.

It might be that the neighborhood of this lake, with the dread imaginations connected with it by pagan fancy, influenced even the stout hearts of the consuls ; for, the night after they came in sight of the enemy, each dreamt the same dream, namely, that he beheld a mighty form of gigantic height and stature, who told him "that the victory was decreed to that army of the two whose leader should devote himself to the Dii Manes," that is, to the deities who watched over the shades of the dead. Probably these older Romans held the old Etruscan belief, which took these "gods beneath" to be winged beings, who bore away the departing soul, weighed its merits and demerits, and placed it in a region of peace or of woe, according to its deserts. This was part of the grave and earnest faith that gave the earlier Romans such truth and resolution ; but latterly they so corrupted it with the Greek myths, that, in after times, they did not even know who the gods of Decius were.

At daybreak the two consuls sought one another out, and told their dreams ; and they agreed that they would join their armies in one, Decius leading the right and Manlius the left wing ; and that whichever found his troops giving way, should at once rush into the enemy's columns and die, to secure the victory to his colleague. At the same time strict commands were given that no Roman should come out of his rank to fight in single combat with the enemy ; a necessary regulation, as the Latins were so like, in every respect, to the Romans, that there would have been fatal confusion had there been any mingling together before the battle. Just as this command had been given out, young Titus Manlius, the son of the consul, met a Latin leader, who called him by name and challenged him to fight hand to hand. The youth was emulous of the honor his father had gained by his combat at the same age with the Gaul, but forgot both the present edict and that his father

had scrupulously asked permission before accepting the challenge. He at once came forward, and after a brave conflict, slew his adversary, and taking his armor, presented himself at his father's tent and laid the spoils at his feet.

But old Manlius turned aside sadly, and collected his troops to hear his address to his son: "You have transgressed," he said, "the discipline which has been the support of the Roman people, and reduced me to the hard necessity of either forgetting myself and mine, or else the regard I owe to the general safety. Rome must not suffer by one fault. We must expiate it ourselves. A sad example shall we be, but a wholesome one to the Roman youth. For me, both the natural love of a father and that specimen thou hast given of thy valor move me exceedingly; but since either the consular authority must be established by thy death, or destroyed by thy impunity, I cannot think, if thou be a true Manlius, that thou wilt be backward to repair the breach thou hast made in military discipline by undergoing the just meed of thine offense." He then placed the wreath of leaves, the reward of a victor, upon his son's head, and gave the command to the lictor to bind the young man to a stake, and strike off his head. The troops stood round as men stunned, no one durst utter a word; the son submitted without one complaint, since his death was for the good of Rome: and the father, trusting that the doom of the Dii Manes was about to overtake him, beheld the brave but rash young head fall, then watched the corpse covered with the trophies won from the Latin, and made no hindrance to the glorious obsequies with which the whole army honored this untimely death. Strict discipline was indeed established, and no one again durst break his rank; but the younger men greatly hated Manlius for his severity, and gave him no credit for the agony he had concealed while giving up his gallant son to the well-being of Rome.

A few days after, the expected battle took place, and after some little time the front rank of Decius' men began to fall back upon the line in their rear. This was the token he had waited for. He called to Valerius, the chief priest of Rome, to consecrate him, and was directed to put on his chief robe of office, the beautiful purple *toga prætexta*, to cover his head, and standing on his javelin, call aloud to the "nine gods" to accept his devotion, to save the Roman legions, and strike terror into his enemies. This done, he commanded his lictors to carry

word to his colleague that the sacrifice was accomplished, and then, girding his robe round him in the manner adopted in sacrificing to the gods, he mounted his white horse, and rushed like lightning into the thickest of the Latins. At first they fell away on all sides as if some heavenly apparition had come down on them; then, as some recognized him, they closed in on him, and pierced his breast with their weapons; but even as he fell the superstition that a devoted leader was sure to win the field came full on their minds, they broke and fled. Meanwhile, the message came to Manlius, and drew from him a burst of tears — tears that he had not shed for his son — his hope of himself meeting the doom and ending his sorrow was gone; but none the less he nerved himself to complete the advantage gained by Decius' death. Only one wing of the Latins had fled, the other fought long and bravely; and when at last it was defeated, and cut down on the field of battle, both conqueror and conquered declared that, if Manlius had been the leader of the Latins, they would have had the victory. Manlius afterwards completely subdued the Latins, who became incorporated with the Romans; but bravely as he had borne up, his health gave way under his sorrow, and before the end of the year he was unable to take the field.

Forty-five years later, in the year 294, another Decius was consul. He was the son of the first devoted Decius, and had shown himself worthy of his name, both as a citizen and soldier. His first consulate had been in conjunction with one of the most high-spirited and famous Roman nobles, Quintus Fabius, surnamed Maximus, or the Greatest, and at three years' end they were again chosen together, when the Romans had been brought into considerable peril by an alliance between the Gauls and the Samnites, their chief enemies in Italy.

One being a patrician and the other a plebeian, there was every attempt made at Rome to stir up jealousies and dissensions between them; but both were much too noble and generous to be thus set one against the other; and when Fabius found how serious was the state of affairs in Etruria, he sent to Rome to entreat that Decius would come and act with him. "With him I shall never want forces, nor have too many enemies to deal with."

The Gauls, since the time of Brennus, had so entirely settled in northern Italy, that it had acquired the name of Cisalpine Gaul, and they were as warlike as ever, while better armed and

trained. The united armies of Gauls, Samnites, and their allies, together, are said to have amounted to 143,330 foot and 46,000 horse, and the Roman army consisted of four legions, 24,000 in all, with an unspecified number of horse. The place of battle was at Sentinum, and here for the first time the Gauls brought armed chariots into use, — probably the wicker chariots, with scythes in the midst of the clumsy wooden wheels, which were used by the Celts in Britain two centuries later. It was the first time the Romans had encountered these barbarous vehicles: they were taken by surprise, the horses started, and could not be brought back to the charge, and the legions were mowed down like corn where the furious Gaul impelled his scythe. Decius shouted in vain, and tried to gather his men and lead them back; but the terror at this new mode of warfare had so mastered them, that they paid no attention to his call. Then, half in policy, half in superstition, he resolved to follow his father in his death. He called the chief priest, Marcus Livius, and standing on his javelin, went through the same formula of self-dedication, and in like manner threw himself, alone and unarmed, in the midst of the enemy, among whom he soon fell, under many a savage stroke. The priest, himself a gallant soldier, called to the troops that their victory was now secured, and thoroughly believing him, they let him lead them back to the charge, and routed the Gauls; whilst Fabius so well did his part against the other nations, that the victory was complete, and 25,000 enemies were slain. So covered was the body of Decius by the corpses of his enemies, that all that day it could not be found; but on the next it was discovered, and Fabius, with a full heart, pronounced the funeral oration of the second Decius, who had willingly offered himself to turn the tide of battle in favor of his country. It was the last of such acts of dedication — the Romans became more learned and philosophical, and perhaps more reasonable; and yet, mistaken as was the object, it seems a falling off that, two hundred years later, Cicero should not know who were the "nine gods" of the Decii, and should regard their sacrifice as "heroic indeed, but unworthy of men of understanding."

FROM THE "KNIGHTS" OF ARISTOPHANES.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS BY JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

[ARISTOPHANES, the greatest of Greek comic poets, was born probably between B.C. 450 and 446, and died not later than B.C. 380. Little is known of his personal history beyond the allusions in his own works. His first comedy, the "Banqueters," appeared in B.C. 427, and was followed by over forty others, of which there are extant only eleven: "Acharnians," "Knights," "Clouds," "Wasps," "Peace," "Birds," "Lysistrata," "Thesmophoriazusæ," "Frogs," "Ecclesiazusæ," and "Plutus." Aristophanes is the sole extant representative of the so-called Old Comedy of Athens.]

DEMUS, an old citizen of Athens, and in whom the Athenian people are personified = the John Bull or Uncle Sam of Athens.
DEMOSTHENES } the two most fortunate and able generals of Athens during
NICIAS } the Peloponnesian War, represented as slaves of Demus.
CLEON, a tanner (the PAPHLAGONIAN, from *παφλάζω, I mouth* or *foam*), steward to Demus and the leading demagogue of Athens.
SAUSAGE SELLER (afterwards AGORACRITUS).
CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

Scene: Space before DEMUS' *House.*

After a noise of lashes and screams from behind the scenes, DEMOSTHENES *and* NICIAS *enter in the dress of slaves.*

Demosthenes —
Out! out alas! what a scandal! what a shame!
May Jove in his utter wrath crush and confound
That rascally new-bought Paphlagonian slave!
For from the very first day that he came —
Brought here for a plague and a mischief amongst us all —
We're beaten and abused continually.
Nicias [*whimpering*] —
I say so too, with all my heart I do,
A rascal, with his scandals and his lies!
A rascally Paphlagonian! so he is!
Demosthenes —
Well, come now, if you like, I'll state your case
To the audience here before us. [*To the audience*] Here are we
A couple of servants — with a master at home
Next door to the hustings — He's a man in years,

GREEK ACTORS

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

A kind of bean-fed[1] husky, testy character,
Choleric and brutal at times, and partly deaf.
It's near about a month now that he went
And bought a slave out of a tanner's yard,
A Paphlagonian born, and brought him home,
As wicked a slanderous wretch as ever lived.
This fellow, the Paphlagonian, has found out
The blind side of our master's understanding.
Moreover, when we get things out of compliment
As a present from our master, he contrives
To snatch 'em and serve 'em up before our faces.
I'd made a Spartan cake at Pylos lately,[2]
And mixed and kneaded it well, and watched the baking;
But he stole round before me and served it up:
And he never allows us to come near our master
To speak a word; but stands behind his back
At mealtimes, with a monstrous leather flyflap,
Slapping and whisking it round and rapping us off.
[*Turning to* NICIAS] —
So now, my worthy fellow, we must take
A fixed determination. Where's the Paphlagonian?

Nicias —
He's fast asleep — within there, on his back,
On a heap of hides — the rascal! with a belly full
With a hash of confiscations half digested.

Demosthenes —
That's well! — Now fill me a hearty, lusty draught.

Nicias —
Make the libation first, and drink this cup
To the good Genius.

Demosthenes [*after a long draught*] —
O most worthy Genius!
Good Genius! 'tis your genius that inspires me!

[DEMOSTHENES *remains in a sort of drunken burlesque ecstasy.*

Nicias —
Why, what's the matter?

Demosthenes — I'm inspired to tell you
That you must steal the Paphlagonian's oracles
Whilst he's asleep.

Nicias — Oh dear, then, I'm afraid.
[*Exit* NICIAS.

[1] Allusion to the beans used in balloting.

[2] After Demosthenes had blockaded four hundred of the principal citizens of Sparta in an island in the bay of Pylos, Cleon was sent to supersede him. Aided by the advice of Demosthenes, whom he retained as his lieutenant, he compelled the Spartans to surrender.

Demosthenes —
Come, I must meditate, and consult my pitcher;
And moisten my understanding a little more.
[*While* NICIAS *is absent,* DEMOSTHENES *is drinking repeatedly and getting drunk.*
Nicias [*reëntering with a packet*] —
How fast asleep the Paphlagonian was!
How mortally, Lord bless me! did he snore!
However, I've contrived to carry off
The sacred Oracle that he kept so secret.
I've stolen it from him.
Demosthenes [*very drunk*] — That's my clever fellow!
Here, give us hold; I must read them.
[*With the papers in his hand.*
Ay, there it is, — you rascally Paphlagonian!
This was the prophecy that you kept so secret.
Nicias —
What's there?
Demosthenes — Why, there's a thing to ruin him,
With the manner of his destruction all foretold.
Nicias —
As how?
Demosthenes [*very drunk*] —
Why, the Oracle tells you how, distinctly,
And all about it — in a perspicuous manner —
That a jobber in hemp and flax is first ordained
To hold the administration of affairs.[1]
Nicias —
Well, there's one jobber. Who's the next? Read on!
Demosthenes —
A cattle jobber must succeed to him.[1]
Nicias —
More jobbers! well — then what becomes of him?
Demosthenes —
He, too, shall prosper, till a viler rascal
Shall be raised up and shall prevail against him,
In the person of a Paphlagonian tanner,
A loud, rapacious, leather-selling ruffian.
Nicias —
Is it foretold, then, that the cattle jobber
Must be destroyed by the seller of leather?
Demosthenes — Yes.

[1] After the death of Pericles, Eucrates and Lysicles were the leaders of the people for a short time.

Nicias —
Oh, dear! our sellers and jobbers are at an end.
Demosthenes —
Not yet; there's still another to succeed him,
Of a most uncommon notable occupation.
Nicias —
Who's that? Do tell me!
Demosthenes — Must I?
Nicias — To be sure —
Demosthenes —
A sausage seller it is that supersedes him.
Nicias —
A sausage seller! marvelous, indeed!
Most wonderful! But where can he be found?
Demosthenes —
We must seek him out.
Nicias — But see there, where he comes!
Sent hither providentially, as it were!
Demosthenes —
O happy man! celestial sausage seller!
Friend, guardian, and protector of us all:
Come forward; save your friends, and save the country.
Sausage Seller —
Do you call me?
Demosthenes — Yes, we called to you to announce
The high and happy destiny that awaits you.
Nicias —
Come now, you should set him free from the incumbrance
Of his table and basket; and explain to him
The tenor and the purport of the Oracle,
While I go back to watch the Paphlagonian.
[*Exit* NICIAS.
Demosthenes [*to the* SAUSAGE SELLER, *gravely*] —
Set these poor wares aside; and now, — bow down
To the ground; and adore the powers of earth and heaven.
Sausage Seller —
Heyday! Why, what do you mean?
Demosthenes — O happy man!
Unconscious of your glorious destiny,
Now mean and unregarded; but to-morrow,
The mightiest of the mighty, Lord of Athens!
Sausage Seller —
Come, master, what's the use of making game?
Why can't ye let me wash the guts and tripe,
And sell my sausages in peace and quiet?

Demosthenes —
O simple mortal, cast these thoughts aside!
Bid guts and tripe farewell! — Look there! — Behold
[*Pointing to the audience.*
The mighty assembled multitude before ye!
Sausage Seller [*with a grumble of indifference*] —
I see 'em.
Demosthenes — You shall be their lord and master,
The sovereign and ruler of them all,
Of the assemblies and tribunals, fleets and armies.
You shall trample down the Senate underfoot,
Confound and crush the generals and commanders,
Arrest, imprison, and confine in irons.
Sausage Seller —
What I?
Demosthenes — Yes, you; because the Oracle
Predestines you to sovereign power and greatness.
Sausage Seller —
Are there any means of making a great man
Of a sausage-making fellow such as I?
Demosthenes —
The very means you have must make ye so,
Low breeding, vulgar birth, and impudence,
These, these must make ye what you're meant to be.
Sausage Seller —
I can't imagine that I'm good for much.
Demosthenes —
Alas! But why do you say so? What's the meaning
Of these misgivings? Tell me, are ye allied
To the families of the gentry?
Sausage Seller — Naugh, not I.
I'm of the lower order.
Demosthenes — What happiness! —
What a footing it will give ye! What a groundwork
For confidence and favor at the outset.
Sausage Seller —
But bless ye! only consider my education!
I can but barely read — in a kind of way.
Demosthenes —
That makes against ye! — the only thing against ye —
The being able to read in any way,
For now no lead nor influence is allowed
To liberal arts or learned education,
But to the brutal, base, and underbred.

Sausage Seller —
Still, I'm partly doubtful how I could
Contrive to manage an administration.
Demosthenes —
The easiest thing in nature! — nothing easier!
Stick to your present practice: follow it up
In your new calling. Mangle, mince, and mash,
Confound and hack and jumble things together!
And interlard your rhetoric with lumps
Of mawkish, sweet, and greasy flattery.
Be fulsome, coarse, and bloody! — For the rest,
All qualities combine, all circumstances.
To entitle and equip you for command,
A filthy voice, a villainous countenance,
A vulgar birth and parentage and breeding.
Place then this chaplet on your brow and rouse
Your spirits to meet him.
Sausage Seller — Ay, but who will help me?
For all our wealthier people are alarmed
And terrified at him; and the meaner sort
In a manner stupefied, grown dull and dumb.
Demosthenes —
Why there's a thousand lusty cavaliers,
Ready to back you, that detest and scorn him;
And every worthy, well-born citizen;
And every candid, critical spectator;
And I myself; and the help of Heaven to boot. —
Nicias [*in alarm from behind the scenes*] —
Oh dear! oh dear! the Paphlagonian's coming.

Enter CLEON *with a furious look and voice.*

Cleon —
By heaven and earth! you shall abide it dearly,
With your conspiracies and daily plots
Against the sovereign people! Hah! what's this? —
Dogs! villains! every soul of ye shall die.
[*The* SAUSAGE SELLER *runs off in a fright.*
Demosthenes —
Where are ye going? Where are ye running? Stop!
Stand firm, my noble, valiant sausage seller!
Never betray the cause. Your friends are nigh.
[*During the last lines the* CHORUS OF KNIGHTS *are entering.*
[*To the Chorus*] —
Cavaliers and noble captains, now's the time! advance in sight!

March in order — make the movement, and outflank him on the right!

[*To the Sausage Seller*] —

There I see them bustling, hasting! — only turn and make a stand,

Stop but only for a moment, your allies are hard at hand.

[*The* CHORUS, *after occupying their position in the orchestra, begin their attack on* CLEON.]

Chorus —

Close around him and confound him, the confounder of us all.

Pelt and pummel him and maul him; rummage, ransack, overhaul him,

Overbear him and out-bawl him; bear him down and bring him under.

Bellow, like a burst of thunder, robber! harpy! sink of plunder!

Rogue and villain! rogue and cheat! rogue and villain I repeat!

Oftener than I can repeat it, has the rogue and villain cheated.

Close around him left and right; spit upon him, spurn and smite:

Spit upon him as you see; spurn and spit at him like me.

Cleon —

Yes! assault, insult, abuse me! this is the return I find

For the noble testimony, the memorial I designed:

Meaning to propose proposals for a monument of stone,

On the which your late achievements should be carved and neatly done.

Chorus —

Out, away with him! the slave! the pompous, empty, fawning knave!

Pelt him here and bang him there; and here and there and everywhere.

Cleon —

Save me, neighbors! oh, the monsters! O my side, my back, my breast!

Chorus —

What! you're forced to call for help? you overbearing, brutal pest!

Sausage Seller [*turning back towards* CLEON] —

I'll astound you with my noise, with my bawling looks and voice.

Chorus —

If in bawling you surpass him, you'll achieve a victor's crown;

If again you overmatch him in impudence, the day's your own.

Cleon —
I denounce this traitor here for sailing on clandestine trips,
With supplies of tripe and stuffing to careen the Spartan ships.
Sausage Seller —
I denounce then and accuse him for a greater worse abuse:
That he steers his empty paunch and anchors at the public board;
Running in without a lading to return completely stored!
Chorus —
Yes! and smuggles out moreover loaves and luncheons not a few,
More than ever Pericles, in all his pride, presumed to do.
Cleon [*in a thundering tone*] —
Dogs and villains, you shall die!
Sausage Seller [*in a still louder tone*] —
Ay! I can scream ten times as high.
Cleon —
I'll overbear ye and out-bawl ye.
Sausage Seller —
But I'll out-scream ye and out-squall ye.
Cleon —
What! do you venture to invade
My proper calling and my trade?
Chorus to CLEON —
Even in your tender years,
And your early disposition,
You betrayed an inward sense
Of the conscious impudence
Which constitutes a politician.
Hence you squeeze and drain alone the rich milch kine of our allies;
Whilst the son of Hippodamus licks his lips with longing eyes.
But now with eager rapture we behold
A mighty miscreant of baser mold!
A more consummate ruffian!
An energetic, ardent ragamuffin!
Behold him there! — He stands before your eyes
To bear you down, with a superior frown,
A fiercer stare,
And more incessant and exhaustless lies.
[*To the Sausage Seller*] —
Now then do you that boast a birth from whence you might inherit,

And from your breeding have derived a manhood and a spirit
Unbroken by the rules of art, untamed by education,
Show forth the native impudence and vigor of the nation!

Sausage Seller —

Well; if you like then, I'll describe the nature of him clearly,
The kind of rogue I've known him for.

Cleon — My friend, you're somewhat early.
First give *me* leave to speak.

Sausage Seller — I won't, by Jove! Ay, you may bellow!
I'll make you know before I go that I'm the baser fellow.

Chorus —

Ay! stand to that! Stick to the point; and for a further glory,
Say that your family were base time out of mind before ye.

Cleon —

Let me speak first.

Sausage Seller — I won't.

Cleon — You shall, by Jove!

Sausage Seller — I won't, by Jove, though!

Cleon —

By Jupiter, I shall burst with rage!

Sausage Seller — No matter, I'll prevent you.

Chorus —

No, don't prevent, for Heaven's sake! don't hinder him from bursting.

Cleon —

I'll have ye pilloried in a trice.

Sausage Seller —

I'll have you tried for cowardice.

Cleon —

I'll tan your hide to cover seats.

Sausage Seller —

Yours shall be made a purse for cheats
The luckiest skin that could be found.

Cleon —

Dog, I'll pin you to the ground
With ten thousand tenter-hooks.

Sausage Seller —

I'll prepare you for the cooks,
Neatly prepared, with skewers and lard.

Cleon —

I'll pluck your eyebrows off, I will.

Sausage Seller —

I'll cut your collops out, I will.

[*A scuffle ensues between the two rivals, in which the* Sausage Seller *has the best of it.*

Cleon [*released and recovering himself*] —

May I never eat a slice at any public sacrifice,
If your effrontery and pretense shall daunt my steadfast impudence.

Sausage Seller [*to the* Chorus] —

Oh, there were many pretty tricks I practiced as a child;
Haunting about the butchers' shops, the weather being mild,
"See, boys," says I, "the swallow there! Why, summer's come, I say."
And when they turned to gape and stare, I snatched a steak away.

Chorus —

A clever lad you must have been, you managed matters rarely,
To steal at such an early age, so seasonable and fairly!

Sausage Seller —

But if by chance they spied it, I contrived to hide it handily,
Clapping it in between my hams, tight and close and even,
Calling on all the powers above and all the gods in heaven;
And there I stood and made it good with staring and forswearing;
So that a statesman wise and good, a ruler shrewd and witty,
Was heard to say, "That boy one day will surely rule the city."

Chorus —

'Twas fairly guessed, by the true test, by your address and daring.
First in stealing, then concealing, and again in swearing.

Cleon —

I'll settle ye! yes, both of ye! The storm of elocution
Is rising here within my breast, to drive ye to confusion,
And with a wild commotion overwhelm the land and ocean.

Sausage Seller —

But I'll denounce ye
And I'll trounce ye.

Cleon —

Go for a paltry vulgar slave.

Sausage Seller —

Get out for a designing slave.

Chorus —

Give him back the cuff you got!

Cleon —

Murder! Help! A plot! A plot!
I'm assaulted and beset!

Chorus —

Strike him harder! harder yet!
Pelt him — Rap him!
Slash him — Slap him
Across the chops there, with a wipe
Of your entrails and your tripe.
Keep him down. The day's your own.
O cleverest of human kind! the stoutest and the boldest,
The savior of the state and us, the friends that thou beholdest;
No words can speak our gratitude; all praise appears too little.
You've fairly done the rascal up; you've nicked him to a tittle.

Cleon —

Now I'll set off this instant to the Senate,
To inform them of your conspiracies and treasons.
By Hercules, I'll have ye crucified! [*Exit* CLEON.

Chorus [*to the* SAUSAGE SELLER] —

Rouse up your powers! If ever in your youth
You swindled and forswore as you profess,
The time is come to show it. Now this instant
He's hurrying headlong to the senate house
To accuse us all, to storm and rage and rave.

Sausage Seller —

Well, I'll be off.

Chorus — Make haste.

Sausage Seller — Why, so I do. [*Exit.*

Chorus —

Show blood and game. Drive at him and denounce him!
Dash at his comb, his coxcomb; cuff it soundly!
Peck, scratch and tear, conculcate, clapper, claw!
And then return in glory to your friends.

[*Reëntrance of the* SAUSAGE SELLER.

O best of men! thou tightest, heartiest fellow!
Say what was the result of your attempt.

Sausage Seller —

Ay, ay — it's well worth hearing, I can tell ye;
I followed after him to the senate house;
And there was he roaring his biggest words
To crush the cavaliers, calling them traitors,
Conspirators — what not? There sat the Senate,
With their arms folded and their eyebrows bent,
Like persons utterly humbugged and bamboozled.
Seeing the state of things, I paused awhile,
Praying in secret with an under voice: —

"Ye influential, impudential Powers
Of sauciness and jabber, slang and jaw!
Ye spirits of the market place and street,
Where I was reared and bred — befriend me now!
Grant me a voluble utterance and a vast,
Unbounded voice, and steadfast impudence!"
Then burst I through the crowd and bustled up,
And bolted in at the wicket, and bawled out: —
"News! news! I've brought you news! the best of news!
Yes, senators, since first the war began,
There never has been known, till now — this morning,
Such a haul of pilchards." Then they smiled, and seemed
All tranquilized and placid at the prospect
Of pilchards being likely to be cheap.
I then proceeded and proposed a vote
To meet the emergence secretly and suddenly:
To seize at once the trays of all the workmen,
And go with them to market to buy pilchards
Before the price was raised. Immediately
They applauded, and sat gaping all together,
Attentive and admiring. He perceived it;
And framed a motion suited, as he thought,
To the temper of the assembly. "I move," says he,
"That, on occasion of this happy news,
We should proclaim a general thanksgiving,
With a festival moreover, and a sacrifice
Of a hundred head of oxen to the goddess."
Then, seeing he meant to drive me to the wall
With his hundred oxen, I overbid him at once,
And said, "Two hundred!" and proposed a vow
"For a thousand goats to be offered to Diana,
Whenever sprats should fall to forty a penny."
With that the Senate smiled on me again,
And he grew stupefied and lost and stammering;
And, attempting to interrupt the current business,
Was called to order and silence, and put down.

[*Enter* CLEON.]

Cleon —

May I perish and rot, but I'll consume and ruin ye;
I'll leave no trick, no scheme untried, to do it.

Sausage Seller —

It makes me laugh, it amuses one to see him
Bluster and storm! I whistle and snap my fingers.

Cleon —
You sha'n't insult me, as you did before the Senate.
Come, come before the Assembly.
Sausage Seller [*coolly and dryly*] —
Ay, yes; why not?
With all my heart! Let's go there. What should hinder us?

The scene is supposed to be in front of DEMUS' *house.*

Cleon —
My dear, good Demus, do step out a moment!
Sausage Seller —
My dearest little Demus, do step out!
Demus —
Who's there? Keep off! What a racket you are making!
Bawling and caterwauling about the door,
To affront the house and scandalize the neighbors.
Cleon —
Come out; do you see yourself how I'm insulted?
Demus —
O my poor Paphlagonian! What's the matter?
Who has insulted you?
Cleon — I'm waylaid and beaten,
By that rogue there, and the rakehelly young fellows,
All for your sake.
Demus — How so?
Cleon — Because I love you,
And court you, and wait on you to win your favor.
Demus —
And you there, sirrah! Tell me what are you?
Sausage Seller [*very rapidly and eagerly*] —
A lover of yours and a rival of his, this long time,
That have wished to oblige ye and serve ye in every way.
And many there are besides, good gentlefolks,
That adore ye, and wish to pay their court to ye,
But he contrives to baffle and drive them off.
In short, you're like the silly, spendthrift heirs,
That keep away from civil, well-bred company
To pass their time with grooms and low companions,
Cobblers and curriers, tanners, and such like.
Cleon —
Well, Demus, call an assembly then directly
To decide between us which is your best friend;
And when you've settled it, fix and keep to him.

The scene changes and discovers the Pnyx with CLEON *on the bema in an oratorical attitude.*

Cleon —

To Minerva the sovereign goddess I call,
Our guide and defender, the hope of us all;
With a prayer and a vow, — that even as now —
If I'm truly your friend, unto my life's end,
I may dine in the hall, doing nothing at all!
But if I despise you, or ever advise you
Against what is best for your comfort and rest;
Or neglect to attend you, defend you, befriend you,
— May I perish and pine; may this carcass of mine
Be withered and dried, and curried beside;
And straps for your harness cut out from the hide.

Sausage Seller —

Then, Demus — if I tell a word of a lie,
If any man more can dote and adore,
With so tender a care, I make it my prayer,
My prayer and my wish — to be stewed in a dish;
To be sliced and slashed, minced and hashed,
And the offal remains that are left by the cook,
Dragged out to the grave with my own flesh hook.

Cleon —

O Demus. Has any man shown such a zeal,
Such a passion as I for the general weal?
Racking and screwing offenders to ruin;
With torture and threats extorting your debts.

Sausage Seller —

All this I can do, and more handily too,
With ease and dispatch; I can pilfer and snatch,
And supply you with loaves from another man's batch, —
But now to detect his saucy neglect —
He leaves you to rest on a seat of the rock
Naked and bare, without comfort or care,
Whilst I — Look ye there! — have quilted and wadded
And tufted and padded this cushion so neat
To serve for your seat! Rise now, let me slip
It there under your hip, that, on board of the ship,
With the toil of the oar, was blistered and sore,
Enduring the burden and heat of the day
At the battle of Salamis working away.

Demus —

Whence was it you came? Oh, tell me your name —
Your name and your birth; for your kindness and worth
Bespeak you indeed of a patriot breed;
Of the race of Harmodius sure you must be,
So popular, gracious, and friendly to me.

Cleon —

Can he win you with ease with such trifles as these?

Sausage Seller —

With easier trifles you manage to please.

Cleon —

This is horrible quite, and his slander and spite
Has no motive in view but my friendship for you,
My zeal —

Demus —

There, have done with your slang and your stuff,
You've cheated and choused and cajoled me enough.

Sausage Seller —

My dear little Demus! you'll find it is true,
He behaves like a wretch and a villain to you;
He haunts your gardens and there he plies,
Cropping the sprouts of the young supplies,
Munching and crunching enormous rations
Of public sales and confiscations.

The struggle between the rivals now begins in good earnest. It is a contest of presents to Demus, chiefly of a culinary character, and that everlasting dish, the affair at Pylos, is again served up to the cantankerous old man, whom the poet seems determined to disgust with the only exploit which Cleon ever accomplished. The Sausage Seller has the advantage in presents for some time, until he is alarmed by learning that Cleon has got a fine dish of hare for Demus. He is disconcerted at first, and then has recourse to a stratagem. "Some ambassadors came this way to me," he says, "and *their purses seem well filled.*" "Where are they?" exclaims Cleon eagerly, turning round. The hare flesh is immediately in the hands of his rival, who presents the dainty in his own name to Demus. Cleon is naturally indignant. "I had all the trouble of catching the hare," he cries. "And I had all the trouble of dressing it," retorts the Sausage Seller. "Fools," says the practical Demus, "I care not who caught it, or who dressed it; all I regard is the hand which served it up at table." Cleon loses ground more and more. His rival proposes a new test of affection. "Let our chests be searched," says he. "It will then be seen who is the better man to Demus and his stomach." This is done, and the chest of the new candidate is found empty. "Because," says he, "I have given dear little Demus everything." In Cleon's there is

abundance of all good things, and a tempting cheese cake particularly excites Demus' surprise. "The rogue!" he cries, "to conceal such a prodigious cheese cake as this, and to have cut me off a mere morsel of it; and that, too, after I had made him a present of a crown and many other things beside." Cleon has to take off the crown (or garland) and place it on the head of his enemy. The Sausage Seller, who has now adopted the name of Agoracritus, is no sooner in power than he feeds up Demus and treats him to such a regimen that the old man becomes strong and young again. He is once more the manly, splendid fellow he was in the days of Marathon and Salamis. Of course all this has reference to the military and political events of the time.

AGORACRITUS (*the* SAUSAGE SELLER) *and* CHORUS.

Chorus —

O thou, the protector and hope of the state,
Of the isles and allies of the city, relate
What happy event do you call us to greet,
With bonfire and sacrifice filling the street?

Agoracritus —

Old Demus within has molted his skin.
I've cooked him and stewed him to render him stronger,
Many years younger, and shabby no longer.

Chorus —

O what a change! How sudden and strange!
But where is he now?

Agoracritus — On the citadel's brow,
In the lofty old town of immortal renown,
With the noble Ionian violet crown.

Chorus —

What was his vesture, his figure and gesture?
How did you leave him, and how does he look?

Agoracritus —

Joyous and bold, as when feasting of old
When his battles were ended, triumphant and splendid,
With Miltiades sitting carousing at rest,
Or good Aristides, his favorite guest.
You shall see him here straight; for the citadel gate
Is unbarred; and the hinges — you hear how they grate?

The scene changes to a view of the Propylæum.

Give a shout for the sight of the rocky old height!
And the worthy old wight that inhabits within.

Chorus —

That glorious old hill! preëminent still
For splendor of empire and honor and worth!
Exhibit him here for the Greeks to revere,
Their patron and master, the monarch of earth!

Demus comes forward in his splendid old-fashioned attire. The features of his mask are changed to those of youth, and he has throughout the scene the characteristics that, in the opinion of the Athenians, should mark youth, warmth, eagerness, with some little bashfulness and embarrassment.

Demus —

My dearest Agoracritus, come here —
I'm so obliged to you for your cookery!
I feel an altered man, you've quite transformed me.

Agoracritus —

What! I? That's nothing. If you did but know
The state you were in before, you'd worship me.

Demus —

What was I doing? How did I behave?
Do tell me — inform against me — let me know.

Agoracritus —

Why first then, if an orator in the Assembly
Began with saying, "Demus, I'm your friend,
Your faithful, zealous friend, your only friend,"
You used to chuckle, and smirk, and hold your head up.

Demus —

No, sure!

Agoracritus —

So he gained his end, and bilked and choused you.

Demus —

But did I not perceive? Was I not told?

Agoracritus —

By Jove, and you wore those ears of yours continually
Wide open or close shut, like an umbrella.

Demus —

Is it possible? Was I indeed so mere a driveler
In my old age, so superannuated?

Agoracritus —

Moreover, if a couple of orators
Were pleading in your presence, one proposing
To equip a fleet, his rival arguing
To get the same supplies distributed
To the jurymen, the patron of the juries
Carried the day — But why do you hang your head so?

Demus —
I feel ashamed of myself and my follies.
Agoracritus —
'Twas not your fault — don't think of it. Your advisers
Were most to blame. But, for the future, tell me,
Now answer me, in other respects how do you mean
To manage your affairs.
Demus — Why, first of all,
I'll have the arrears of seamen's wages paid
To a penny the instant they return to port.
Agoracritus —
There's many a worn-out salt will bless and thank ye.
Demus —
Moreover, no man that has been enrolled
Upon the list for military service
Shall have his name erased for fear or favor.
Agoracritus —
That gives a bang to Cleonymus' buckler.
Demus —
I'll not permit those fellows without beards
To harangue in our assemblies, boys or men.
Agoracritus —
It's your own fault; in part you've helped to spoil 'em.
But what do you mean to do with them for the future?
Demus —
I shall send them into the country, all the pack of them,
To learn to hunt, and leave off making laws.
Agoracritus —
And what will you say if I give you a glorious peace,
A lusty, strapping truce of thirty years?
Come forward here, my lass, and show yourself.
Demus —
By Jove, what a face and figure! I should like
To ratify and conclude incontinently.
Where did you find her?
Agoracritus — Oh, the Paphlagonian,
Of course, had huddled her out of sight, within there.
But now you've got her, take her back with you
Into the country.
Demus — But the Paphlagonian,
What shall we do to punish him? What d'ye think?
Agoracritus —
Oh, no great matter. He shall have my trade,
With an exclusive sausage-selling patent
To traffic openly at the city gates,

And garble his wares with dogs' and asses' flesh,
With a privilege, moreover, to get drunk,
And bully among the strumpets of the suburbs
And the ragamuffin waiters at the baths.

Demus —

That's well imagined; it precisely suits him;
His natural bent, it seems, his proper element
To squabble with poor trulls and low rapscallions.
As for yourself, I give you an invitation
To dine with me in the hall. You'll fill the seat
Which that unhappy villain held before.
Take this new robe! Wear it and follow me!
And you, the rest of you, conduct that fellow
To his future home and place of occupation,
The gate of the city, where the allies and foreigners
That he maltreated may be sure to find him.

[*Exeunt.*

PARABASIS.

(From the "Knights" of Aristophanes.)

If a veteran author had wished to engage
Our assistance to-day, for a speech from the stage,
We scarce should have granted so bold a request;
But this author of ours, as the bravest and best,
Deserves an indulgence denied to the rest,
For the courage and vigor, the scorn and the hate,
With which he encounters the pests of the state;
A thoroughbred seaman, intrepid and warm,
Steering outright, in the face of the storm.
But now for the gentle reproaches he bore
On the part of his friends, for refraining before
To embrace the profession, embarking for life
In theatrical storms and poetical strife;
He begs us to state, that for reasons of weight,
He has lingered so long, and determined so late.
For he deemed the achievements of comedy hard,
The boldest attempt of a desperate bard!
The Muse he perceived was capricious and coy, —
Though many were courting her, few could enjoy.
And he saw without reason, from season to season,
Your humor would shift, and turn poets adrift,
Requiting old friends with unkindness and treason,

Discarded in scorn as exhausted and worn.
Seeing Magnes's fate, who was reckoned of late,
For the conduct of comedy, captain and head;
That so oft on the stage, in the flower of his age,
Had defeated the Chorus his rivals had led;
With his sounds of all sort, that were uttered in sport,
With whims and vagaries unheard of before,
With feathers and wings, and a thousand gay things,
That in frolicsome fancies his Choruses wore —
When his humor was spent, did your temper relent,
To requite the delight that he gave you before?
We beheld him displaced, and expelled, and disgraced,
When his hair and his wit were grown aged and hoar.
Then he saw, for a sample, the dismal example
Of noble Cratinus so splendid and ample,
Full of spirit and blood, and enlarged like a flood,
Whose copious current tore down, with its torrent,
Oaks, ashes, and yew, with the ground where they grew,
And his rivals to boot, wrenched up by the root,
And his personal foes, who presume to oppose,
All drowned and abolished, dispersed and demolished,
And drifted headlong, with a deluge of song.
And his airs and his tunes, and his songs and lampoons,
Were recited and sung, by the old and the young —
At feasts and carousals what poet but he?
And "The Fair Amphibribe," and "The Sycophant Tree,"
"Masters and masons and builders of verse!" —
Those were the tunes that all tongues could rehearse;
But since in decay, you have cast him away,
Stript of his stops and his musical strings,
Battered and shattered, a broken old instrument,
Shoved out of sight, among rubbishy things.
His garlands are faded, and what he deems worst,
His tongue and his palate are parching with thirst;
And now you may meet him alone in the street,
Wearied and worn, tattered and torn,
All decayed and forlorn, in his person and dress;
Whom his former success should exempt from distress,
With subsistence at large, at the general charge,
And a seat with the great, at the table of state,
There to feast every day and preside at the play,
In splendid apparel, triumphant and gay.
Seeing Crates the next, always teased and perplext,
With your tyrannous temper, tormented and vext;
That with taste and good sense, without waste or expense,

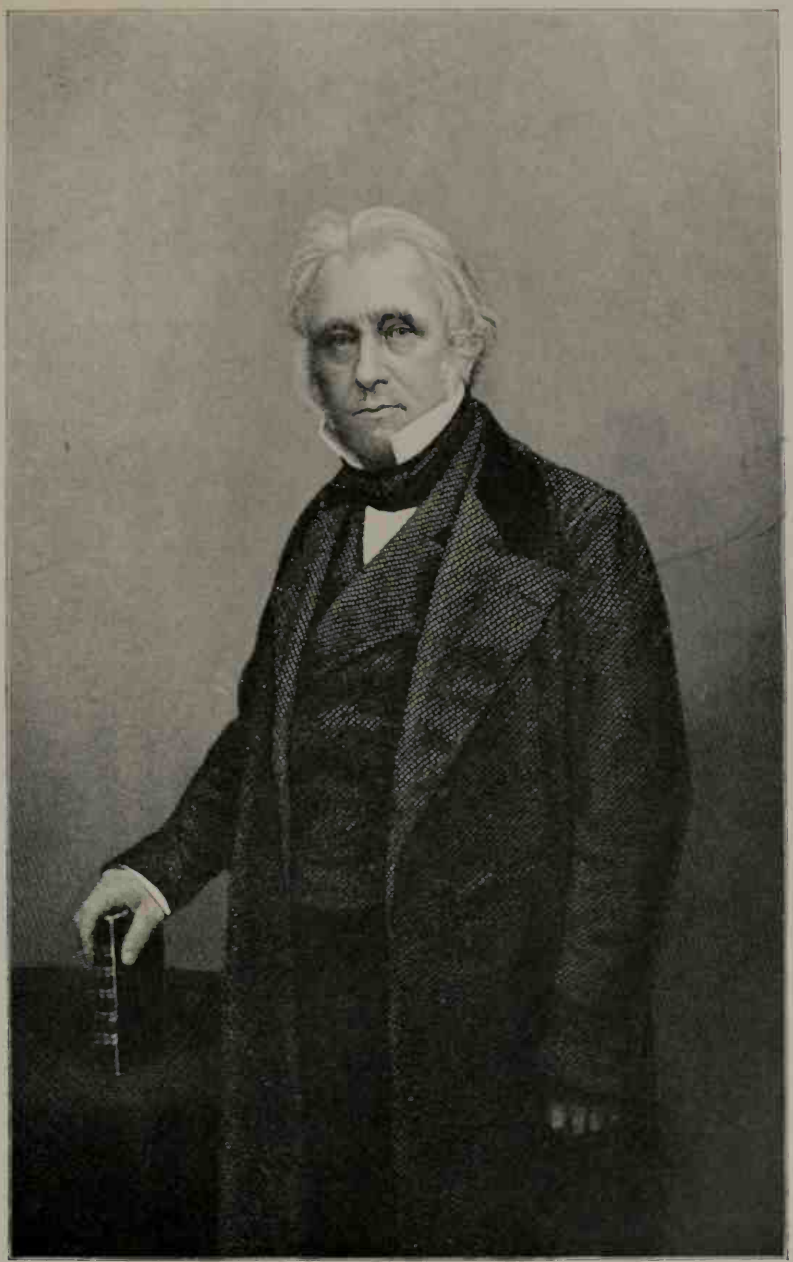
From his snug little hoard provided your board
With a delicate treat, economic and neat.
Thus hitting or missing, with crowns or with hissing,
Year after year he pursued his career,
For better or worse, till he finished his course.
These precedents held him in long hesitation;
He replied to his friends, with a just observation,
"That seaman in regular order is bred
To the oar, to the helm, — and to look out ahead;
Till diligent practice has fixed in his mind
The signs of the weather, and changes of wind.
And when every point of the service is known,
Undertakes the command of a ship of his own."

For reasons like these,
If your judgment agrees
That he did not embark,
Like an ignorant spark,
Or a troublesome lout,
To puzzle and bother, and blunder about,
Give him a shout,
At his first setting out!
And all pull away
With a hearty huzza
For success to the play!
Send him away,
Smiling and gay,
Shining and florid,
With his bald forehead!

PLATO AND BACON.

By LORD MACAULAY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary at War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE difference between the philosophy of Bacon and that of his predecessors cannot, we think, be better illustrated than by comparing his views on some important subjects with those of Plato. We select Plato, because we conceive that he did more than any other person towards giving to the minds of speculative men that bent which they retained till they received from Bacon a new impulse in a diametrically opposite direction.

It is curious to observe how differently these great men estimated the value of every kind of knowledge. Take arithmetic for example. Plato, after speaking slightly of the convenience of being able to reckon and compute in the ordinary transactions of life, passes to what he considers as a far more important advantage. The study of the properties of numbers, he tells us, habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises us above the material universe. He would have his disciples apply themselves to this study, not that they may be able to buy or sell, not that they may qualify themselves to be shopkeepers or traveling merchants, but that they may learn to withdraw their minds from the ever-shifting spectacle of this visible and tangible world, and to fix them on the immutable essences of things.

Bacon, on the other hand, valued this branch of knowledge only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much despised. He speaks with scorn of the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists, and laments the propensity of mankind to employ, on mere matters of curiosity, powers the whole exertion of which is required for purposes of solid advantage. He advises arithmeticians to leave these trifles, and to employ themselves in framing convenient expressions, which may be of use in physical researches.

The same reasons which led Plato to recommend the study of arithmetic led him to recommend also the study of mathematics. The vulgar crowd of geometricians, he says, will not understand him. They have practice always in view. They do not know that the real use of the science is to lead men to the knowledge of abstract, essential, eternal truth. Indeed, if we are to believe Plutarch, Plato carried this feeling so far that he considered geometry as degraded by being applied to any purpose of vulgar utility. Archytas, it seems, had framed machines of extraordinary power on mathematical principles. Plato remonstrated with his friend, and declared that this was to degrade a noble intellectual exercise into a low craft, fit only for carpen-

ters and wheelwrights. The office of geometry, he said, was to discipline the mind, not to minister to the base wants of the body. His interference was successful; and from that time, according to Plutarch, the science of mechanics was considered as unworthy of the attention of a philosopher.

Archimedes in a later age imitated and surpassed Archytas. But even Archimedes was not free from the prevailing notion that geometry was degraded by being employed to produce anything useful. It was with difficulty that he was induced to stoop from speculation to practice. He was half ashamed of those inventions which were the wonder of hostile nations, and always spoke of them slightingly as mere amusements, as trifles in which a mathematician might be suffered to relax his mind after intense application to the higher parts of his science.

The opinion of Bacon on this subject was diametrically opposed to that of the ancient philosophers. He valued geometry chiefly, if not solely, on account of those uses which to Plato appeared so base. And it is remarkabe that the longer Bacon lived the stronger this feeling became. When in 1605 he wrote the two books on the Advancement of Learning, he dwelt on the advantages which mankind derived from mixed mathematics; but he at the same time admitted that the beneficial effect produced by mathematical study on the intellect, though a collateral advantage, was "no less worthy than that which was principal and intended." But it is evident that his views underwent a change. When, near twenty years later, he published the "De Augmentis," which is the Treatise on the Advancement of Learning, greatly expanded and carefully corrected, he made important alterations in the part which related to mathematics. He condemned with severity the high pretensions of the mathematicians, "delicias et fastum mathematicorum." Assuming the well-being of the human race to be the end of knowledge, he pronounced that mathematical science could claim no higher rank than that of an appendage or auxiliary to other sciences. Mathematical science, he says, is the handmaid of natural philosophy; she ought to demean herself as such; and he declares that he cannot conceive by what ill chance it has happened that she presumes to claim precedence over her mistress. He predicts — a prediction which would have made Plato shudder — that as more and more discoveries are made in physics, there will be more and more branches of mixed mathematics. Of that collateral advantage the value of

which, twenty years before, he rated so highly, he says not one word. This omission cannot have been the effect of mere inadvertence. His own treatise was before him. From that treatise he deliberately expunged whatever was favorable to the study of pure mathematics, and inserted several keen reflections on the ardent votaries of that study. This fact, in our opinion, admits of only one explanation. Bacon's love of those pursuits which directly tend to improve the condition of mankind, and his jealousy of all pursuits merely curious, had grown upon him, and had, it may be, become immoderate. He was afraid of using any expression which might have the effect of inducing any man of talents to employ in speculations, useful only to the mind of the speculator, a single hour which might be employed in extending the empire of man over matter. If Bacon erred here, we must acknowledge that we greatly prefer his error to the opposite error of Plato. We have no patience with a philosophy which, like those Roman matrons who swallowed abortives in order to preserve their shapes, takes pains to be barren for fear of being homely.

Let us pass to astronomy. This was one of the sciences which Plato exhorted his disciples to learn, but for reasons far removed from common habits of thinking. "Shall we set down astronomy," says Socrates, "among the subjects of study?" "I think so," answers his young friend Glaucon: "to know something about the seasons, the months, and the years is of use for military purposes, as well as for agriculture and navigation." "It amuses me," says Socrates, "to see how afraid you are, lest the common herd of people should accuse you of recommending useless studies." He then proceeds, in that pure and magnificent diction which, as Cicero said, Jupiter would use if Jupiter spoke Greek, to explain that the use of astronomy is not to add to the vulgar comforts of life, but to assist in raising the mind to the contemplation of things which are to be perceived by the pure intellect alone. The knowledge of the actual motions of the heavenly bodies Socrates considers as of little value. The appearances which make the sky beautiful at night are, he tells us, like the figures which a geometrician draws on the sand, mere examples, mere helps to feeble minds. We must get beyond them; we must neglect them; we must attain to an astronomy which is as independent of the actual stars as geometrical truth is independent of the lines of an ill-drawn diagram. This is, we imagine, very nearly, if not exactly,

the astronomy which Bacon compared to the ox of Prometheus, a sleek, well-shaped hide, stuffed with rubbish, goodly to look at, but containing nothing to eat. He complained that astronomy had, to its great injury, been separated from natural philosophy, of which it was one of the noblest provinces, and annexed to the domain of mathematics. The world stood in need, he said, of a very different astronomy, of a living astronomy, of an astronomy which should set forth the nature, the motion, and the influences of the heavenly bodies, as they really are.

On the greatest and most useful of all human inventions, the invention of alphabetical writing, Plato did not look with much complacency. He seems to have thought that the use of letters had operated on the human mind as the use of the gocart in learning to walk, or of corks in learning to swim, is said to operate on the human body. It was a support which, in his opinion, soon became indispensable to those who used it, which made vigorous exertion first unnecessary and then impossible. The powers of the intellect would, he conceived, have been more fully developed without this delusive aid. Men would have been compelled to exercise the understanding and the memory, and, by deep and assiduous meditation, to make truth thoroughly their own. Now, on the contrary, much knowledge is traced on paper, but little is engraved in the soul. A man is certain that he can find information at a moment's notice when he wants it. He therefore suffers it to fade from his mind. Such a man cannot in strictness be said to know anything. He has the show without the reality of wisdom. These opinions Plato has put into the mouth of an ancient king of Egypt. But it is evident from the context that they were his own; and so they were understood to be by Quinctilian. Indeed they are in perfect accordance with the whole Platonic system.

Bacon's views, as may easily be supposed, were widely different. The powers of the memory, he observes, without the help of writing, can do little towards the advancement of any useful science. He acknowledges that the memory may be disciplined to such a point as to be able to perform very extraordinary feats. But on such feats he sets little value. The habits of his mind, he tells us, are such that he is not disposed to rate highly any accomplishment, however rare, which is of no practical use to mankind. As to these prodigious achievements of the memory, he ranks them with the exhibitions of

ropedancers and tumblers. "These two performances," he says, "are much of the same sort. The one is an abuse of the powers of the body; the other is an abuse of the powers of the mind. Both may perhaps excite our wonder; but neither is entitled to our respect."

To Plato, the science of medicine appeared to be of very disputable advantage. He did not indeed object to quick cures for acute disorders, or for injuries produced by accidents. But the art which resists the slow sap of a chronic disease, which repairs frames enervated by lust, swollen by gluttony, or inflamed by wine, which encourages sensuality by mitigating the natural punishment of the sensualist, and prolongs existence when the intellect has ceased to retain its entire energy, had no share of his esteem. A life protracted by medical skill he pronounced to be a long death. The exercise of the art of medicine ought, he said, to be tolerated, so far as that art may serve to cure the occasional distempers of men whose constitutions are good. As to those who have bad constitutions, let them die; and the sooner the better. Such men are unfit for war, for magistracy, for the management of their domestic affairs, for severe study and speculation. If they engage in any vigorous mental exercise, they are troubled with giddiness and fullness of the head, all which they lay to the account of philosophy. The best thing that can happen to such wretches is to have done with life at once. He quotes mythical authority in support of this doctrine; and reminds his disciples that the practice of the sons of Æsculapius, as described by Homer, extended only to the cure of external injuries.

Far different was the philosophy of Bacon. Of all the sciences, that which he seems to have regarded with the greatest interest was the science which, in Plato's opinion, would not be tolerated in a well-regulated community. To make men perfect was no part of Bacon's plan. His humble aim was to make imperfect men comfortable. The beneficence of his philosophy resembled the beneficence of the common Father, whose sun rises on the evil and the good, whose rain descends for the just and the unjust. In Plato's opinion man was made for philosophy; in Bacon's opinion philosophy was made for man; it was a means to an end; and that end was to increase the pleasures and to mitigate the pains of millions who are not and cannot be philosophers. That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his

boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the Timæus without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English school of wisdom altogether rejected. Bacon would not have thought it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to contrive an improved garden chair for such a valetudinarian, to devise some way of rendering his medicines more palatable, to invest repasts which he might enjoy, and pillows on which he might sleep soundly ; and this though there might not be the smallest hope that the mind of the poor invalid would ever rise to the contemplation of the ideal beautiful and the ideal good. As Plato had cited the religious legends of Greece to justify his contempt for the more recondite parts of the art of healing, Bacon vindicated the dignity of that art by appealing to the example of Christ, and reminded men that the great Physician of the soul did not disdain to be also the physician of the body.

When we pass from the science of medicine to that of legislation, we find the same difference between the systems of these two great men. Plato, at the commencement of the Dialogue on Laws, lays it down as a fundamental principle that the end of legislation is to make men virtuous. It is unnecessary to point out the extravagant conclusions to which such a proposition leads. Bacon well knew to how great an extent the happiness of every society must depend on the virtue of its members ; and he also knew what legislators can and what they cannot do for the purpose of promoting virtue. The view which he has given of the end of legislation, and of the principal means for the attainment of that end, has always seemed to us eminently happy, even among the many happy passages of the same kind with which his works abound. "Finis et scopus quem leges intueri atque ad quem jussiones et sanctiones suas dirigere debent, non alius est quam ut cives feliciter degant. Id fiet si pietate et religione recte instituti, moribus honesti, armis adversus hostes externos tuti, legum auxilio adversus seditiones et privatas injurias muniti, imperio et magistratibus obsequentes, copiis et opibus locupletes et florentes fuerint." The end is the well-being of the people. The means are the imparting of moral and religious education; the providing of everything necessary for defense against foreign enemies; the maintaining of internal order; the establishing of a judicial, financial, and

commercial system, under which wealth may be rapidly accumulated and securely enjoyed.

Even with respect to the form in which laws ought to be drawn, there is a remarkable difference of opinion between the Greek and the Englishman. Plato thought a preamble essential; Bacon thought it mischievous. Each was consistent with himself. Plato, considering the moral improvement of the people as the end of legislation, justly inferred that a law which commanded and threatened, but which neither convinced the reason, nor touched the heart, must be a most imperfect law. He was not content with deterring from theft a man who still continued to be a thief at heart, with restraining a son who hated his mother from beating his mother. The only obedience on which he set much value was the obedience which an enlightened understanding yields to reason, and which a virtuous disposition yields to precepts of virtue. He really seems to have believed that, by prefixing to every law an eloquent and pathetic exhortation, he should, to a great extent, render penal enactments superfluous. Bacon entertained no such romantic hopes; and he well knew the practical inconveniences of the course which Plato recommended. "Neque nobis," says he, "prologi legum qui inepti olim habiti sunt, et leges introducunt disputantes non jubentes, utique placerent, si priscos mores ferre possemus. . . . Quantum fieri potest prologi evitentur, et lex incipiat a jussione."

Each of the great men whom we have compared intended to illustrate his system by a philosophical romance; and each left his romance imperfect. Had Plato lived to finish the "Critias," a comparison between that noble fiction and the "New Atlantis" would probably have furnished us with still more striking instances than any which we have given. It is amusing to think with what horror he would have seen such an institution as Solomon's House rising in his republic: with what vehemence he would have ordered the brewhouses, the perfume houses, and the dispensatories to be pulled down; and with what inexorable rigor he would have driven beyond the frontier all the Fellows of the College, Merchants of Light and Depredators, Lamps and Pioneers.

To sum up the whole, we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be man. The aim of the Pla-

tonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble; but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow; but, like Acestes in Virgil, he aimed at the stars; and therefore, though there was no want of strength or skill, the shot was thrown away. His arrow was indeed followed by a track of dazzling radiance, but it struck nothing.

> Volans liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo
> Signavitque viam flammis, tenuisque recessit
> Consumta in ventos.

Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on the earth, and within bowshot, and hit it in the white. The philosophy of Plato began in words and ended in words, noble words indeed, words such as were to be expected from the finest of human intellects exercising boundless dominion over the finest of human languages. The philosophy of Bacon began in observations and ended in arts.

The boast of the ancient philosophers was that their doctrine formed the minds of men to a high degree of wisdom and virtue. This was indeed the only practical good which the most celebrated of those teachers even pretended to effect; and undoubtedly, if they had effected this, they would have deserved far higher praise than if they had discovered the most salutary medicines or constructed the most powerful machines. But the truth is that, in those very matters in which alone they professed to do any good to mankind, in those very matters for the sake of which they neglected all the vulgar interests of mankind, they did nothing, or worse than nothing. They promised what was impracticable; they despised what was practicable; they filled the world with long words and long beards; and they left it as wicked and as ignorant as they found it.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia. The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities. The wise man of the Stoics would, no doubt, be a grander object than a steam engine. But there are steam engines. And the wise man of the Stoics is yet to be born. A philosophy which should enable a man to feel perfectly happy while in agonies of pain would be better than a philosophy which assuages pain. But we know that there are remedies which will assuage pain; and we know that the ancient

sages liked the toothache just as little as their neighbors. A philosophy which should extinguish cupidity would be better than a philosophy which should devise laws for the security of property. But it is possible to make laws which shall, to a very great extent, secure property. And we do not understand how any motives which the ancient philosophy furnished could extinguish cupidity. We know indeed that the philosophers were no better than other men. From the testimony of friends as well as of foes, from the confessions of Epictetus and Seneca, as well as from the sneers of Lucian and the fierce invectives of Juvenal, it is plain that these teachers of virtue had all the vices of their neighbors, with the additional vice of hypocrisy. Some people may think the object of the Baconian philosophy a low object, but they cannot deny that, high or low, it has been attained. They cannot deny that every year makes an addition to what Bacon called "fruit." They cannot deny that mankind have made, and are making, great and constant progress in the road which he pointed out to them. Was there any such progressive movement among the ancient philosophers? After they had been declaiming eight hundred years, had they made the world better than when they began? Our belief is that, among the philosophers themselves, instead of a progressive improvement there was a progressive degeneracy. An abject superstition which Democritus or Anaxagoras would have rejected with scorn, added the last disgrace to the long dotage of the Stoic and Platonic schools. Those unsuccessful attempts to articulate which are so delightful and interesting in a child shock and disgust in an aged paralytic; and in the same way those wild and mythological fictions which charm us, when we hear them lisped by Greek poetry in its infancy, excite a mixed sensation of pity and loathing, when mumbled by Greek philosophy in its old age. We know that guns, cutlery, spyglasses, clocks, are better in our time than they were in the time of our fathers, and were better in the time of our fathers than they were in the time of our grandfathers. We might, therefore, be inclined to think that, when a philosophy which boasted that its object was the elevation and purification of the mind, and which for this object neglected the sordid office of ministering to the comforts of the body, had flourished in the highest honor during many hundreds of years, a vast moral amelioration must have taken place. Was it so? Look at the schools of this wisdom four centuries before the

Christian era and four centuries after that era. Compare the men whom those schools formed at those two periods. Compare Plato and Libanius. Compare Pericles and Julian. This philosophy confessed, nay boasted, that for every end but one it was useless. Had it attained that one end?

Suppose that Justinian, when he closed the schools of Athens, had called on the last few sages who still haunted the Portico and lingered round the ancient plane trees, to show their title to public veneration: suppose that he had said: "A thousand years have elapsed since, in this famous city, Socrates posed Protagoras and Hippias; during those thousand years a large proportion of the ablest men of every generation has been employed in constant efforts to bring to perfection the philosophy which you teach, that philosophy has been munificently patronized by the powerful; its professors have been held in the highest esteem by the public; it has drawn to itself almost all the sap and vigor of the human intellect: and what has it effected? What profitable truth has it taught us which we should not equally have known without it? What has it enabled us to do which we should not have been equally able to do without it?" Such questions, we suspect, would have puzzled Simplicius and Isidore. Ask a follower of Bacon what the new philosophy, as it was called in the time of Charles the Second, has effected for mankind, and his answer is ready: "It has lengthened life; it has migitated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendor of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all dispatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely into the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind. These are but a part of its fruits, and of its first fruits. For it is a philosophy which never rests, which has never attained, which is never perfect. Its law is progress. A point

which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting post to-morrow."

Great and various as the powers of Bacon were, he owes his wide and durable fame chiefly to this, that all those powers received their direction from common sense. His love of the vulgar useful, his strong sympathy with the popular notions of good and evil, and the openness with which he avowed that sympathy, are the secret of his influence. There was in his system no cant, no illusion. He had no anointing for broken bones, no fine theories *de finibus*, no arguments to persuade men out of their senses. He knew that men, and philosophers as well as other men, do actually love life, health, comfort, honor, security, the society of friends, and do actually dislike death, sickness, pain, poverty, disgrace, danger, separation from those to whom they are attached. He knew that religion, though it often regulates and moderates these feelings, seldom eradicates them; nor did he think it desirable for mankind that they should be eradicated. The plan of eradicating them by conceits like those of Seneca, or syllogisms like those of Chrysippus, was too preposterous to be for a moment entertained by a mind like his. He did not understand what wisdom there could be in changing names where it was impossible to change things; in denying that blindness, hunger, the gout, the rack, were evils, and calling them *ἀποπροήγμενα*; in refusing to acknowledge that health, safety, plenty, were good things, and dubbing them by the name of *ἀδιάφορα*. In his opinions on all these subjects, he was not a Stoic, nor an Epicurean, nor an Academic, but what would have been called by Stoics, Epicureans, and Academics a mere *ἰδιώτης*, a mere common man. And it was precisely because he was so that his name makes so great an era in the history of the world. It was because he dug deep that he was able to pile high. It was because, in order to lay his foundations, he went down into those parts of human nature which lie low, but which are not liable to change, that the fabric which he reared has risen to so stately an elevation, and stands with such immovable strength.

We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written, in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon should be introduced as fellow-travelers. They come to a village where the smallpox has just begun to rage, and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The Stoic

assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the smallpox, and that to a wise man disease, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapors has just killed many of those who were at work; and the survivors are afraid to venture into the cavern. The Stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere *ἀποπροήγμενον*. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel with an inestimable cargo has just gone down, and he is reduced in a moment from opulence to beggary. The Stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats the whole chapter of Epictetus *πρὸς τοὺς τὴν ἀπορίαν δεδοικότας*. The Baconian constructs a diving bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit, the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works.

A GRECIAN SUNSET.

By LORD BYRON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 555.]

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light:
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile:
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,

And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast,
When, Athens! here thy wisest breathed his last.
How watched thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murdered sage's latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still:
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seems to pour —
The land where Phœbus never frowned before:
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaffed — the spirit fled:
The soul of him who scorned to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;
No murky vapor, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
Where the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scattered dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,
And sad and somber 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, one solitary palm:
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye,
And dull were his who passed them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more from far,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war:
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mixed with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES.

B.C. 399.

(From the "Euthyphron" and the "Apology" of Plato: translated by F. J. Church.)

[PLATO, the great Greek philosopher, was born in or near Athens, B.C. 429, the year of Pericles' death. His name was Aristocles; Plato ("Broady") was a nickname, probably from his figure. He began to write poems; but after meeting Socrates at twenty he burnt them, became Socrates' disciple for ten years, and was with him at his trial and death. Afterwards he traveled widely, and settled at Athens as a teacher of philosophy; among his pupils was Aristotle. His "Dialogues" are still the noblest body of philosophical thought in existence, and of matchless literary beauty. Emerson says, "Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. . . . Plato is philosophy, and philosophy Plato."]

I.

Socrates, on the eve of his trial for impiety, wishes to show that the popular notions about piety and impiety, or holiness and unholiness, will not bear testing.

Euthyphron — What in the world are you doing here at the archon's porch, Socrates? Why have you left your haunts in the Lyceum? You surely cannot have an action before him, as I have.

Socrates — Nay, the Athenians, Euthyphron, call it a prosecution, not an action.

Euthyphron — What? Do you mean that some one is prosecuting you? I cannot believe that you are prosecuting any one yourself.

Socrates — Certainly I am not.

Euthyphron — Then is some one prosecuting you?

Socrates — Yes.

Euthyphron — Who is he?

Socrates — I scarcely know him myself, Euthyphron; I think he must be some unknown young man. His name, however, is Meletus, and his deme Pitthis, if you can call to mind any Meletus of that deme, — a hook-nosed man with long hair, and a rather scanty beard.

Euthyphron — I don't know him, Socrates. But, tell me, what is he prosecuting you for?

Socrates — What for? Not on trivial grounds, I think. It is no small thing for so young a man to have formed an opinion on such an important matter. For he, he says, knows how the

DEATH OF SOCRATES

From a painting by Jacques Louis David

young are corrupted, and who are their corrupters. He must be a wise man, who, observing my ignorance, is going to accuse me to the city, as his mother, of corrupting his friends. I think that he is the only man who begins at the right point in his political reforms: I mean whose first care is to make the young men as perfect as possible, just as a good farmer will take care of his young plants first, and, after he has done that, of the others. And so Meletus, I suppose, is first clearing us off, who, as he says, corrupt the young men as they grow up; and then, when he has done that, of course he will turn his attention to the older men, and so become a very great public benefactor. Indeed, that is only what you would expect, when he goes to work in this way.

Euthyphron — I hope it may be so, Socrates, but I have very grave doubts about it. It seems to me that in trying to injure you, he is really setting to work by striking a blow at the heart of the state. But how, tell me, does he say that you corrupt the youth?

Socrates — In a way which sounds strange at first, my friend. He says that I am a maker of gods; and so he is prosecuting me, he says, for inventing new gods, and for not believing in the old ones.

Euthyphron — I understand, Socrates. It is because you say that you always have a divine sign. So he is prosecuting you for introducing novelties into religion; and he is going into court knowing that such matters are easily misrepresented to the multitude, and consequently meaning to slander you there. Why, they laugh even me to scorn, as if I were out of my mind, when I talk about divine things in the assembly, and tell them what is going to happen: and yet I have never foretold anything which has not come true. But they are jealous of all people like us. We must not think about them: we must meet them boldly.

Socrates — My dear Euthyphron, their ridicule is not a very serious matter. The Athenians, it seems to me, may think a man to be clever without paying him much attention, so long as they do not think that he teaches his wisdom to others. But as soon as they think that he makes other people clever, they get angry, whether it be from jealousy, as you say, or for some other reason.

Euthyphron — I am not very anxious to try their disposition towards me in this matter.

Socrates — No, perhaps they think that you seldom show yourself, and that you are not anxious to teach your wisdom to others; but I fear that they may think that I am; for my love of men makes me talk to every one whom I meet quite freely and unreservedly, and without payment: indeed, if I could, I would gladly pay people myself to listen to me. If then, as I said just now, they were only going to laugh at me, as you say they do at you, it would not be at all an unpleasant way of spending the day, to spend it in court, jesting and laughing. But if they are going to be in earnest, then only prophets like you can tell where the matter will end.

Euthyphron — Well, Socrates, I dare say that nothing will come of it. Very likely you will be successful in your trial, and I think that I shall be in mine.

Socrates — And what is this suit of yours, Euthyphron? Are you suing, or being sued?

Euthyphron — I am suing.

Socrates — Whom?

Euthyphron — A man whom I am thought a maniac to be suing.

Socrates — What? Has he wings to fly away with?

Euthyphron — He is far enough from flying; he is a very old man.

Socrates — Who is he?

Euthyphron — He is my father.

[Then Euthyphron having stated that he was prosecuting his father for having murdered a slave, Socrates asks him to define holiness. Euthyphron becomes entangled, and Socrates points out that he has not answered his question. He does not want a particular example of holiness. He wants to know what that is which makes all holy actions holy. Euthyphron, at length, defines holiness as "that which is pleasing to the gods." But Socrates, by a series of apparently innocent questions, compels Euthyphron to admit the absurdity of his definition. Euthyphron has no better fortune with a second and third definition, and he passes from a state of patronizing self-complacency to one of puzzled confusion and deeply offended pride.]

Socrates — Then we must begin again, and inquire what is holiness. I do not mean to give in until I have found out. Do not deem me unworthy; give your whole mind to the question, and this time tell me the truth. For if any one

knows it, it is you ; and you are a Proteus whom I must not let go until you have told me. It cannot be that you would ever have undertaken to prosecute your aged father for the murder of a laboring man unless you had known exactly what is holiness and unholiness. You would have feared to risk the anger of the gods, in case you should be doing wrong, and you would have been afraid of what men would say. But now I am sure that you think that you know exactly what is holiness and what is not ; so tell me, my excellent Euthyphron, and do not conceal from me what you hold it to be.

Euthyphron — Another time, then, Socrates. I am in a hurry now, and it is time for me to be off.

Socrates — What are you doing, my friend! Will you go away and destroy all my hopes of learning from you what is holy and what is not, and so of escaping Meletus? I meant to explain to him that now Euthyphron has made me wise about divine things, and that I no longer in my ignorance speak rashly about them or introduce novelties in them ; and then I was going to promise him to live a better life for the future.

II.

Socrates defends himself before the Athenians.

Socrates — I cannot tell what impression my accusers have made upon you, Athenians : for my own part, I know that they nearly made me forget who I was, so plausible were they ; and yet they have scarcely uttered one single word of truth. But of all their many falsehoods, the one which astonished me most, was when they said that I was a clever speaker, and that you must be careful not to let me mislead you. I thought that it was most impudent of them not to be ashamed to talk in that way ; for as soon as I open my mouth the lie will be exposed, and I shall prove that I am not a clever speaker in any way at all : unless, indeed, by a clever speaker they mean a man who speaks the truth. If that is their meaning, I agree with them that I am a much greater orator than they. My accusers, then I repeat, have said little or nothing that is true ; but from me you shall hear the whole truth. Certainly you will not hear an elaborate speech, Athenians, drest up, like theirs, with words and phrases. I will say to you what I have to say,

without preparation, and in the words which come first, for I believe that my cause is just; so let none of you expect anything else. Indeed, my friends, it would hardly be seemly for me, at my age, to come before you like a young man with his specious falsehoods. But there is one thing, Athenians, which I do most earnestly beg and entreat of you. Do not be surprised and do not interrupt, if in my defense I speak in the same way that I am accustomed to speak in the market place, at the tables of the money changers, where many of you have heard me, and elsewhere. The truth is this. I am more than seventy years old, and this is the first time that I have ever come before a Court of Law; so your manner of speech here is quite strange to me. If I had been really a stranger, you would have forgiven me for speaking in the language and the fashion of my native country: and so now I ask you to grant me what I think I have a right to claim. Never mind the style of my speech — it may be better or it may be worse — give your whole attention to the question, Is what I say just, or is it not? That is what makes a good judge, as speaking the truth makes a good advocate.

I have to defend myself, Athenians, first against the old false charges of my old accusers, and then against the later ones of my present accusers. For many men have been accusing me to you, and for very many years, who have not uttered a word of truth: and I fear them more than I fear Anytus and his companions, formidable as they are. But, my friends, those others are still more formidable; for they got hold of most of you when you were children, and they have been more persistent in accusing me with lies, and in trying to persuade you that there is one Socrates, a wise man, who speculates about the heavens, and who examines into all things that are beneath the earth, and who can "make the worse appear the better reason."

These men, Athenians, who spread abroad this report, are the accusers whom I fear; for their hearers think that persons who pursue such inquiries never believe in the gods. And then they are many, and their attacks have been going on for a long time: and they spoke to you when you were at the age most readily to believe them: for you were all young, and many of you were children: and there was no one to answer them when they attacked me. And the most unreasonable thing of all is that commonly I do not even know their names:

I cannot tell you who they are, except in the case of the comic poets.

But all the rest who have been trying to prejudice you against me, from motives of spite and jealousy, and sometimes, it may be, from conviction, are the enemies whom it is hardest to meet. For I cannot call any one of them forward in Court, to cross-examine him: I have, as it were, simply to fight with shadows in my defense, and to put questions which there is no one to answer. I ask you, therefore, to believe that, as I say, I have been attacked by two classes of accusers — first by Meletus and his friends, and then by those older ones of whom I have spoken. And, with your leave, I will defend myself first against my old enemies; for you heard their accusations first, and they were much more persistent than my present accusers are.

Well, I must make my defense, Athenians, and try in the short time allowed me to remove the prejudice which you have had against me for a long time.

Let us begin again, then, and see what is the charge which has given rise to the prejudice against me, which was what Meletus relied on when he drew his indictment. What is the calumny which my enemies have been spreading about me? I must assume that they are formally accusing me, and read their indictment. It would run somewhat in this fashion: —

"Socrates is an evil doer, who meddles with inquiries into things beneath the earth, and in heaven, and who 'makes the worse appear the better reason,' and who teaches others these same things."

That is what they say; and in the Comedy of Aristophanes you yourselves saw a man called Socrates swinging round in a basket, and saying that he walked the air, and talking a great deal of nonsense about matters of which I understand nothing, either more or less. I do not mean to disparage that kind of knowledge, if there is any man who possesses it. I trust Meletus may never be able to prosecute me for that. But, the truth is, Athenians, I have nothing to do with these matters, and almost all of you are yourselves my witnesses of this. I beg all of you who have ever heard me converse, and they are many, to inform your neighbors and tell them if any of you have ever heard me conversing about such matters, either more or less. That will show you that the other common stories about me are as false as this one.

[He is accused of being at once a wicked sophist who exacts money for teaching and a natural philosopher. He distinguishes these characters, and shows that he is neither. He is unpopular because he has taken on himself the duty of examining men, in consequence of a certain answer given by the Delphic oracle, "that he was the wisest of men." He describes the examination of men which he undertook to test the truth of the oracle. This has gained him much hatred: men do not like to be proved ignorant when they think themselves wise, and so they call him a sophist and every kind of bad name besides, because he exposes their pretense of knowledge.]

What I have said must suffice as my defense against the charges of my first accusers. I will try next to defend myself against that "good patriot" Meletus, as he calls himself, and my later accusers. Let us assume that they are a new set of accusers, and read their indictment, as we did in the case of the others. It runs thus. He says that Socrates is an evil doer who corrupts the youth, and who does not believe in the gods whom the city believes in, but in other new divinities. Such is the charge.

Let us examine each point in it separately. Meletus says that I do wrong by corrupting the youth: but I say, Athenians, that he is doing wrong; for he is playing off a solemn jest by bringing men lightly to trial, and pretending to have a great zeal and interest in matters to which he has never given a moment's thought. And now I will try to prove to you that it is so.

Come here, Meletus. Is it not a fact that you think it very important that the younger men should be as excellent as possible?

Meletus — It is.

Socrates — Come then: tell the judges, who is it who improves them? You take so much interest in the matter that of course you know that. You are accusing me, and bringing me to trial, because, as you say, you have discovered that I am the corrupter of the youth. Come now, reveal to the judges who improves them. You see, Meletus, you have nothing to say; you are silent. But don't you think that this is a scandalous thing? Is not your silence a conclusive proof of what I say, that you have never given a moment's thought to the matter? Come, tell us, my good sir, who makes the young men better citizens?

Meletus — The laws.

Socrates — My excellent sir, that is not my question. What man improves the young, who starts with a knowledge of the laws?

Meletus — The judges here, Socrates.

Socrates — What do you mean, Meletus? Can they educate the young and improve them?

Meletus — Certainly.

Socrates — All of them? or only some of them?

Meletus — All of them.

Socrates — By Hêrê that is good news? There is a great abundance of benefactors. And do the listeners here improve them, or not?

Meletus — They do.

Socrates — And do the senators?

Meletus — Yes.

Socrates — Well then, Meletus, do the members of the Assembly corrupt the younger men? or do they again all improve them?

Meletus — They too improve them.

Socrates — Then all the Athenians, apparently, make the young into fine fellows except me, and I alone corrupt them. Is that your meaning?

Meletus — Most certainly; that is my meaning.

Socrates — You have discovered me to be a most unfortunate man. Now tell me: do you think that the same holds good in the case of horses? Does one man do them harm and every one else improve them? On the contrary, is it not one man only, or a very few — namely, those who are skilled in horses — who can improve them; while the majority of men harm them, if they use them, and have to do with them? Is it not so, Meletus, both with horses and with every other animal? Of course it is, whether you and Anytus say yes or no. And young men would certainly be very fortunate persons if only one man corrupted them, and every one else did them good. The truth is, Meletus, you prove conclusively that you have never thought about the youth in your life. It is quite clear, on your own showing, that you take no interest at all in the matters about which you are prosecuting me.

[He proves that it is absurd to say that he corrupts the young intentionally, and if he corrupts them unintentionally, the law does not call upon Meletus to prosecute him for an

involuntary fault. With regard to the charge of teaching young men not to believe in the gods of the city, he cross-examines Meletus and involves him in several contradictions.]

But in truth, Athenians, I do not think that I need say very much to prove that I have not committed the crime for which Meletus is prosecuting me. What I have said is enough to prove that. But, I repeat, it is certainly true, as I have already told you, that I have incurred much unpopularity and made many enemies. And that is what will cause my condemnation, if I am condemned; not Meletus, nor Anytus either, but the prejudice and suspicion of the multitude. They have been the destruction of many good men before me, and I think that they will be so again. There is no fear that I shall be their last victim.

Perhaps some one will say: "Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of following pursuits which are very likely now to cause your death?" I should answer him with justice, and say: "My friend, if you think that a man of any worth at all ought to reckon the chances of life and death when he acts, or that he ought to think of anything but whether he is acting rightly or wrongly, and as a good or a bad man would act, you are grievously mistaken." According to you, the demigods who died at Troy would be men of no great worth, and among them the son of Thetis, who thought nothing of danger when the alternative was disgrace. For when his mother, a goddess, addressed him, as he was burning to slay Hector, I suppose in this fashion, "My son, if thou avengest the death of thy comrade Patroclus, and slayest Hector, thou wilt die thyself, for 'Fate awaits thee straightway after Hector's death;'" he heard what she said, but he scorned danger and death; he feared much more to live a coward, and not to avenge his friend. "Let me punish the evil doer and straightway die," he said, "that I may not remain here by the beaked ships, a scorn of men, encumbering the earth." Do you suppose that he thought of danger or of death? For this, Athenians, I believe to be the truth. Wherever a man's post is, whether he has chosen it of his own will, or whether he has been placed at it by his commander, there it is his duty to remain and face the danger, without thinking of death, or of any other thing, except dishonor.

When the generals whom you chose to command me, Athenians, placed me at my post at Potidæa, and at Amphipolis, and

at Delium, I remained where they placed me, and ran the risk of death, like other men: and it would be very strange conduct on my part if I were to desert my post now from fear of death or of any other thing, when God has commanded me, as I am persuaded that he has done, to spend my life in searching for wisdom, and in examining myself and others. That would indeed be a very strange thing: and then certainly I might with justice be brought to trial for not believing in the gods: for I should be disobeying the oracle, and fearing death, and thinking myself wise, when I was not wise. For to fear death, my friends, is only to think ourselves wise, without being wise: for it is to think that we know what we do not know. For anything that men can tell, death may be the greatest good that can happen to them: but they fear it as if they knew quite well that it was the greatest of evils. And what is this but that shameful ignorance of thinking that we know what we do not know? In this matter too, my friends, perhaps I am different from the mass of mankind: and if I were to claim to be at all wiser than others, it would be because I do not think that I have any clear knowledge about the other world, when, in fact, I have none. But I do know very well that it is evil and base to do wrong, and to disobey my superior, whether he be man or god. And I will never do what I know to be evil, and shrink in fear from what, for all that I can tell, may be a good. And so, even if you acquit me now, and do not listen to Anytus' argument that, if I am to be acquitted, I ought never to have been brought to trial at all; and that, as it is, you are bound to put me to death, because, as he said, if I escape, all your children will forthwith be utterly corrupted by practicing what Socrates teaches; if you were therefore to say to me, "Socrates, this time we will not listen to Anytus: we will let you go; but on this condition, that you cease from carrying on this search of yours, and from philosophy; if you are found following those pursuits again, you shall die:" I say, if you offered to let me go on these terms, I should reply: "Athenians, I hold you in the highest regard and love; but I will obey God rather than you: and as long as I have breath and strength I will not cease from philosophy, and from exhorting you, and declaring the truth to every one of you whom I meet, saying, as I am wont, 'My excellent friend, you are a citizen of Athens, a city which is very great and very famous for wisdom and power of mind; are you not ashamed of caring so much for the making of money,

and for reputation, and for honor? Will you not think or care about wisdom, and truth, and the perfection of your soul?'"

And if he disputes my words, and says that he does care about these things, I shall not forthwith release him and go away: I shall question him and cross-examine him and test him: and if I think that he has not virtue, though he says that he has, I shall reproach him for setting the lower value on the most important things, and a higher value on those that are of less account. This I shall do to every one whom I meet, young or old, citizen or stranger: but more especially to the citizens, for they are more nearly akin to me.

For, know well, God has commanded me to do so. And I think that no better piece of fortune has ever befallen you in Athens than my service to God. For I spend my whole life in going about and persuading you all to give your first and chiefest care to the perfection of your souls, and not till you have done that to think of your bodies, or your wealth; and telling you that virtue does not come from wealth, but that wealth, and every other good thing which men have, whether in public, or in private, comes from virtue. If then I corrupt the youth by this teaching, the mischief is great: but if any man says that I teach anything else, he speaks falsely. And therefore, Athenians, I say, either listen to Anytus, or do not listen to him: either acquit me, or do not acquit me: but be sure that I shall not alter my way of life; no, not if I have to die for it many times.

[If the Athenians put him to death, they will harm themselves more than him. The city is like a great and noble horse rendered sluggish by its size and needing to be roused. He was the gadfly sent by God to attack it. He explains why he has not taken part in public life. If he had done so, he would have perished without benefiting the city, because no one could make him do wrong through fear of death. His conduct on two occasions shows this.]

Well, my friends, this, together it may be with other things of the same nature, is pretty much what I have to say in my defense. There may be some one among you who will be vexed when he remembers how, even in a less important trial than this, he prayed and entreated the judges to acquit him with many tears, and brought forward his children and many of his friends and relatives in Court, in order to appeal to your feelings; and then finds that I shall do none of these things,

though I am in what he would think the supreme danger. Perhaps he will harden himself against me when he notices this : it may make him angry, and he may give his vote in anger. If it is so with any of you — I do not suppose that it is, but in case it should be so — I think that I should answer him reasonably if I said : —

"My friend, I have kinsmen too, for, in the words of Homer, 'I am not born of stocks and stones,' but of woman ;" and so, Athenians, I have kinsmen, and I have three sons, one of them a lad, and the other two still children. Yet I will not bring any of them forward before you, and implore you to acquit me.

And why will I do none of these things? It is not from arrogance, Athenians, nor because I hold you cheap : whether or no I can face death bravely is another question : but for my own credit, and for your credit, and for the credit of our city, I do not think it well, at my age, and with my name, to do anything of that kind. Rightly or wrongly, men have made up their minds that in some way Socrates is different from the mass of mankind. And it will be a shameful thing if those of you who are thought to excel in wisdom, or in bravery, or in any other virtue, are going to act in this fashion. I have often seen men with a reputation behaving in a strange way at their trial, as if they thought it a terrible fate to be killed, and as if they expected to live forever, if you did not put them to death. Such men seem to me to bring discredit on the city : for any stranger would suppose that the best and most eminent Athenians, who are selected by their fellow-citizens to hold office, and for other honors, are no better than women. Those of you, Athenians, who have any reputation at all, ought not to do these things : and you ought not to allow us to do them : you should show that you will be much more merciless to men who make the city ridiculous by these pitiful pieces of acting, than to men who remain quiet.

But apart from the question of credit, my friends, I do not think that it is right to entreat the judge to acquit us, or to escape condemnation in that way. It is our duty to convince his mind by reason. He does not sit to give away justice to his friends, but to pronounce judgment : and he has sworn not to favor any man whom he would like to favor, but to decide questions according to law. And therefore we ought not to teach you to forswear yourselves ; and you ought not to allow

yourselves to be taught, for then neither you nor we would be acting righteously. Therefore, Athenians, do not require me to do these things, for I believe them to be neither good nor just nor holy; and, more especially, do not ask me to do them to-day, when Meletus is prosecuting me for impiety. For were I to be successful, and to prevail on you by my prayers to break your oaths, I should be clearly teaching you to believe that there are no gods; and I should be simply accusing myself by my defense of not believing in them. But, Athenians, that is very far from the truth. I do believe in the gods as no one of my accusers believes in them: and to you and to God I commit my cause to be decided as is best for you and for me.

(*He is found guilty by 281 votes to 220.*)

I am not vexed at the verdict which you have given, Athenians, for many reasons. I expected that you would find me guilty; and I am not so much surprised at that, as at the numbers of the votes. I, certainly, never thought that the majority against me would have been so narrow. But now it seems that if only thirty votes had changed sides, I should have escaped.

[Meletus proposes the penalty of death. The law allows a convicted criminal to propose an alternative penalty instead. As he is a public benefactor, Socrates thinks that he ought to have a public maintenance in the Prytaneum, like an Olympic victor. Seriously, why should he propose a penalty? He is sure that he has done no wrong. He does not know whether death is a good or an evil. Why should he propose something that he knows to be an evil? Indeed, payment of a fine would be no evil, but then he has no money to pay a fine with; perhaps he can make up one mina (about twenty dollars): that is his proposal. Or, if his friends wish it, he offers thirty minæ, and his friends will be sureties for payment.]

(*He is condemned to death.*)

You have not gained very much time, Athenians, and, as the price of it, you will have an evil name from all who wish to revile the city, and they will cast in your teeth that you put Socrates, a wise man, to death. For they will certainly call me wise, whether I am wise or not, when they want to reproach you. If you would have waited for a little while, your wishes would have been fulfilled in the course of nature; for you see

that I am an old man, far advanced in years, and near to death. I am speaking not to all of you, only to those who have voted for my death. And now I am speaking to them still. Perhaps, my friends, you think that I have been defeated because I was wanting in the arguments by which I could have persuaded you to acquit me, if, that is, I had thought it right to do or to say anything to escape punishment.

It is not so. I have been defeated because I was wanting, not in arguments, but in overboldness and effrontery: because I would not plead before you as you would have liked to hear me plead, or appeal to you with weeping and wailing, or say and do many other things, which I maintain are unworthy of me, but which you have been accustomed to from other men. But when I was defending myself, I thought that I ought not to do anything unmanly because of the danger which I ran, and I have not changed my mind now. I would very much rather defend myself as I did, and die, than as you would have had me do, and live. Both in a lawsuit, and in war, there are some things which neither I nor any other man may do in order to escape from death. In battle a man often sees that he may at least escape from death by throwing down his arms and falling on his knees before the pursuer to beg for his life. And there are many other ways of avoiding death in every danger, if a man will not scruple to say and to do anything.

But, my friends, I think that it is a much harder thing to escape from wickedness than from death; for wickedness is swifter than death. And now I, who am old and slow, have been overtaken by the slower pursuer: and my accusers, who are clever and swift, have been overtaken by the swifter pursuer, which is wickedness. And now I shall go hence, sentenced by you to death; and they will go hence, sentenced by truth to receive the penalty of wickedness and evil. And I abide by this award as well as they. Perhaps it was right for these things to be so: and I think that they are fairly measured.

And now I wish to prophesy to you, Athenians who have condemned me. For I am going to die, and that is the time when men have most prophetic power. And I prophesy to you who have sentenced me to death, that a far severer punishment than you have inflicted on me, will surely overtake you as soon as I am dead. You have done this thing, thinking that you will be relieved from having to give an account of your lives. But I

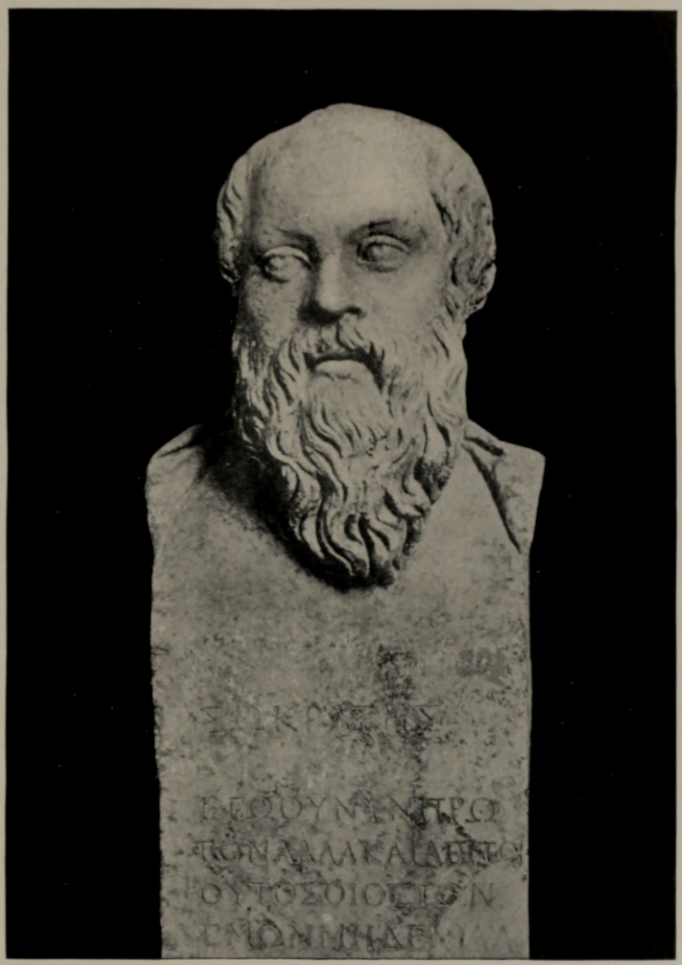
say that the result will be very different from that. There will be more men who will call you to account, whom I have held back, and whom you did not see. And they will be harder masters to you than I have been, for they will be younger, and you will be more angry with them. For if you think that you will restrain men from reproaching you for your evil lives by putting them to death, you are very much mistaken. That way of escape is hardly possible, and it is not a good one. It is much better, and much easier, not to silence reproaches, but to make yourselves as perfect as you can. This is my parting prophecy to you who have condemned me.

[Having sternly rebuked those who have condemned him, he bids those who have acquitted him to be of good cheer. No harm can come to a good man in life or in death. Death is either an eternal and dreamless sleep, wherein there is no sensation at all; or it is a journey to another and better world, where are the famous men of old. In either case it is not an evil, but a good.]

And you too, judges, must face death with a good courage, and believe this as a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life, or after death. His fortunes are not neglected by the gods; and what has come to me to-day has not come by chance. I am persuaded that it was better for me to die now, and to be released from trouble: and that was the reason why the sign never turned me back. And so I am hardly angry with my accusers, or with those who have condemned me to die. Yet it was not with this mind that they accused me and condemned me, but meaning to do me an injury. So far I may find fault with them.

Yet I have one request to make of them. When my sons grow up, visit them with punishment, my friends, and vex them in the same way that I have vexed you, if they seem to you to care for riches, or for any other thing, before virtue: and if they think that they are something, when they are nothing at all, reproach them, as I have reproached you, for not caring for what they should, and for thinking that they are great men when in fact they are worthless. And if you will do this, I myself and my sons will have received our deserts at your hands.

But now the time has come, and we must go hence; I to die, and you to live. Whether life or death is better is known to God, and to God only.



SOCRATES

ALCIBIADES' ACCOUNT OF SOCRATES.

(From Plato's "Symposium": translated by Percy Bysshe Shelley.)

[ALCIBIADES was a celebrated Athenian politician and general; born about B.C. 450. He was brought up in the house of Pericles, and lived on terms of intimacy with Socrates. A man of great personal charm and extraordinary ability, he soon became a popular leader; but being involved in a suspicion of sacrilege, fled to Sparta and then to Persia. Recalled by the Athenian populace, and intrusted with the command of their fleet, he won several important battles for them, but was superseded for a defeat of his general at Notium B.C. 407. After the fall of Athens he took refuge with the Persian satrap Pharnabazus, in Phrygia, where he was treacherously murdered B.C. 404.]

I WILL begin the praise of Socrates by comparing him to a certain statue. Perhaps he will think that this statue is introduced for the sake of ridicule, but I assure you it is necessary for the illustration of truth. I assert, then, that Socrates is exactly like those Silenuses that sit in the sculptors' shops, and which are holding carved flutes or pipes, but which when divided in two are found to contain the images of the gods. I assert that Socrates is like the satyr Marsyas. That your form and appearance are like these satyrs, I think that even you will not venture to deny; and how like you are to them in all other things, now hear. Are you not scornful and petulant? If you deny this, I will bring witnesses. Are you not a piper, and far more wonderful a one than he? For Marsyas, and whoever now pipes the music that he taught (for it was Marsyas who taught Olympus his music), enchants men through the power of the mouth. For if any musician, be he skillful or not, awakens this music, it alone enables him to retain the minds of men, and from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who are in want of the gods and initiation: you differ only from Marsyas in this circumstance, that you effect without instruments, by mere words, all that he can do. For when we hear Pericles, or any other accomplished orator, deliver a discourse, no one, as it were, cares anything about it. But when any one hears you, or even your words related by another, though ever so rude and unskillful a speaker, be that person a woman, man, or child, we are struck and retained, as it were, by the discourse clinging to our mind.

If I was not afraid that I am a great deal too drunk, I would confirm to you by an oath the strange effects which I

assure you I have suffered from his words, and suffer still; for when I hear him speak my heart leaps up far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries; my tears are poured out as he talks, a thing I have often seen happen to many others besides myself. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses, but I suffered nothing of this kind; nor was my soul ever on those occasions disturbed and filled with self-reproach, as if it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas here has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life which I lived seemed hardly worth living. Do not deny it, Socrates; for I know well that if even now I chose to listen to you, I could not resist, but should again suffer the same effects. For, my friends, he forces me to confess that while I myself am still in need of many things, I neglect my own necessities and attend to those of the Athenians. I stop my ears, therefore, as from the Sirens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him, and grow old in listening to his talk. For this man has reduced me to feel the sentiment of shame, which I imagine no one would readily believe was in me. For I feel in his presence my incapacity of refuting what he says or of refusing to do that which he directs: but when I depart from him the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape therefore and hide myself from him, and when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him ought to be done: and often and often have I wished that he were no longer to be seen among men. But if that were to happen I well know that I should suffer far greater pain; so that where I can turn, or what I can do with this man I know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr.

And observe how like he is to what I said, and what a wonderful power he possesses. Know that there is not one of you who is aware of the real nature of Socrates; but since I have begun, I will make him plain to you. You observe how passionately Socrates affects the intimacy of those who are beautiful, and how ignorant he professes himself to be, appearances in themselves excessively Silenic. This, my friends, is the external form with which, like one of the sculptured Sileni, he has clothed himself; for if you open him you will find within admirable temperance and wisdom. For he cares not

for mere beauty, but despises more than any one can imagine all external possessions, whether it be beauty, or wealth, or glory, or any other thing for which the multitude felicitates the possessor. He esteems these things, and us who honor them, as nothing, and lives among men, making all the objects of their admiration the playthings of his irony. But I know not if any one of you have ever seen the divine images which are within, when he has been opened, and is serious. I have seen them, and they are so supremely beautiful, so golden, so divine, and wonderful, that everything that Socrates commands surely ought to be obeyed, even like the voice of a god.

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At one time we were fellow-soldiers, and had our mess together in the camp before Potidæa. Socrates there overcame not only me, but every one beside, in endurance of evils: when, as often happens in a campaign, we were reduced to few provisions, there were none who could sustain hunger like Socrates; and when we had plenty, he alone seemed to enjoy our military fare. He never drank much willingly, but when he was compelled, he conquered all even in that to which he was least accustomed: and, what is most astonishing, no person ever saw Socrates drunk either then or at any other time. In the depth of winter (and the winters there are excessively rigid) he sustained calmly incredible hardships: and amongst other things, whilst the frost was intolerably severe, and no one went out of their tents, or if they went out, wrapped themselves up carefully, and put fleeces under their feet, and bound their legs with hairy skins, Socrates went out only with the same cloak on that he usually wore, and walked barefoot upon the ice: more easily, indeed, than those who had sandaled themselves so delicately: so that the soldiers thought that he did it to mock their want of fortitude. It would indeed be worth while to commemorate all that this brave man did and endured in that expedition. In one instance he was seen early in the morning, standing in one place, wrapt in meditation; and as he seemed unable to unravel the subject of his thoughts, he still continued to stand as inquiring and discussing within himself, and when noon came, the soldiers observed him, and said to one another — "Socrates has been standing there thinking, ever since the morning." At last some Ionians came to the spot, and having supped, as it was summer, they lay down to

sleep in the cool: they observed that Socrates continued to stand there the whole night until morning, and that, when the sun rose, he saluted it with a prayer and departed.

I ought not to omit what Socrates is in battle. For in that battle after which the generals decreed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone of all men was the savior of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. On that occasion I entreated the generals to decree the prize, as it was most due, to him. And this, O Socrates, you cannot deny, that when the generals, wishing to conciliate a person of my rank, desired to give me the prize, you were far more earnestly desirous than the generals that this glory should be attributed not to yourself, but me.

But to see Socrates when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delium was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that occasion I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he and Laches retreated together; I came up by chance, and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidæa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency. How superior was he to Laches in presence of mind and courage! Your representation of him on the stage, O Aristophanes, was not wholly unlike his real self on this occasion, for he walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies: so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companions thus departed in safety: for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates even in defeat.

A DIALOGUE FROM PLATO.

By AUSTIN DOBSON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 501.]

"*Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd.*"
—Claude Tillier.

I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text
Were fast a mist becoming;
In bounced a vagrant bee, perplexed,
And filled the room with humming,

Then out. The casement's leafage sways,
And, parted light, discloses
Miss Di., with hat and book,—a maze
Of muslin mixed with roses.

"You're reading Greek?" "I am—and you?"
"O, mine's a mere romancer!"
"So Plato is." "Then read him—do;
And I'll read mine in answer."

I read. "My Plato (Plato, too,—
That wisdom thus should harden!)
Declares 'blue eyes look doubly blue
Beneath a Dolly Varden.'"

She smiled. "My book in turn avers
(No author's name is stated)
That sometimes those Philosophers
Are sadly mis-translated."

"But hear,—the next's in stronger style:
The Cynic School asserted
That two red lips which part and smile
May not be controverted!"

She smiled once more—"My book, I find,
Observes some modern doctors
Would make the Cynics out a kind
Of album-verse concocters."

Then I — "Why not? 'Ephesian law,
No less than time's tradition,
Enjoined fair speech on all who saw
DIANA's apparition.'"

She blushed — this time. "If Plato's page
No wiser precept teaches,
Then I'd renounce that doubtful sage,
And walk to Burnham Beeches."

"Agreed," I said. "For Socrates
(I find he too is talking)
Thinks Learning can't remain at ease
While Beauty goes a walking."

She read no more. I leapt the sill:
The sequel's scarce essential —
Nay, more than this, I hold it still
Profoundly confidential.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE.

BY THUCYDIDES.

(Translated by Benjamin Jowett.)

DEMOSTHENES, Menander, and Euthydemus, who had gone on board the Athenian fleet to take the command, now quitted their own station, and proceeded straight to the closed mouth of the harbor, intending to force their way to the open sea where a passage was still left.

The Syracusans and their allies had already put out with nearly the same number of ships as before. A detachment of them guarded the entrance of the harbor; the remainder were disposed all round it in such a manner that they might fall on the Athenians from every side at once, and that their land forces might at the same time be able to coöperate wherever the ships retreated to the shore. Sicanus and Agatharchus commanded the Syracusan fleet, each of them a wing; Pythen and the Corinthians occupied the center. When the Athenians approached the closed mouth of the harbor the violence of their

onset overpowered the ships which were stationed there; they then attempted to loosen the fastenings. Whereupon from all sides the Syracusans and their allies came bearing down upon them, and the conflict was no longer confined to the entrance, but extended throughout the harbor. No previous engagement had been so fierce and obstinate. Great was the eagerness with which the rowers on both sides rushed upon their enemies whenever the word of command was given; and keen was the contest between the pilots as they maneuvered one against another. The marines too were full of anxiety that, when ship struck ship, the service on deck should not fall short of the rest; every one in the place assigned to him was eager to be foremost among his fellows. Many vessels meeting — and never did so many fight in so small a space, for the two fleets together amounted to nearly two hundred — they were seldom able to strike in the regular manner, because they had no opportunity of first retiring or breaking the line; they generally fouled one another as ship dashed against ship in the hurry of flight or pursuit. All the time that another vessel was bearing down, the men on deck poured showers of javelins and arrows and stones upon the enemy; and when the two closed, the marines fought hand to hand, and endeavored to board. In many places, owing to the want of room, they who had struck another found that they were struck themselves: often two or even more vessels were unavoidably entangled about one, and the pilots had to make plans of attack and defense, not against one adversary only, but against several coming from different sides. The crash of so many ships dashing one against another took away the wits of the sailors, and made it impossible to hear the boatswains, whose voices in both fleets rose high, as they gave directions to the rowers, or cheered them on in the excitement of the struggle. On the Athenian side they were shouting to their men that they must force a passage and seize the opportunity now or never of returning in safety to their native land. To the Syracusans and their allies was represented the glory of preventing the escape of their enemies, and of a victory by which every man would exalt the honor of his own city. The commanders too, when they saw any ship backing water without necessity, would call the captain by his name, and ask, of the Athenians, whether they were retreating because they expected to be more at home upon the land of their bitterest foes than upon that sea which had been their own so long; on

the Syracusan side, whether, when they knew perfectly well that the Athenians were only eager to find some means of flight, they would themselves fly from the fugitives.

While the naval engagement hung in the balance, the two armies on shore had great trial and conflict of soul. The Sicilian soldier was animated by the hope of increasing the glory which he had already won, while the invader was tormented by the fear that his fortunes might sink lower still. The last chance of the Athenians lay in their ships, and their anxiety was dreadful. The fortune of the battle varied; and it was not possible that the spectators on the shore should all receive the same impression of it. Being quite close, and having different points of view, they would some of them see their own ships victorious; their courage would then revive and they would earnestly call upon the gods not to take from them their hope of deliverance. But others, who saw their ships worsted, cried and shrieked aloud, and were by the sight alone more utterly unnerved than the defeated combatants themselves. Others again, who had fixed their gaze on some part of the struggle which was undecided, were in a state of excitement still more terrible; they kept swaying their bodies to and fro in an agony of hope and fear as the stubborn conflict went on and on; for at every instant they were all but saved or all but lost. And while the strife hung in the balance you might hear in the Athenian army at once lamentation, shouting, cries of victory or defeat, and all the various sounds which are wrung from a great host in extremity of danger. Not less agonizing were the feelings of those on board. At length the Syracusans and their allies, after a protracted struggle, put the Athenians to flight, and triumphantly bearing down upon them, and encouraging one another with loud cries and exhortations, drove them to land. Then that part of the navy which had not been taken in the deep water fell back in confusion to the shore, and the crews rushed out of the ships into the camp. And the land forces, no longer now divided in feeling, but uttering one universal groan of intolerable anguish, ran, some of them to save the ships, others to defend what remained of the wall; but the greater number began to look to themselves and to their own safety. Never had there been a greater panic in an Athenian army than at that moment. They now suffered what they had done to others at Pylos. For at Pylos the Lacedæmonians, when they saw their ships destroyed, knew

that their friends who had crossed over into the island of Sphacteria were lost with them. And so now the Athenians, after the rout of their fleet, knew that they had no hope of saving themselves by land unless events took some extraordinary turn.

Thus, after a fierce battle and a great destruction of ships and men on both sides, the Syracusans and their allies gained the victory. They gathered up the wrecks and bodies of the dead, and sailing back to the city, erected a trophy. The Athenians, overwhelmed by their misery, never so much as thought of recovering their wrecks or of asking leave to collect their dead. Their intention was to retreat that very night. Demosthenes came to Nicias and proposed that they should once more man their remaining vessels and endeavor to force the passage at daybreak, saying that they had more ships fit for service than the enemy. For the Athenian fleet still numbered sixty, but the enemy had less than fifty. Nicias approved of his proposal, and they would have manned the ships, but the sailors refused to embark; for they were paralyzed by their defeat, and had no longer any hope of succeeding. So the Athenians all made up their minds to escape by land.

Hermocrates the Syracusan suspected their intention, and dreading what might happen if their vast army, retreating by land and settling somewhere in Sicily, should choose to renew the war, he went to the authorities, and represented to them that they ought not to allow the Athenians to withdraw by night (mentioning his own suspicion of their intentions), but that all the Syracusans and their allies should march out before them, wall up the roads, and occupy the passes with a guard. They thought very much as he did, and wanted to carry out his plan, but doubted whether their men, who were too glad to repose after a great battle, and in time of festival — for there happened on that very day to be a sacrifice to Heracles — could be induced to obey. Most of them, in the exultation of victory, were drinking and keeping holiday, and at such a time how could they ever be expected to take up arms and go forth at the order of the generals? On these grounds the authorities decided that the thing was impossible. Whereupon Hermocrates himself, fearing lest the Athenians should gain a start and quietly pass the most difficult places in the night, contrived the following plan: when it was growing dark he sent certain of his own acquaintances, accompanied by a few horsemen, to the Athenian camp. They rode up within earshot, and pretending to be friends

(there were known to be men in the city who gave information to Nicias of what went on) called to some of the soldiers, and bade them tell him not to withdraw his army during the night, for the Syracusans were guarding the roads; he should make preparation at leisure and retire by day. Having delivered their message they departed, and those who had heard them informed the Athenian generals.

On receiving this message, which they supposed to be genuine, they remained during the night. And having once given up the intention of starting immediately, they decided to remain during the next day, that the soldiers might, as well as they could, put together their baggage in the most convenient form, and depart, taking with them the bare necessaries of life, but nothing else.

Meanwhile the Syracusans and Gylippus, going forth before them with their land forces, blocked the roads in the country by which the Athenians were likely to pass, guarded the fords of the rivers and streams, and posted themselves at the best points for receiving and stopping them. Their sailors rowed up to the beach and dragged away the Athenian ships. The Athenians themselves burnt a few of them, as they had intended, but the rest the Syracusans towed away, unmolested and at their leisure, from the places where they had severally run aground, and conveyed them to the city.

On the third day after the sea fight, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought that their preparations were complete, the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition; not only was there the great fact that they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights which presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread, while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living, and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and when their limbs and strength failed them and they dropped behind many were the impreca-

tions and cries which they uttered. So that the whole army was in tears, and such was their despair that they could hardly make up their minds to stir, although they were leaving an enemy's country, having suffered calamities too great for tears already, and dreading miseries yet greater in the unknown future. There was also a general feeling of shame and self-reproach, — indeed they seemed, not like an army, but like the fugitive population of a city captured after a siege ; and of a great city too. For the whole multitude who were marching together numbered not less than forty thousand. Each of them took with him anything he could carry which was likely to be of use. Even the heavy-armed and cavalry, contrary to their practice when under arms, conveyed about their persons their own food, some because they had no attendants, others because they could not trust them ; for they had long been deserting, and most of them had gone off all at once. Nor was the food which they carried sufficient ; for the supplies of the camp had failed. Their disgrace and the universality of the misery, although there might be some consolation in the very community of suffering, was nevertheless at that moment hard to bear, especially when they remembered from what pomp and splendor they had fallen into their present low estate. Never had an Hellenic army experienced such a reverse. They had come intending to enslave others, and they were going away in fear lest they would be themselves enslaved. Instead of the prayers and hymns with which they had put to sea, they were now departing amid appeals to heaven of another sort. They were no longer sailors but landsmen, depending, not upon their fleet, but upon their infantry. Yet in face of the great danger which still threatened them all these things appeared endurable.

Nicias, seeing the army disheartened at their terrible fall, went along the ranks and encouraged and consoled them as well as he could. In his fervor he raised his voice as he passed from one to another and spoke louder and louder, desiring that the benefit of his words might reach as far as possible.

"Even now, Athenians and allies, we must hope : men have been delivered out of worse straits than these, and I would not have you judge yourselves too severely on account either of the reverses which you have sustained or of your present undeserved miseries. I too am as weak as any of you ; for I am quite prostrated by my disease, as you see. And although

there was a time when I might have been thought equal to the best of you in the happiness of my private and public life, I am now in as great danger, and as much at the mercy of fortune as the meanest. Yet my days have been passed in the performance of many a religious duty, and of many a just and blameless action. Therefore my hope of the future remains unshaken, and our calamities do not appall me as they might. Who knows that they may not be lightened? For our enemies have had their full share of success, and if our expedition provoked the jealousy of any God, by this time we have been punished enough. Others ere now have attacked their neighbors; they have done as men will do, and suffered what men can bear. We may therefore begin to hope that the Gods will be more merciful to us; for we now invite their pity rather than their jealousy. And look at your own well-armed ranks; see how many brave soldiers you are, marching in solid array, and do not be dismayed; bear in mind that wherever you plant yourselves you are a city already, and that no city of Sicily will find it easy to resist your attack, or can dislodge you if you choose to settle. Provide for the safety and good order of your own march, and remember every one of you that on whatever spot a man is compelled to fight, there if he conquer he may find a home and a fortress. We must press forward day and night, for our supplies are but scanty. The Sicels, through fear of the Syracusans, still adhere to us, and if we can only reach any part of their territory we shall be among friends, and you may consider yourselves secure. We have sent to them, and they have been told to meet us and bring food. In a word, soldiers, let me tell you that you must be brave; there is no place near to which a coward can fly. And if you now escape your enemies, those of you who are not Athenians may see once more the home for which they long, while you Athenians will again rear aloft the fallen greatness of Athens. For men, and not walls or ships in which are no men, constitute a state."

Thus exhorting his troops Nicias passed through the army, and wherever he saw gaps in the ranks or the men dropping out of line, he brought them back to their proper place. Demosthenes did the same for the troops under his command, and gave them similar exhortations. The army marched disposed in a hollow oblong: the division of Nicias leading, and that of Demosthenes following; the hoplites inclosed within

their ranks the baggage bearers and the rest of the army. When they arrived at the ford of the river Anapus they found a force of the Syracusans and of their allies drawn up to meet them; these they put to flight, and getting command of the ford, proceeded on their march. The Syracusans continually harassed them, the cavalry riding alongside, and the light-armed troops hurling darts at them. On this day the Athenians proceeded about four and a half miles and encamped at a hill. On the next day they started early, and, having advanced more than two miles, descended into a level plain, and encamped. The country was inhabited, and they were desirous of obtaining food from the houses, and also water which they might carry with them, as there was little to be had for many miles in the country which lay before them. Meanwhile the Syracusans had gone on before them, and at a point where the road ascends a steep hill called the Acræan height, and there is a precipitous ravine on either side, were blocking up the pass by a wall. On the next day the Athenians advanced, although again impeded by the numbers of the enemy's cavalry who rode alongside, and of their javelin men who threw darts at them. For a long time the Athenians maintained the struggle, but at last retired to their own encampment. Their supplies were now cut off, because the horsemen circumscribed their movements.

In the morning they started early and resumed their march. They pressed onwards to the hill where the way was barred, and found in front of them the Syracusan infantry drawn up to defend the wall, in deep array, for the pass was narrow. Whereupon the Athenians advanced and assaulted the barrier; but the enemy, who were numerous and had the advantage of position, threw missiles upon them from the hill, which was steep, and so, not being able to force their way, they again retired and rested. During the conflict, as is often the case in the fall of the year, there came on a storm of rain and thunder, whereby the Athenians were yet more disheartened, for they thought that everything was conspiring to their destruction. While they were resting, Gylippus and the Syracusans dispatched a division of their army to raise a wall behind them across the road by which they had come; but the Athenians sent some of their own troops and frustrated their intention. They then retired with their whole army in the direction of the plain and passed the night. On the following day they

again advanced. The Syracusans now surrounded and attacked them on every side, and wounded many of them. If the Athenians advanced they retreated, but charged them when they retired, falling especially upon the hindermost of them, in the hope that, if they could put to flight a few at a time, they might strike a panic into the whole army. In this fashion the Athenians struggled on for a long time, and having advanced about three quarters of a mile rested in the plain. The Syracusans then left them and returned to their own encampment.

The army was now in a miserable plight, being in want of every necessary; and by the continual assaults of the enemy great numbers of the soldiers had been wounded. Nicias and Demosthenes, perceiving their condition, resolved during the night to light as many watch fires as possible and to lead off their forces. They intended to take another route and march towards the sea in the direction opposite to that from which the Syracusans were watching them. Now their whole line of march lay, not towards Catana, but towards the other side of Sicily, in the direction of Camarina and Gela, and the cities, Hellenic or Barbarian, of that region. So they lighted numerous fires and departed in the night. And then, as constantly happens in armies, especially in very great ones, and as might be expected when they were marching by night in an enemy's country, and with the enemy from whom they were flying not far off, there arose a panic among them, and they fell into confusion. The army of Nicias, which led the way, kept together, and was considerably in advance, but that of Demosthenes, which was the larger half, got severed from the other division, and marched in less order. At daybreak they succeeded in reaching the sea, and striking into the Helorine road marched along it, intending as soon as they arrived at the river Cacyparis to follow up the stream through the interior of the island. They were expecting that the Sicels for whom they had sent would meet them on this road. When they had reached the river they found there also a guard of the Syracusans cutting off the passage by a wall and palisade. They forced their way through, and crossing the river, passed on towards another river which is called the Erineus, this being the direction in which their guides led them.

When daylight broke and the Syracusans and their allies saw that the Athenians had departed, most of them thought that Gylippus had let them go on purpose, and were very

angry with him. They easily found the line of their retreat, and quickly following, came up with them about the time of the midday meal. The troops of Demosthenes were last; they were marching slowly and in disorder, not having recovered from the panic of the previous night, when they were overtaken by the Syracusans, who immediately fell upon them and fought. Separated as they were from the others, they were easily hemmed in by the Syracusan cavalry and driven into a narrow space. The division of Nicias was as much as six miles in advance, for he marched faster, thinking that their safety depended at such a time, not in remaining and fighting, if they could avoid it, but in retreating as quickly as they could, and resisting only when they were positively compelled. Demosthenes, on the other hand, who had been more incessantly harassed throughout the retreat, because marching last he was first attacked by the enemy, now, when he saw the Syracusans pursuing him, instead of pressing onward, had ranged his army in order of battle. Thus lingering he was surrounded, and he and the Athenians under his command were in the greatest danger and confusion. For they were crushed into a walled inclosure, having a road on both sides and planted thickly with olive trees, and missiles were hurled at them from all points. The Syracusans naturally preferred this mode of attack to a regular engagement. For to risk themselves against desperate men would have been only playing into the hands of the Athenians. Moreover, every one was sparing of his life; their good fortune was already assured, and they did not want to fall in the hour of victory. Even by this irregular mode of fighting they thought that they could overpower and capture the Athenians.

And so when they had gone on all day assailing them with missiles from every quarter, and saw that they were quite worn out with their wounds and all their other sufferings, Gylippus and the Syracusans made a proclamation, first of all to the islanders, that any of them who pleased might come over to them and have their freedom. But only a few cities accepted the offer. At length an agreement was made for the entire force under Demosthenes. Their arms were to be surrendered, but no one was to suffer death, either from violence or from imprisonment, or from want of the bare means of life. So they all surrendered, being in number six thousand, and gave up what money they had. This they threw into the hollows of

shields and filled four. The captives were at once taken to the city. On the same day Nicias and his division reached the river Erineus, which he crossed, and halted his army on a rising ground.

On the following day he was overtaken by the Syracusans, who told him that Demosthenes had surrendered, and bade him do the same. He, not believing them, procured a truce while he sent a horseman to go and see. Upon the return of the horseman bringing assurance of the fact, he sent a herald to Gylippus and the Syracusans, saying that he would agree, on behalf of the Athenian state, to pay the expenses which the Syracusans had incurred in the war, on condition that they should let his army go; until the money was paid he would give Athenian citizens as hostages, a man for a talent. Gylippus and the Syracusans would not accept these proposals, but attacked and surrounded this division of the army as well as the other, and hurled missiles at them from every side until the evening. They, too, were grievously in want of food and necessaries. Nevertheless they meant to wait for the dead of the night and then to proceed. They were just resuming their arms, when the Syracusans discovered them and raised the Pæan. The Athenians, perceiving that they were detected, laid down their arms again, with the exception of about three hundred men who broke through the enemy's guard and made their escape in the darkness as best they could.

When the day dawned Nicias led forward his army, and the Syracusans and the allies again assailed them on every side, hurling javelins and other missiles at them. The Athenians hurried on to the river Assinarus. They hoped to gain a little relief if they forded the river, for the mass of horsemen and other troops overwhelmed and crushed them; and they were worn out by fatigue and thirst. But no sooner did they reach the water than they lost all order and rushed in; every man was trying to cross first, and, the enemy pressing upon them at the same time, the passage of the river became hopeless. Being compelled to keep close together they fell one upon another, and trampled each other under foot: some at once perished, pierced by their own spears; others got entangled in the baggage and were carried down the stream. The Syracusans stood upon the further bank of the river, which was steep, and hurled missiles from above on the Athenians, who were huddled together in the deep bed of the stream and for the most part were drink-

ing greedily. The Peloponnesians came down the bank and slaughtered them, falling chiefly upon those who were in the river. Whereupon the water at once became foul, but was drunk all the same, although muddy and dyed with blood, and the crowd fought for it.

At last, when the dead bodies were lying in heaps one upon another in the water, and the army was utterly undone, some perishing in the river, and any who escaped being cut off by the cavalry, Nicias surrendered to Gylippus, in whom he had more confidence than in the Syracusans. He entreated him and the Lacedæmonians to do what they pleased with himself, but not to go on killing the men. So Gylippus gave the word to make prisoners. Thereupon the survivors, not including, however, a large number whom the soldiers concealed, were brought in alive. As for the three hundred who had broken through the guard in the night, the Syracusans sent in pursuit and seized them. The total of the public prisoners when collected was not great; for many were appropriated by the soldiers, and the whole of Sicily was full of them, they not having capitulated like the troops under Demosthenes. A large number also perished, — the slaughter at the river being very great, quite as great as any which took place in the Sicilian war; and not a few had fallen in the frequent attacks which were made upon the Athenians during their march. Still, many escaped, some at the time, others ran away after an interval of slavery, and all these found refuge at Catana.

The Syracusans and their allies collected their forces and returned with the spoil, and as many prisoners as they could take with them, into the city. The captive Athenians and allies they deposited in the quarries, which they thought would be the safest place of confinement. Nicias and Demosthenes they put to the sword, although against the will of Gylippus. For Gylippus thought that to carry home with him to Lacedæmon the generals of the enemy, over and above all his other successes, would be a brilliant triumph. One of them, Demosthenes, happened to be the greatest foe, and the other the greatest friend, of the Lacedæmonians, both in the same matter of Pylos and Sphacteria. For Nicias had taken up their cause, and had persuaded the Athenians to make the peace which set at liberty the prisoners taken in the island. The Lacedæmonians were grateful to him for the service, and this was the main reason why he trusted Gylippus and surrendered himself to him.

But certain Syracusans, who had been in communication with him, were afraid (such was the report) that on some suspicion of their guilt he might be put to the torture and bring trouble on them in the hour of their prosperity. Others, and especially the Corinthians, feared that, being rich, he might by bribery escape and do them further mischief. So the Syracusans gained the consent of the allies and had him executed. For these or the like reasons he suffered death. No one of the Hellenes in my time was less deserving of so miserable an end; for he lived in the practice of every virtue.

Those who were imprisoned in the quarries were at the beginning of their captivity harshly treated by the Syracusans. There were great numbers of them, and they were crowded in a deep and narrow place. At first the sun by day was still scorching and suffocating, for they had no roof over their heads, while the autumn nights were cold, and the extremes of temperature engendered violent disorders. Being cramped for room they had to do everything on the same spot. The corpses of those who died from their wounds, exposure to the weather, and the like, lay heaped one upon another. The smells were intolerable; and they were at the same time afflicted by hunger and thirst. During eight months they were allowed only about half a pint of water and a pint of food a day. Every kind of misery which could befall man in such a place befell them. This was the condition of all the captives for about ten weeks. At length the Syracusans sold them, with the exception of the Athenians and of any Sicilians or Italian Greeks who had sided with them in the war. The whole number of the public prisoners is not accurately known, but they were not less than seven thousand.

Of all the Hellenic actions which took place in this war, or indeed of all the Hellenic actions which are on record, this was the greatest — the most glorious to the victors, the most ruinous to the vanquished; for they were utterly and at all points defeated, and their sufferings were prodigious. Fleet and army perished from the face of the earth; nothing was saved, and of the many who went forth few returned home.

Thus ended the Sicilian expedition.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well-pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

1842.

THE EXPEDITION OF CYRUS.

(By Xenophon: from the "Anabasis.")

[Xenophon, the famous Greek general and historian, was born at Athens about B.C. 450. He was a pupil and friend of Socrates, whose biography he wrote in the "Memorabilia." He joined the expedition of Cyrus the Younger as a volunteer, and on the murder of the generals after the battle of Cunaxa, was made commander of the retreat, the celebrated "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." Later he served in the Spartan army and was banished by Athens; he lived some twenty years in Elis, but the time and place of his death are not known. His chief work is the "Anabasis," describing the expedition of Cyrus and the retreat. He also wrote a history of Grecian affairs, the "Hellenica"; the "Cyropædia," a pretended biography of Cyrus the Great, really an ideal dream of a boy's education and a social state; and other things.]

1. Cyrus now advanced through Arabia, having the Euphrates on his right, five days' march through the desert, a distance of thirty-five parasangs. In this region the ground was entirely a plain, level as the sea. It was covered with wormwood, and whatever other kinds of shrub or reed grew on it, were all odoriferous as perfumes. But there were no trees. 2. There were wild animals, however, of various kinds; the most numerous were wild asses; there were also many ostriches, as well as bustards and antelopes; and these animals the horsemen of the army sometimes hunted. The wild asses, when any one pursued them, would start forward a considerable distance, and then stand still (for they ran much more swiftly than the

horse); and again, when the horse approached, they did the same; and it was impossible to catch them, unless the horsemen, stationing themselves at intervals, kept up the pursuit with a succession of horses. The flesh of those that were taken resembled venison, but was more tender. 3. An ostrich no one succeeded in catching; and those horsemen who hunted that bird, soon desisted from the pursuit; for it far outstripped them in its flight, using its feet for running, and its wings, raising them like a sail. The bustards might be taken, if a person started them suddenly; for they fly but a short distance, like partridges, and soon tire. Their flesh was very delicious.

4. Marching through this region, they came to the river Mascas, the breadth of which is a plethrum. Here was a large deserted city, of which the name was Corsote, and which was entirely surrounded by the Mascas. Here they stayed three days, and furnished themselves with provisions.

5. Thence he proceeded, thirteen days' march through the desert, a distance of ninety parasangs, still keeping the Euphrates on the right, and arrived at a place called the Gates. In this march many of the beasts of burden perished of hunger; for there was neither grass, nor any sort of tree, but the whole country was completely bare. The inhabitants, who quarried and fashioned millstones near the river, took them to Babylon, and sold them, and lived upon corn which they bought with the money. 6. Corn, too, failed the army, and it was not possible to buy any, except in the Lydian market among Cyrus' Barbarian troops, where they purchased a capithe of wheat flour or barley meal for four sigli. The siglus is equivalent to seven Attic oboli and a half, and the capithe contains two Attic chœnices. The soldiers therefore lived entirely upon flesh.

7. There were some of these marches which he made extremely long, whenever he wished to get to water or forage. On one occasion, when a narrow and muddy road presented itself, almost impassable for the wagons, Cyrus halted on the spot with the most distinguished and wealthy of his train, and ordered Glus and Pigres, with a detachment of the Barbarian forces, to assist in extricating the wagons. 8. But as they appeared to him to do this too tardily, he ordered, as if in anger, the noblest Persians of his suite to assist in expediting the carriages. Then might be seen a specimen of their ready obedience; for, throwing off their purple cloaks, in the place where each happened to be standing, they rushed forward, as

one would run in a race for victory, down an extremely steep declivity, having on those rich vests which they wear, and embroidered trousers, some too with chains about their necks and bracelets on their wrists, and, leaping with these equipments straight into the mud, brought the wagons up quicker than any one would have imagined.

9. On the whole, Cyrus evidently used the greatest speed throughout the march, and made no delay, except where he halted in order to obtain a supply of provisions, or for some other necessary purpose, — thinking that the quicker he went, the more unprepared he should find the king when he engaged him, and that the more slowly he proceeded, the more numerous would be the force collected by the king. And an attentive observer might see that the empire of the king was strong indeed in extent of territory and number of inhabitants, but weak through the length of the roads, and the dispersion of its forces, if an enemy invaded it with rapid movements.

10. On the other side of the Euphrates, over against their course through the desert, was an opulent and extensive city, called Charmande ; from this place the soldiers purchased provisions, crossing the river on rafts in the following manner. They filled the skins, which they had for the coverings of their tents, with dry hay, and then closed and stitched them together, so that the water could not touch the hay. Upon these they went across, and procured necessaries, such as wine made of the fruit of the palm tree, and panic corn ; for this was most plentiful in those parts. 11. Here the soldiers of Menon and those of Clearchus falling into a dispute about something, Clearchus, judging a soldier of Menon's to be in the wrong, inflicted stripes upon him, and the man, coming to the quarters of his own troops, told his comrades what had occurred, who, when they heard it, showed great displeasure and resentment towards Clearchus. 12. On the same day, Clearchus, after going to the place where the river was crossed, and inspecting the market there, was returning on horseback to his tent through Menon's camp, with a few attendants. Cyrus had not yet arrived, but was still on his way thither. One of Menon's soldiers, who was employed in cleaving wood, when he saw Clearchus riding through the camp, threw his ax at him, but missed his aim ; another then threw a stone at him, and another, and afterwards several, a great uproar ensuing. 13. Clearchus sought refuge in his own camp, and immediately called his men to arms, order-

ing his heavy-armed troops to remain on the spot, resting their shields against their knees, while he himself, with the Thracians, and the horsemen that were in his camp, to the number of more than forty (and most of these were Thracians), bore down towards the troops of Menon, so that they and Menon himself were struck with terror, and made a general rush to their arms; while some stood still, not knowing how to act under the circumstances. 14. Proxenus happened then to be coming up behind the rest, with a body of heavy-armed men following him, and immediately led his troops into the middle space between them both, and drew them up under arms, begging Clearchus to desist from what he was doing. But Clearchus was indignant, because, when he had narrowly escaped stoning, Proxenus spoke mildly of the treatment that he had received; he accordingly desired him to stand out from between them.

15. At this juncture Cyrus came up, and inquired into the affair. He then instantly took his javelins in his hand, and rode, with such of his confidential officers as were with him, into the midst of the Greeks, and addressed them thus: 16. "Clearchus and Proxenus, and you other Greeks who are here present, you know not what you are doing. For if you engage in any contention with one another, be assured, that this very day I shall be cut off, and you also not long after me; since, if our affairs go ill, all these Barbarians, whom you see before you, will prove more dangerous enemies to us than even those who are with the king." 17. Clearchus, on hearing these remonstrances, recovered his self-possession; and both parties, desisting from the strife, deposited their arms in their respective encampments.

1. As they advanced from this place, the footsteps and dung of horses were observed, and the track was conjectured to be that of about two thousand cavalry. These, as they went before, had burnt all the fodder, and whatever else might have been of use to Cyrus. And here Orontes, a Persian, by birth connected with the king, and reckoned one of the ablest of the Persians in the field, turned traitor to Cyrus; with whom, indeed, he had previously been at strife, but had been reconciled to him. 2. He now told Cyrus, that if he would give him a thousand horse, he would either cut off, by lying in ambush, the body of cavalry that were burning all before them, or would take the greater number of them prisoners, and hin-

der them from consuming everything in their way, and prevent them from ever informing the king that they had seen the army of Cyrus. Cyrus, when he heard his proposal, thought it advantageous; and desired him to take a certain number of men from each of the different commanders.

3. Orontes, thinking that he had secured the cavalry, wrote a letter to the king, saying that he would come to him with as many horse as he could obtain; and he desired him to give directions to his own cavalry to receive him as a friend. There were also in the letter expressions reminding the king of his former friendship and fidelity to him. This letter he gave to a man, upon whom, as he believed, he could depend, but who, when he received it, carried it to Cyrus. 4. Cyrus, after reading the letter, caused Orontes to be arrested, and summoned to his own tent seven of the distinguished Persians of his staff, and desired the Greek generals to bring up a body of heavy-armed men, who should arrange themselves under arms around his tent. They did as he desired, and brought with them about three thousand heavy-armed soldiers. 5. Clearchus he called in to assist at the council, as that officer appeared, both to himself and to the rest, to be held most in honor among the Greeks. Afterwards, when Clearchus left the council, he related to his friends how the trial of Orontes was conducted; for there was no injunction of secrecy. He said that Cyrus thus opened the proceedings: —

6. "I have solicited your attendance, my friends, in order that, on consulting with you, I may do, with regard to Orontes here before you, whatever may be thought just before gods and men. In the first place, then, my father appointed him to be subject to me. And when afterwards, by the command, as he himself states, of my brother, he engaged in war against me, having possession of the citadel of Sardis, I, too, took up arms against him, and made him resolve to desist from war with me; and then I received from him, and gave him in return, the right hand of friendship. 7. And since that occurrence," he continued, "is there anything in which I have wronged you?" Orontes replied that there was not. Cyrus again asked him, "And did you not then subsequently, when, as you own yourself, you had received no injury from me, go over to the Mysians, and do all the mischief in your power to my territories?" Orontes answered in the affirmative. "And did you not then," continued Cyrus, "when you had thus again proved your strength,

come to the altar of Diana, and say that you repented, and, prevailing upon me by entreaties, give me, and receive from me in return, pledges of mutual faith?" This, too, Orontes acknowledged. 8. "What injury, then," continued Cyrus, "have you received from me, that you are now, for the third time, discovered in traitorous designs against me?" Orontes saying that he had received no injury from him, Cyrus asked him, "You confess, then, that you have acted unjustly towards me?" "I am necessitated to confess it," replied Orontes. Cyrus then again inquired, "And would you yet become an enemy to my brother, and a faithful friend to me?" Orontes answered, "Though I should become so, O Cyrus, I should no longer appear so to you." 9. On this, Cyrus said to those present, "Such are this man's deeds, and such his confessions. And now, do you first, O Clearchus, declare your opinion, whatever seems right to you." Clearchus spoke thus: "I advise that this man be put out of the way with all dispatch; that so it may be no longer necessary to be on our guard against him, but that we may have leisure, so far as he is concerned, to benefit those who are willing to be our friends." 10. In this opinion, Clearchus said, the rest concurred. Afterwards, by the direction of Cyrus, all of them, even those related to the prisoner, rising from their seats, took Orontes by the girdle, in token that he was to suffer death, when those to whom directions had been given, led him away. And when those saw him pass, who had previously been used to bow before him, they bowed before him as usual, though they knew that he was being led to execution.

11. After he had been conducted into the tent of Artapatas, the most confidential of Cyrus' scepter bearers, no one from that time ever beheld Orontes either living or dead, nor could any one say, from certain knowledge, in what manner he died. Various conjectures were made; but no burial place of him was ever seen.

1. Hence Cyrus proceeded through Babylonia, three days' march, a distance of twelve parasangs; and at the end of the third day's march, he reviewed his army, both Greeks and Barbarians, in the plain, about midnight; for he expected that with the ensuing dawn the king would come up with his army to offer him battle. He desired Clearchus to take the command of the right wing, and Menon the Thessalian that of the left, while he himself drew up his own troops.

2. After the review, at the dawn of day, some deserters from the Great King came and gave Cyrus information respecting the royal army. Cyrus, assembling the generals and captains of the Greeks, consulted with them how he should conduct the engagement, and then encouraged them with the following exhortations: 3. "It is not, O Greeks, from any want of Barbarian forces, that I take you with me as auxiliaries; but it is because I think you more efficient and valuable than a multitude of Barbarians, that I have engaged you in my service. See, then, that you prove yourself worthy of the liberty of which you are possessed, and for which I esteem you fortunate; for be well assured, that I should prefer that freedom to all that I possess, and to other possessions many times as great. 4. But, that you may know to what sort of encounter you are advancing, I from my own experience will inform you. The enemy's numbers are immense, and they make their onset with a loud shout; but if you are firm against this, I feel ashamed to think what sort of men, in other respects, you will find those in the country to be. But if you are true men, and prove yourselves stout-hearted, I will enable those of you who may wish to go home to return thither the envy of their fellow-countrymen; but I think that I shall induce most of you to prefer the advantages of remaining with me to those in your own country."

5. Upon this, Gaulites, an exile from Samos, a man in the confidence of Cyrus, being present, said, "Yet some say, O Cyrus, that you make many promises now, because you are in such a situation of approaching danger; but that if things should turn out well, you will not remember them; and some, too, say that even if you have both the memory and the will, you will not have the power of bestowing all that you promise." 6. Hearing this, Cyrus said: "We have before us, my friends, the empire that was my father's, extending, on the south, to the parts where men cannot live for heat; and on the north, to the parts where they cannot live for cold; and over all that lies between these extremes, the friends of my brother are now satraps. 7. But if we conquer, it will be proper for us to make our own friends masters of these regions. So that it is not this that I fear, that I shall not have enough to give to each of my friends, if things turn out successfully, but that I shall not have friends enough to whom I may give it. And to each of you Greeks, I will also give a golden crown."

8. The Greeks who were present, when they heard these assurances, were much encouraged, and reported what he had said to the rest. The captains, too, and some others of the Greeks, went into his tent, desiring to know for certain what would be their reward if they should be victorious; and he did not let them go without satisfying the minds of all.

9. But all who conversed with him urged him not to engage in the battle personally, but take his station behind their line. About this time, also, Clearchus put a question to Cyrus to this effect: "And do you think, Cyrus, that your brother will come to battle with you?" "By Jupiter," replied Cyrus, "if he be indeed the son of Darius and Parysatis, and my brother, I shall not gain possession of these dominions without a struggle."

10. In mustering the Greeks under arms, their numbers were found to be ten thousand four hundred heavy-armed men, and two thousand four hundred peltasts; of Barbarian troops under Cyrus, there were one hundred thousand, with about twenty chariots armed with scythes.

11. Of the enemy the number was said to be one million two hundred thousand, with two hundred scythed chariots. There were, besides, six thousand cavalry, of whom Artagerses had the command; these were drawn up in front of the king himself. 12. Of the royal army there were four commanders, or generals, or leaders, each over three hundred thousand men; that is to say, Abrocomas, Tissaphernes, Gobryas, and Arbaces. But of this number only nine hundred thousand were present at the battle, and one hundred and fifty scythed chariots; for Abrocomas, who was marching from Phœnicia, did not arrive till five days after the battle.

13. This information was brought to Cyrus by some of the enemy who deserted from the Great King before the battle: and such of the enemy as were taken prisoners after the battle gave the same account.

14. Hence Cyrus proceeded one day's march, a distance of three parasangs, with all his forces, as well Greek as Barbarian, drawn up in order of battle; for he expected that on this day the king would give him battle; as about the middle of the day's march, there was a deep trench dug, — the breadth of it was five fathoms, and the depth three. 15. This ditch extended up through the plain, to the distance of twelve parasangs, as far as the wall of Media. Here are the canals which are sup-

plied from the river Tigris; there are four of them, each a plethrum in breadth, and very deep; boats employed in conveying corn sail along them. They discharge themselves into the Euphrates, are distant from each other one parasang, and there are bridges over them. Near the Euphrates was a narrow passage between the river and the trench, about twenty feet in breadth. 16. This trench the Great King had made to serve as a defense, when he heard that Cyrus was marching against him. By this passage Cyrus and his army made their way, and got within the trench.

17. On this day the king did not come to an engagement, but there were to be seen many traces of men and horses in retreat.

18. Cyrus sent for Silanus, the Ambracian soothsayer, and gave him three thousand darics, because, on the eleventh day previous, while sacrificing, he had told Cyrus that the king would not fight for ten days, when Cyrus exclaimed, "He will not then fight at all, if he does not fight within that time; but if you shall prove to have spoken truly, I promise to give you ten talents." This money, therefore, he now paid him, the ten days having elapsed.

19. As the king made no attempt, at the trench, to prevent the passage of Cyrus' army, it was thought both by Cyrus and the rest that he had given up the intention of fighting; so that on the day following Cyrus proceeded on his march with less caution. 20. On the day succeeding that, he pursued his journey seated in his chariot, and having but a small body of troops in line before him; while the far greater part of the army observed no order on their march, and many of the soldiers' arms were carried on the wagons and beasts of burden.

1. It was now about the time of full market, and the station where he intended to halt was not far off, when Pategyas, a Persian, one of Cyrus' confidential adherents, made his appearance, riding at his utmost speed, with his horse in a sweat, and straightway called out to all whom he met, both in Persian and Greek, "that the king was approaching with a vast army, prepared as for battle." 2. Immediately great confusion ensued; for the Greeks and all the rest imagined that he would fall upon them suddenly, before they could form their ranks; 3. and Cyrus, leaping from his chariot, put on his breastplate, and mounting his horse, took his javelin in his hand, and gave orders for all the rest to arm themselves, and to take their sta-

tions each in his own place. 4. They accordingly formed with all expedition, Clearchus occupying the extremity of the right wing close to the Euphrates, Proxenus being next to him, and after him the other captains in succession. Menon and his troops occupied the left wing of the Greeks.

5. Of the Barbarian forces, about one thousand Paphlagonian cavalry were stationed near Clearchus, and the Grecian peltasts on the right; and on the left was Ariæus, Cyrus' lieutenant, with the rest of the Barbarian troops. 6. In the center was Cyrus, and with him about six hundred cavalry, the men all armed with breastplates, defenses for the thighs, and helmets, except Cyrus alone; for Cyrus presented himself for battle with his head unprotected. [It is said, too, that the other Persians expose themselves in battle with their heads uncovered.]

7. All the horses of the cavalry that were with Cyrus had defensive armor on the forehead and breast, and the horsemen had also Grecian swords.

8. It was now midday, and the enemy was not yet in sight. But when it was afternoon, there appeared a dust, like a white cloud, and not long after, a sort of blackness, extending to a great distance over the plain. Presently, as they approached nearer, brazen armor began to flash, and the spears and ranks became visible. 9. There was a body of cavalry, in white armor, on the left of the enemy's line (Tissaphernes was said to have the command of them); close by these were troops with wicker shields; and next to them, heavy-armed soldiers with long wooden shields reaching to their feet (these were said to be Egyptians); then other cavalry and bowmen. These all marched according to their nations, each nation separately in a solid oblong. 10. In front of their line, at considerable intervals from each other, were stationed the chariots called scythed chariots; they had scythes projecting obliquely from the axletree, and others under the driver's seat, pointing to the earth, for the purpose of cutting through whatever came in their way; and the design of them was to penetrate and divide the ranks of the Greeks.

11. As to what Cyrus had said, however, when, on calling together the Greeks, he exhorted them to sustain unmoved the shout of the Barbarians, he was in this respect deceived; for they now approached, not with a shout, but with all possible silence, and quietly, with an even and slow step. 12. Cyrus,

in the mean time, riding by with Pigres the interpreter, and three or four others, called out to Clearchus to lead his troops against the enemy's center, for that there was the king; "and if," said he, "we are victorious in that quarter, our object is fully accomplished." 13. But though Clearchus saw that close collection of troops in the center of the enemy's line, and heard from Cyrus that the king was beyond the left of the Greeks (for so much the superior was the king in numbers, that, while occupying the middle of his own line, he was still beyond Cyrus' left), nevertheless he was unwilling to draw off his right wing from the river, fearing lest he should be hemmed in on both sides; and in answer to Cyrus he said, "that he would take care that all should go well."

14. During this time the Barbarian army advanced with a uniform pace; and the Grecian line, still remaining in the same place, was gradually forming from those who came up from time to time. Cyrus, riding by at a moderate distance from his army, surveyed from thence both the lines, looking as well towards the enemy as to his own men. 15. Xenophon, an Athenian, perceiving him from the Grecian line, rode up to meet him and inquire whether he had any commands, when Cyrus stopped his horse, and told him, and desired him to tell everybody, that the sacrifices and the appearances of the victims were favorable. 16. As he was saying this, he heard a murmur passing through the ranks, and asked what noise that was. He answered, "that it was the watchword, passing now for the second time." At which Cyrus wondered who had given it, and asked what the word was. He replied that it was, "JUPITER THE PRESERVER and VICTORY." 17. When Cyrus heard it, "I accept it as a good omen," said he, "and let it be so." Saying this, he rode away to his own station; and the two armies were now not more than three or four stadia distant from each other, when the Greeks sang the pæan, and began to march forward to meet the enemy. 18. And as, while they proceeded, some part of their body fluctuated out of line, those who were thus left behind began to run: and at the same time, they all raised just such a shout as they usually raise to Mars, and the whole of them took to a running pace. Some say, that they made a noise with their spears against their shields, to strike terror into the horses. 19. But the Barbarians, before an arrow could reach them, gave way, and took to flight. The Greeks then pursued them with all their force, calling out to each other not

to run, but to follow in order. 20. The chariots, abandoned by their drivers, were hurried, some through the midst of the enemies themselves, and others through the midst of the Greeks. The Greeks, when they saw them coming, opened their ranks and let them pass; some few, however, were startled and caught by them, as might happen in a race course; but these, they said, suffered no material injury; nor did any other of the Greeks receive any hurt in this battle, except that, on the left of their army, a man was said to have been shot with an arrow.

21. Cyrus, though he saw the Greeks victorious, and pursuing those of the enemies who were opposed to them, and though he felt great pleasure at the sight, and was already saluted as king by those about him, was not, however, led away to join in the pursuit; but keeping the band of six hundred cavalry that were with him drawn up in close order around him, he attentively watched how the king would proceed; for he well knew that he occupied the center of the Persian army. 22. All the commanders of the Barbarians, indeed, lead their troops to battle occupying the center of their own men, thinking that they will thus be most secure, if they have the strength of their force on either side of them, and that if they have occasion to issue orders, their army will receive them in half the time. 23. On the present occasion, the king, though he occupied the center of his own army, was nevertheless beyond Cyrus' left wing. But as no enemy attacked him in front, or the troops that were drawn up before him, he began to wheel round, as if to inclose his adversaries. 24. Cyrus, in consequence, fearing that he might take the Greeks in the rear, and cut them in pieces, moved directly upon him, and charging with his six hundred horse, routed the troops that were stationed in front of the king, and put the guard of six thousand to flight, and is said to have killed with his own hand Artagerses, their commander.

25. When this flight of the enemy took place, Cyrus' six hundred became dispersed in the eagerness of pursuit, only a very few remaining with him, chiefly those who were called "partakers of his table."

26. While accompanied by these, he perceived the king and the close guard around him; when he immediately lost his self-command, and exclaiming, "I see the man," rushed upon him, struck him on the breast, and wounded him through the breastplate, as Ctesias, the physician, relates, stating that he

himself dressed the wound. 27. As Cyrus was in the act of striking, some one hit him violently with a javelin under the eye; and how many of those about the king were killed (while they thus fought, the king, and Cyrus, and their respective followers in defense of each), Ctesias relates, for he was with him; on the other side, Cyrus himself was killed, and eight of his principal officers lay dead upon his body. 28. Artapates, the most faithful servant to him of all his scepter bearers, when he saw Cyrus fall, is said to have leaped from his horse, and thrown himself upon the body of his master; 29. and some say, that the king ordered some one to kill him on the body of Cyrus; but others relate, that he drew his scimiter, and killed himself upon the body; for he had a golden scimiter by his side, and also wore a chain and bracelets, and other ornaments, like the noblest of the Persians; since he was honored by Cyrus for his attachment and fidelity to him.

1. Thus then, died Cyrus; a man who, of all the Persians since Cyrus the elder, was the most princely and most worthy of empire, as is agreed by all who appear to have had personal knowledge of him. 2. In the first place, while he was yet a boy, and when he was receiving his education with his brother and the other youths, he was thought to surpass them all in everything. 3. For all the sons of the Persian nobles are educated at the gates of the king, where they may learn many a lesson of virtuous conduct, but can see or hear nothing disgraceful. 4. Here the boys see some honored by the king, and others disgraced, and hear of them; so that in their very childhood they learn to govern and to obey.

5. Here Cyrus, first of all, showed himself most remarkable for modesty among those of his own age, and for paying more ready obedience to his elders than even those who were inferior to him in station; and next, he was noted for his fondness for horses, and for managing them in a superior manner. They found him, too, very desirous of learning, and most assiduous in practicing, the warlike exercises of archery, and hurling the javelin. 6. When it suited his age, he grew exceedingly fond of the chase, and of braving dangers in encounters with wild beasts. On one occasion, he did not shrink from a she-bear that attacked him, but, in grappling with her, was dragged from off his horse, and received some wounds, the scars of which were visible on his body, but at last killed her. The

person who first came to his assistance he made a happy man in the eyes of many.

7. When he was sent down by his father, as satrap of Lydia and Great Phrygia and Cappadocia, and also appointed commander of all the troops whose duty it is to muster in the plain of Castolus, he soon showed that if he made a league or compact with any one, or gave a promise, he deemed it of the utmost importance not to break his word. 8. Accordingly the states that were committed to his charge, as well as individuals, had the greatest confidence in him; and if any one had been his enemy, he felt secure that if Cyrus entered into a treaty with him, he should suffer no infraction of the stipulations. 9. When, therefore, he waged war against Tissaphernes, all the cities, of their own accord, chose to adhere to Cyrus in preference to Tissaphernes, except the Milesians; but they feared him, because he would not abandon the cause of the exiles; 10. for he both showed by his deeds, and declared in words, that he would never desert them, since he had once become a friend to them, not even though they should grow still fewer in number, and be in a worse condition than they were.

11. Whenever any one did him a kindness or an injury, he showed himself anxious to go beyond him in those respects; and some used to mention a wish of his, that "he desired to live long enough to outdo both those who had done him good, and those who had done him ill, in the requital that he should make." 12. Accordingly to him alone of the men of our days were so great a number of people desirous of committing the disposal of their property, their cities, and their own persons.

13. Yet no one could with truth say this of him, that he suffered the criminal or unjust to deride his authority; for he of all men inflicted punishment most unsparingly; and there were often to be seen, along the most frequented roads, men deprived of their feet, or hands, or eyes; so that in Cyrus' dominions, it was possible for any one, Greek or Barbarian, who did no wrong, to travel without fear whithersoever he pleased, and having with him whatever might suit his convenience.

14. To those who showed ability for war, it is acknowledged that he paid distinguished honor. His first war was with the Pisidians and Mysians; and, marching in person into these countries, he made those whom he saw voluntarily haz-

arding their lives in his service, governors over the territory that he subdued, and distinguished them with rewards in other ways. 15. So that the brave appeared to be the most fortunate of men, while the cowardly were deemed fit only to be their slaves. There were, therefore, great numbers of persons who voluntarily exposed themselves to danger, wherever they thought that Cyrus would become aware of their exertions.

16. With regard to justice, if any appeared to him inclined to display that virtue, he made a point of making such men richer than those who sought to profit by injustice. 17. Accordingly, while in many other respects his affairs were administered judiciously, he likewise possessed an army worthy of the name. For it was not for money that generals and captains came from foreign lands to enter into his service, but because they were persuaded that to serve Cyrus well, would be more profitable than any amount of monthly pay. 18. Besides, if any one executed his orders in a superior manner, he never suffered his diligence to go unrewarded; consequently, in every undertaking, the best-qualified officers were said to be ready to assist him.

19. If he noticed any one that was a skillful manager, with strict regard to justice, stocking the land of which he had the direction, and securing income from it, he would never take anything from such a person, but was ever ready to give him something in addition; so that men labored with cheerfulness, acquiring property with confidence, and made no concealment from Cyrus of what each possessed; for he did not appear to envy those who amassed riches openly, but to endeavor to bring into use the wealth of those who concealed it.

20. Whatever friends he made, and felt to be well-disposed to him, and considered to be capable of assisting him in anything that he might wish to accomplish, he is acknowledged by all to have been most successful in attaching them to him. 21. For, on the very same account on which he thought that he himself had need of friends, namely, that he might have coöperators in his undertakings, did he endeavor to prove an efficient assistant to his friends in whatever he perceived any of them desirous of effecting.

22. He received, for many reasons, more presents than perhaps any other single individual; and these he outdid every one else in distributing amongst his friends, having a view to the character of each, and to what he perceived each most

needed. 22. Whatever presents any one sent him of articles of personal ornament, whether for warlike accouterment, or merely for dress, concerning these, they said, he used to remark, that he could not decorate his own person with them all, but that he thought friends well equipped were the greatest ornament a man could have. 24. That he should outdo his friends, indeed, in conferring great benefits, is not at all wonderful, since he was so much more able; but, that he should surpass his friends in kind attentions, and an anxious desire to oblige, appears to me far more worthy of admiration. 25. Frequently, when he had wine served him of a peculiarly fine flavor, he would send half-emptied flagons of it to some of his friends, with a message to this effect: "Cyrus has not for some time met with pleasanter wine than this; and he has therefore sent some of it to you, and begs you will drink it to-day, with those whom you love best." 26. He would often, too, send geese partly eaten, and the halves of loaves, and other such things, desiring the bearer to say, in presenting them, "Cyrus has been delighted with these, and therefore wishes you also to taste of them."

27. Wherever provender was scarce, but he himself, from having many attendants, and from the care which he took, was able to procure some, he would send it about, and desire his friends to give that provender to the horses that carried them, so that hungry steeds might not carry his friends. 28. Whenever he rode out, and many were likely to see him, he would call to him his friends, and hold earnest conversation with them, that he might show whom he held in honor; so that, from what I have heard, I should think that no one was ever beloved by a greater number of persons, either Greeks or Barbarians. 29. Of this fact the following is a proof: that no one deserted to the king from Cyrus, though only a subject (except that Orontes attempted to do so; but he soon found the person whom he believed faithful to him, more a friend to Cyrus than to himself), while many came over to Cyrus from the king, after they became enemies to each other; and these, too, men who were greatly beloved by the king; for they felt persuaded, that if they proved themselves brave soldiers under Cyrus, they would obtain from him more adequate rewards for their services than from the king.

30. What occurred also at the time of his death, is a great proof, as well that he himself was a man of merit, as that he

could accurately distinguish such as were trustworthy, well disposed, and constant in their attachment. 31. For when he was killed, all his friends, and the partakers of his table, who were with him, fell fighting in his defense, except Ariæus, who had been posted, in command of the cavalry, on the left; and, when he learned that Cyrus had fallen in the battle, he took to flight, with all the troops which he had under his command.

THRASYMEDES AND EUNÖE.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[Walter Savage Landor: English poet and miscellaneous writer; born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, January 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864, where he had lived chiefly since 1821. His "Imaginary Conversations" fill six large volumes. His first volume of Poems was published in 1795; his last, entitled "Heroic Idylls," in 1863. The list of his writings in prose and verse is very long.]

Who will away to Athens with me? Who
Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with flowers
Unenvious? Mount the pinnace; hoist the sail,
I promise ye, as many as are here,
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard, or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Ægean isles
Poured in libation at their solemn feasts;
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,
But such as gods have lived with and have led.

The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail
Plays yonder? What pursues it? Like two hawks
Away they fly. Let us away in time
To overtake them. Are they menaces
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found
His sister borne from the Cecropion port
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

"Brother! O brother Hippias! Oh, if love,
If pity ever touched thy breast, forbear!
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone
Protecting his own head and mine from harm."
"Didst thou not once before," cried Hippias,
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath
At Thrasymedes, "didst thou not, dog-eyed,
Dare, as she walked up to the Parthenon
On the most holy of all holy days,
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss
Her maiden cheek?"

"Ay, before all the gods,
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Here,
I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity
From thy fair open brow."

The sword was up,
And yet he kissed her twice. Some god withheld
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seethed slower
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid
His hand on the white shoulder and spoke thus:—
"Ye must return with me. A second time
Offended, will our sire Peisistratos
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have asked thyself
That question ere the sail first flapt the mast."
"Already thou hast taken life from me;
Put up thy sword," said the sad youth, his eyes
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief
They sparkled with, the gods alone could see.
Peiræus they reëntered, and their ship
Drove up the little waves against the quay,
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist
Her lover dropped his arm, and blushed to think
He had retained it there, in sight of rude
Irreverent men; he led her forth nor spake.
Hippias walked silent too, until they reached
The mansion of Peisistratos, her sire.
Serenely in his sternness did the prince
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.

"Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?"
Said he. "Worse, father! worse than pirates they
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites
Twice over."

"Well hast thou performed thy duty,"
Firmly and gravely said Peisistratos.
"Nothing then, rash young man! could turn thy heart
From Eunöe my daughter?"

"Nothing, Sir,
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once
And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!"
"Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her."
"O father! Shut me in my chamber, shut me
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,
But never let me see what he can bear;
I know how much that is when borne for me."
"Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!
Before the people, and before the goddess,
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness
To poverty and exile, this my child."
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaimed: —
"I see my crime; I saw it not before.
The daughter of Peisistratos was born
Neither for exile nor for poverty,
Ah! nor for me!" He would have wept, but one
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved
Strode on, and said, "To-morrow shall the people
All who beheld thy trespasses behold
The justice of Peisistratos, the love
He bears his daughter, and the reverence
In which he holds the highest law of God."
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

DEMOSTHENES "ON THE CROWN."

[Demosthenes, the greatest orator of antiquity, the son of a rich Athenian manufacturer, was born about B.C. 385. His father dying when the boy was small, his education was neglected; but at seventeen he began to train himself in oratory, in spite of a bad stammer and weak lungs. His oratory was applied

DEMOSTHENES

partly to law cases, but also to politics, especially to opposing the attempts of Philip of Macedon to form a league against Persia under Macedonian hegemony. He failed, and was accused of cowardice, bribery, etc., by his rival Æschines, but turned the tables by his oration "On the Crown," gaining a golden crown for his political conduct and sending his rival into exile. After several ups and downs, — being once banished, but recalled with enthusiasm after Alexander's death, — he poisoned himself, B.C. 322, to avoid being delivered up to Antipater.]

The Finale.

I HOLD the fortune of our commonwealth to be good, and so I find the oracles of Dodonæan Jupiter and Pythian Apollo declaring to us. The fortune of all mankind, which now prevails, I consider cruel and dreadful: for what Greek, what barbarian, has not in these times experienced a multitude of evils? That Athens chose the noblest policy, that she fares better than those very Greeks who thought, if they abandoned us, they should abide in prosperity, I reckon as part of her good fortune: if she suffered reverses, if all happened not to us as we desired, I conceive she has had that share of the general fortune which fell to our lot. As to my fortune (personally speaking) or that of any individual among us, it should, as I conceive, be judged of in connection with personal matters. Such is my opinion upon the subject of fortune, a right and just one, as it appears to me, and I think you will agree with it. Æschines says that my individual fortune is paramount to that of the commonwealth, the small and mean to the good and great. How can this possibly be?

However, if you are determined, Æschines, to scrutinize my fortune, compare it with your own, and, if you find my fortune better than yours, cease to revile it. Look then from the very beginning. And I pray and entreat that I may not be condemned for bad taste. I don't think any person wise who insults poverty, or who prides himself on having been bred in affluence: but by the slander and malice of this cruel man I am forced into such a discussion; which I will conduct with all the moderation which circumstances allow.

I had the advantage, Æschines, in my boyhood of going to proper schools, and having such allowance as a boy should have who is to do nothing mean from indigence. Arrived at man's estate, I lived suitably to my breeding; was choir master, ship commander, ratepayer; backward in no acts of liberality public or private, but making myself useful to the commonwealth

and to my friends. When I entered upon state affairs, I chose such a line of politics, that both by my country and many people of Greece I have been crowned many times, and not even you my enemies venture to say that the line I chose was not honorable. Such then has been the fortune of my life: I could enlarge upon it, but I forbear, lest what I pride myself in should give offense.

But you, the man of dignity, who spit upon others, look what sort of fortune is yours compared with mine. As a boy you were reared in abject poverty, waiting with your father on the school, grinding the ink, sponging the benches, sweeping the room, doing the duty of a menial rather than a freeman's son. After you were grown up, you attended your mother's initiations, reading her books and helping in all the ceremonies: at night wrapping the novitiates in fawn skin, swilling, purifying, and scouring them with clay and bran, raising them after the lustration, and bidding them say, "Bad I have scaped, and better I have found;" priding yourself that no one ever howled so lustily — and I believe him! for don't suppose that he who speaks so loud is not a splendid howler! In the daytime you led your noble orgiasts, crowned with fennel and poplar, through the highways, squeezing the big-cheeked serpents, and lifting them over your head, and shouting Evœ Sabœ, and capering to the words Hyes Attes, Attes Hyes, saluted by the beldames as Leader, Conductor, Chest Bearer, Fan Bearer, and the like, getting as your reward tarts and biscuits and rolls; for which any man might well bless himself and his fortune!

When you were enrolled among your fellow-townsmen — by what means I stop not to inquire — when you were enrolled however, you immediately selected the most honorable of employments, that of clerk and assistant to our petty magistrates. From this you were removed after a while, having done yourself all that you charge others with; and then, sure enough, you disgraced not your antecedents by your subsequent life, but hiring yourself to those ranting players, as they were called, Simylus and Socrates, you acted third parts, collecting figs and grapes and olives like a fruiterer from other men's farms, and getting more from them than from the playing, in which the lives of your whole company were at stake; for there was an implacable and incessant war between them and the audience, from whom you received so many wounds, that

no wonder you taunt as cowards, people inexperienced in such encounters.

But passing over what may be imputed to poverty, I will come to the direct charges against your character. You espoused such a line of politics (when at last you thought of taking to them), that, if your country prospered, you lived the life of a hare, fearing and trembling and ever expecting to be scourged for the crimes of which your conscience accused you, though all have seen how bold you were during the misfortunes of the rest. A man who took courage at the death of a thousand citizens — what does he deserve at the hands of the living? A great deal more that I could say about him I shall omit, for it is not all I can tell of his turpitude and infamy which I ought to let slip from my tongue, but only what is not disgraceful to myself to mention.

Contrast now the circumstances of your life and mine, gently and with temper, Æschines: and then ask these people whose fortune they would each of them prefer. You taught reading, I went to school: you performed initiations, I received them: you danced in the chorus, I furnished it: you were assembly clerk, I was a speaker: you acted third parts, I heard you: you broke down, and I hissed: you have worked as a statesman for the enemy, I for my country. I pass by the rest; but this very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offense; while you are already judged to be a pettifogger, and the question is, whether you shall continue that trade, or at once be silenced by not getting a fifth part of the votes. A happy fortune, do you see, you have enjoyed, that you should denounce mine as miserable!

Come now, let me read the evidence to the jury of public services which I have performed. And by way of comparison do you recite me the verses which you murdered: —

> From Hades and the dusky realms I come.

And

> Ill news, believe me, I am loath to bear.

Ill betide thee, say I, and may the Gods, or at least the Athenians, confound thee for a vile citizen and a vile third-rate actor!

Read the evidence.

[*Evidence.*]

Such has been my character in political matters. In private, if you do not all know that I have been liberal and humane and charitable to the distressed, I am silent, I will say not a word, I will offer no evidence on the subject, either of persons whom I ransomed from the enemy, or of persons whose daughters I helped to portion, or anything of the kind. For this is my maxim. I hold that the party receiving an obligation should ever remember it, the party conferring should forget it immediately, if the one is to act with honesty, the other without meanness. To remind and speak of your own bounties is next door to reproaching. I will not act so; nothing shall induce me. Whatever my reputation is in these respects, I am content with it.

I will have done then with private topics, but say another word or two upon public. If you can mention, Æschines, a single man under the sun, whether Greek or barbarian, who has not suffered by Philip's power formerly and Alexander's now, well and good; I concede to you that my fortune, or misfortune (if you please), has been the cause of everything. But if many that never saw me or heard my voice have been grievously afflicted, not individuals only, but whole cities and nations, how much juster and fairer is it to consider that to the common fortune apparently of all men, to a tide of events overwhelming and lamentable, these disasters are to be attributed. You, disregarding all this, accuse me whose ministry has been among my countrymen, knowing all the while that a part (if not the whole) of your calumny falls upon the people, and yourself in particular. For if I assumed the sole and absolute direction of our counsels, it was open to you the other speakers to accuse me: but if you were constantly present in all the assemblies, if the state invited public discussion of what was expedient, and if these measures were then believed by all to be the best, and especially by you (for certainly from no good will did you leave me in possession of hopes and admiration and honors, all of which attended on my policy, but doubtless because you were compelled by the truth and had nothing better to advise), is it not iniquitous and monstrous to complain now of measures, than which you could suggest none better at the time?

Among all other people I find these principles in a manner defined and settled — Does a man willfully offend? He is the object of wrath and punishment. Has a man erred uninten-

tionally? There is pardon instead of punishment for him. Has a man devoted himself to what seemed for the general good, and without any fault or misconduct been in common with all disappointed of success? Such a one deserves not obloquy or reproach, but sympathy. These principles will not be found in our statutes only: Nature herself has defined them by her unwritten laws and the feelings of humanity. Æschines however has so far surpassed all men in brutality and malignity; that even things which he cited himself as misfortunes he imputes to me as crimes.

And besides — as if he himself had spoken everything with candor and good will — he told you to watch me, and mind that I did not cajole and deceive you, calling me a great orator, a juggler, a sophist, and the like: as though, if a man says of another what applies to himself, it must be true, and the hearers are not to inquire who the person is that makes the charge. Certain am I, that you are all acquainted with my opponent's character, and believe these charges to be more applicable to him than to me. And of this I am sure, that my oratory — let it be so: though indeed I find that the speaker's power depends for the most part on the hearers; for according to your reception and favor it is, that the wisdom of a speaker is esteemed — if I however possess any ability of this sort, you will find it has been exhibited always in public business on your behalf, never against you or on personal matters; whereas that of Æschines has been displayed not only in speaking for the enemy, but against all persons who ever offended or quarreled with him. It is not for justice or the good of the commonwealth that he employs it. A citizen of worth and honor should not call upon judges impaneled in the public service to gratify his anger or hatred or anything of that kind; nor should he come before you upon such grounds. The best thing is not to have these feelings; but, if it cannot be helped, they should be mitigated and restrained.

On what occasions ought an orator and statesman to be vehement? Where any of the commonwealth's main interests are in jeopardy, and he is opposed to the adversaries of the people. Those are the occasions for a generous and brave citizen. But for a person who never sought to punish me for any offense either public or private, on the state's behalf or on his own, to have got up an accusation because I am crowned and honored, and to have expended such a multitude of words

— this is a proof of personal enmity and spite and meanness, not of anything good. And then his leaving the controversy with me, and attacking the defendant, comprises everything that is base.

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention : he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and therefore has not the same expectation of safety. But — do you see? — I have : for my objects are the same with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be — when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know?

And who is it that deceives the state? Surely the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse? Surely on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with, than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the face! Do you think they don't know you? or are sunk all in such slumber and oblivion, as not to remember the speeches which you delivered in the assembly, cursing and swearing that you had nothing to do with Philip, and that I brought that charge against you out of personal enmity without foundation? No sooner came the news of the battle, than you forgot all that ; you acknowledged and avowed that between Philip and yourself there subsisted a relation of hospitality and friendship — new names these for your contract of hire. For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucothea the timbrel player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I cannot see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen : and yet, though you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile and re-

proach me for things which you will find any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

Many great and glorious enterprises has the commonwealth, Æschines, undertaken and succeeded in through me ; and she did not forget them. Here is the proof : On the election of a person to speak the funeral oration immediately after the event, you were proposed, but the people would not have you, notwithstanding your fine voice, nor Demades, though he had just made the peace, nor Hegemon, nor any other of your party — but me. And when you and Pythocles came forward in a brutal and shameful manner (O merciful heaven !), and urged the same accusations against me which you now do, and abused me, they elected me all the more. The reason — you are not ignorant of it — yet I will tell you. The Athenians knew as well the loyalty and zeal with which I conducted their affairs, as the dishonesty of you and your party ; for what you denied upon oath in our prosperity, you confessed in the misfortunes of the republic. They considered, therefore, that men who got security for their politics by the public disasters had been their enemies long before, and were then avowedly such. They thought it right also, that the person who was to speak in honor of the fallen and celebrate their valor should not have sat under the same roof or at the same table with their antagonists ; that he should not revel there and sing a pæan over the calamities of Greece in company with their murderers, and then come here and receive distinction ; that he should not with his voice act the mourner of their fate, but that he should lament over them with his heart. This they perceived in themselves and in me, but not in any of you : therefore they elected me, and not you. Nor, while the people felt thus, did the fathers and brothers of the deceased, who were chosen by the people to perform their obsequies, feel differently. For having to order the funeral banquet (according to custom) at the house of the nearest relative to the deceased, they ordered it at mine. And with reason : because, though each to his own was nearer of kin than I was, none was so near to them all collectively. He that had the deepest interest in their safety and success had upon their mournful disaster the largest share of sorrow for them all.

Read him this epitaph, which the state chose to inscribe on their monument, that you may see even by this, Æschines, what a heartless and malignant wretch you are. Read.

THE EPITAPH.

These are the patriot brave, who side by side
Stood to their arms, and dashed the foeman's pride:
Firm in their valor, prodigal of life,
Hades they chose the arbiter of strife;
That Greeks might ne'er to haughty victors bow,
Nor thraldom's yoke, nor dire oppression know;
They fought, they bled, and on their country's breast
(Such was the doom of heaven) these warriors rest.
Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain,
But man must suffer what the fates ordain.

Do you hear, Æschines, in this very inscription, that "Gods never lack success, nor strive in vain?" Not to the statesman does it ascribe the power of giving victory in battle, but to the Gods. Wherefore then, execrable man, do you reproach me with these things? Wherefore utter such language? I pray that it may fall upon the heads of you and yours.

Many other accusations and falsehoods he urged against me, O Athenians, but one thing surprised me more than all, that, when he mentioned the late misfortunes of the country, he felt not as became a well-disposed and upright citizen, he shed no tear, experienced no such emotion: with a loud voice exulting, and straining his throat, he imagined apparently that he was accusing me, while he was giving proof against himself, that our distresses touched him not in the same manner as the rest. A person who pretends, as he did, to care for the laws and constitution, ought at least to have this about him, that he grieves and rejoices for the same cause as the people, and not by his politics to be enlisted in the ranks of the enemy, as Æschines has plainly done, saying that I am the cause of all, and that the commonwealth has fallen into troubles through me, when it was not owing to my views or principles that you began to assist the Greeks; for, if you conceded this to me, that my influence caused you to resist the subjugation of Greece, it would be a higher honor than any that you have bestowed upon others. I myself would not make such an assertion — it would be doing you injustice — nor would you allow it, I am sure; and Æschines, if he acted honestly, would never, out of enmity to me, have disparaged and defamed the greatest of your glories.

But why do I censure him for this, when with calumny far

more shocking has he assailed me? He that charges me with Philippizing — O heaven and earth! — what would he not say? By Hercules and the Gods! if one had honestly to inquire, discarding all expression of spite and falsehood, who the persons really are, on whom the blame of what has happened may by common consent fairly and justly be thrown, it would be found, they are persons in the various states like Æschines, not like me — persons who, while Philip's power was feeble and exceedingly small, and we were constantly warning and exhorting and giving salutary counsel, sacrificed the general interests for the sake of selfish lucre, deceiving and corrupting their respective countrymen, until they made them slaves — Daochus, Cineas, Thrasylaus, the Thessalians; Cercidas, Hieronymus, Eucampidas, the Arcadians; Myrtis, Teledamus, Mnaseas, the Argives; Euxitheus, Cleotimus, Aristæchmus, the Elcans; Neon and Thrasylochus, sons of the accursed Philiades, the Messenians; Aristratus, Epichares, the Sicyonians; Dinarchus, Demaratus, the Corinthians; Ptœodorus, Helixus, Perilaus, the Megarians; Timolaus, Theogiton, Anemœtas, the Thebans; Hipparchus, Clitarchus, Sosistratus, the Eubœans. The day will not last me to recount the names of the traitors. All these, O Athenians, are men of the same politics in their own countries as this party among you, — profligates, and parasites, and miscreants, who have each of them crippled their fatherlands; toasted away their liberty, first to Philip and last to Alexander; who measure happiness by their belly and all that is base, while freedom and independence, which the Greeks of olden time regarded as the test and standard of well-being, they have annihilated.

Of this base and infamous conspiracy and profligacy — or rather, O Athenians, if I am to speak in earnest, of this betrayal of Grecian liberty — Athens is by all mankind acquitted, owing to my counsels; and I am acquitted by you. Then do you ask me, Æschines, for what merit I claim to be honored? I will tell you. Because, while all the statesmen in Greece, beginning with yourself, have been corrupted formerly by Philip and now by Alexander, me neither opportunity, nor fair speeches, nor large promises, nor hope, nor fear, nor anything else could tempt or induce to betray aught that I considered just and beneficial to my country. Whatever I have advised my fellow-citizens, I have never advised like you men, leaning as in a balance to the side of profit: all my proceedings have been

those of a soul upright, honest, and incorrupt: intrusted with affairs of greater magnitude than any of my contemporaries, I have administered them all honestly and faithfully. Therefore do I claim to be honored.

As to this fortification, for which you ridiculed me, of the wall and fosse, I regard them as deserving of thanks and praise, and so they are; but I place them nowhere near my acts of administration. Not with stones nor with bricks did I fortify Athens: nor is this the ministry on which I most pride myself. Would you view my fortifications aright, you will find arms, and states, and posts, and harbors, and galleys, and horses, and men for their defense. These are the bulwarks with which I protected Attica, as far as was possible by human wisdom; with these I fortified our territory, not the circle of Piræus or the city. Nay, more: I was not beaten by Philip in estimates or preparations; far from it; but the generals and forces of the allies were overcome by his fortune. Where are the proofs of this? They are plain and evident. Consider.

What was the course becoming a loyal citizen — a statesman serving his country with all possible forethought and zeal and fidelity? Should he not have covered Attica on the seaboard with Eubœa, on the midland frontier with Bœotia, on the Peloponnesian with the people of that confine? Should he not have provided for the conveyance of corn along a friendly coast all the way to Piræus? preserved certain places that belonged to us by sending off succors, and by advising and moving accordingly, — Proconnesus, Chersonesus, Tenedos? brought others into alliance and confederacy with us, — Byzantium, Abydus, Eubœa? — cut off the principal resources of the enemy, and supplied what the commonwealth was deficient in? All this has been accomplished by my decrees and measures; and whoever will examine them without prejudice, men of Athens, will find they were rightly planned and faithfully executed; that none of the proper seasons were lost or missed or thrown away by me, nothing which depended on one man's ability and prudence was neglected. But if the power of some deity or of fortune, or the worthlessness of commanders, or the wickedness of you that betrayed your countries, or all these things together, injured and eventually ruined our cause, of what is Demosthenes guilty? Had there in each of the Greek cities been one such man as I was in my station among you; or rather, had Thessaly possessed one single man, and

Arcadia one, of the same sentiments as myself, none of the Greeks either beyond or within Thermopylæ would have suffered their present calamities; all would have been free and independent, living prosperously in their own countries with perfect safety and security, thankful to you and the rest of the Athenians for such manifold blessings through me.

To show you that I greatly understate my services for fear of giving offense, here — read me this — the list of auxiliaries procured by my decrees.

[*The list of auxiliaries.*]

These and the like measures, Æschines, are what become an honorable citizen (by their success — O earth and heaven! — we should have been the greatest of people incontestably, and deserved to be so: even under their failure the result is glory, and no one blames Athens or her policy: all condemn fortune that so ordered things): but never will he desert the interests of the commonwealth, nor hire himself to her adversaries, and study the enemy's advantage instead of his country's; nor on a man who has courage to advise and propose measures worthy of the state, and resolution to persevere in them, will he cast an evil eye, and, if any one privately offends him, remember and treasure it up; no, nor keep himself in a criminal and treacherous retirement, as you so often do. There is indeed a retirement just and beneficial to the state, such as you, the bulk of my countrymen, innocently enjoy: that however is not the retirement of Æschines; far from it. Withdrawing himself from public life when he pleases (and that is often), he watches for the moment when you are tired of a constant speaker, or when some reverse of fortune has befallen you, or anything untoward has happened (and many are the casualties of human life): at such a crisis he springs up an orator, rising from his retreat like a wind; in full voice, with words and phrases collected, he rolls them out audibly and breathlessly, to no advantage or good purpose whatsoever, but to the detriment of some or other of his fellow-citizens and to the general disgrace.

Yet from this labor and diligence, Æschines, if it proceeded from an honest heart, solicitous for your country's welfare, the fruits should have been rich and noble and profitable to all — alliances of states, supplies of money, conveniences of commerce, enactment of useful laws, opposition to our declared

enemies. All such things were looked for in former times; and many opportunities did the past afford for a good man and true to show himself; during which time you are nowhere to be found, neither first, second, third, fourth, fifth, nor sixth — not in any rank at all — certainly on no service by which your country was exalted. For what alliance has come to the state by your procurement? What succors, what acquisition of good will or credit? What embassy or agency is there of yours, by which the reputation of the country has been increased? What concern domestic, Hellenic, or foreign, of which you have had the management, has improved under it? What galleys? what ammunition? what arsenals? what repair of walls? what cavalry? What in the world are you good for? What assistance in money have you ever given, either to the rich or the poor, out of public spirit or liberality? None. But, good sir, if there is nothing of this, there is at all events zeal and loyalty. Where? when? You infamous fellow! Even at a time when all who ever spoke upon the platform gave something for the public safety, and last Aristonicus gave the sum which he had amassed to retrieve his franchise, you neither came forward nor contributed a mite — not from inability — no! for you have inherited above five talents from Philo, your wife's father, and you had a subscription of two talents from the chairmen of the Boards for what you did to cut up the navy law. But, that I may not go from one thing to another and lose sight of the question, I pass this by. That it was not poverty prevented your contributing, already appears: it was, in fact, your anxiety to do nothing against those to whom your political life is subservient. On what occasions then do you show your spirit? When do you shine out? When aught is to be spoken against your countrymen! — then it is you are splendid in voice, perfect in memory, an admirable actor, a tragic Theocrines.

You mention the good men of olden times; and you are right so to do. Yet it is hardly fair, O Athenians, that he should get the advantage of that respect which you have for the dead, to compare and contrast me with them, — me who am living among you; for what mortal is ignorant that toward the living there exists always more or less of ill will, whereas the dead are no longer hated even by an enemy? Such being human nature, am I to be tried and judged by the standard of my predecessors? Heaven forbid! It is not just or equitable,

Æschines. Let me be compared with you, or any persons you like of your party who are still alive. And consider this — whether it is more honorable and better for the state, that because of the services of a former age, prodigious though they are beyond all power of expression, those of the present generation should be unrequited and spurned, or that all who give proof of their good intentions should have their share of honor and regard from the people? Yet indeed — if I must say so much — my politics and principles, if considered fairly, will be found to resemble those of the illustrious ancients, and to have had the same objects in view, while yours resemble those of their calumniators; for it is certain there were persons in those times, who ran down the living, and praised people dead and gone, with a malignant purpose like yourself.

You say that I am nothing like the ancients. Are you like them, Æschines? Is your brother, or any of our speakers? I assert that none is. But pray, my good fellow (that I may give you no other name), try the living with the living and with his competitors, as you would in all cases — poets, dancers, athletes. Philammon did not, because he was inferior to Glaucus of Carystus and some other champions of a bygone age, depart uncrowned from Olympia, but, because he beat all who entered the ring against him, was crowned and proclaimed conqueror. So I ask you to compare me with the orators of the day, with yourself, with any one you like: I yield to none. When the commonwealth was at liberty to choose for her advantage, and patriotism was a matter of emulation, I showed myself a better counselor than any, and every act of state was pursuant to my decrees and laws and negotiations: none of your party was to be seen, unless you had to do the Athenians a mischief. After that lamentable occurrence, when there was a call no longer for advisers, but for persons obedient to command, persons ready to be hired against their country and willing to flatter strangers, then all of you were in occupation, grand people with splendid equipages; I was powerless, I confess, though more attached to my countrymen than you.

Two things, men of Athens, are characteristic of a well-disposed citizen — so may I speak of myself and give the least offense: In authority, his constant aim should be the dignity and preëminence of the commonwealth; in all times and circumstances his spirit should be loyal. This depends upon nature; power and might upon other things. Such a spirit,

you will find, I have ever sincerely cherished. Only see. When my person was demanded — when they brought Amphictyonic suits against me — when they menaced — when they promised — when they set these miscreants like wild beasts upon me — never in any way have I abandoned my affection for you. From the very beginning I chose an honest and straightforward course in politics, to support the honor, the power, the glory of my fatherland, these to exalt, in these to have my being. I do not walk about the market place gay and cheerful because the stranger has prospered, holding out my right hand and congratulating those who I think will report it yonder, and on any news of our own success shudder and groan and stoop to the earth, like these impious men, who rail at Athens, as if in so doing they did not rail at themselves; who look abroad, and if the foreigner thrives by the distresses of Greece, are thankful for it, and say we should keep him so thriving to all time.

Never, O ye Gods, may those wishes be confirmed by you
If possible, inspire even in these men a better sense and feeling
But if they are indeed incurable, destroy them by themselves;
exterminate them on land and sea; and for the rest of us, grant that we may speedily be released from our present fears, and enjoy a lasting deliverance!

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

By JOHN KEATS.

[John Keats: An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795; died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821. His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but is incoherent. Its great promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St. Agnes," etc. The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878; his "Letters to his Family and Friends," in 1891.]

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape

John Keats.

Letter to his sister Fanny Keats, afterwards Señora Llanos, at the beginning of his last illness, with mention of his Poems "Hyperion," "Lamia," etc., then just published. Written at Wentworth Place, with postmark 14 Aug., 1820.

staying a short time with Mrs Browne who lives in the House which was Mrs Dilke's. I am exceedingly nervous. a person I am not quite used to entering the room half shocks me. I is not yet Consumption I believe, but it would be were I to remain in this climate all the Winter. so I am thinking of either going

you must hope with me & time and health will pro you some more. This is the first morning I have been able to sit to the paper and have many Letters to write if I can manage them. God bless you my dear Sister.

Your affectionate Brother

John.

day I received an invitation.
from Mr Shelley, a Gentleman
residing at Pisa, to spend the
Winter with him if I go I must
be away in a Month or even
less. I am glad you like the Poems

JOHN KEATS, 1820

BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS. 34,019, f, 81

Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ALEXANDER AT HIS BEST AND WORST.

By PLUTARCH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 558.]

DARIUS wrote him a letter, and sent friends to intercede with him, requesting him to accept as a ransom of his captives the sum of a thousand talents, and offering him in exchange for his amity and alliance all the countries on this side the river Euphrates, together with one of his daughters in marriage. These propositions he communicated to his friends, and when Parmenio told him, that for his part, if he were Alexander, he should readily embrace them, "So would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." Accordingly, his answer to Darius was, that if he would come and yield himself up into his power, he would treat him with all possible kindness; if not, he was resolved immediately to go himself and seek him. But the death of Darius' wife in childbirth made him soon after regret one part of his answer, and he showed evident marks of grief at being thus deprived of a further opportunity of exercising his clemency and good nature, which he manifested, however, as far as he could, by giving her a most sumptuous funeral.

Among the eunuchs who waited in the queen's chamber, and were taken prisoners with the women, there was one Tireus, who, getting out of the camp, fled away on horseback to Darius, to inform him of his wife's death. He, when he heard it, beating his head, and bursting into tears and lamentations, said: "Alas! how great is the calamity of the Persians! Was it not enough that their king's consort and sister was a prisoner in her lifetime, but she must, now she is dead, also be but meanly and obscurely buried?" "O king," replied the eunuch, "as to her funeral rites, or any respect or honor that should have been shown in them, you have not the least reason to accuse the ill fortune of your country; for to my knowledge neither

your queen Statira when alive, nor your mother, nor children, wanted anything of their former happy condition, unless it were the light of your countenance, which I doubt not but the lord Oromasdes will yet restore to its former glory. And after her decease, I assure you, she had not only all due funeral ornaments, but was honored also with the tears of your very enemies; for Alexander is as gentle after victory, as he is terrible in the field."

At the hearing of these words, such was the grief and emotion of Darius' mind, that they carried him into extravagant suspicions; and taking Tireus aside into a more private part of his tent, "Unless thou likewise," said he to him, "hast deserted me, together with the good fortune of Persia, and art become a Macedonian in thy heart; if thou yet ownest me for thy master Darius, tell me, I charge thee, by the veneration thou payest the light of Mithras, and this right hand of thy king, do I not lament the least of Statira's misfortunes in her captivity and death? Have I not suffered something more injurious and deplorable in her lifetime? And had I not been miserable with less dishonor, if I had met with a more severe and inhuman enemy? For how is it possible a young man as he is should treat the wife of his opponent with so much distinction, were it not from some motive that does me disgrace?"

Whilst he was yet speaking, Tireus threw himself at his feet, and besought him neither to wrong Alexander so much, nor his dead wife and sister, as to give utterance to any such thoughts, which deprived him of the greatest consolation left him in his adversity, the belief that he was overcome by a man whose virtues raised him above human nature; that he ought to look upon Alexander with love and admiration, who had given no less proofs of his continence towards the Persian women, than of his valor among the men. The eunuch confirmed all he said with solemn and dreadful oaths, and was further enlarging upon Alexander's moderation and magnanimity on other occasions, when Darius, breaking away from him into the other division of the tent, where his friends and courtiers were, lifted up his hands to heaven, and uttered this prayer: "Ye gods," said he, "of my family, and of my kingdom, if it be possible, I beseech you to restore the declining affairs of Persia, that I may leave them in as flourishing a condition as I found them, and have it in my power to make a grateful return to Alexander for the kindness which in my adversity he has

shown to those who are dearest to me. But if, indeed, the fatal time be come, which is to give a period to the Persian monarchy, if our ruin be a debt that must be paid to the divine jealousy and the vicissitude of things, then I beseech you grant that no other man but Alexander may sit upon the throne of Cyrus." Such is the narrative given by the greater number of the historians.

But to return to Alexander. After he had reduced all Asia on this side the Euphrates, he advanced towards Darius, who was coming down against him with a million of men. In his march a very ridiculous passage happened. The servants who followed the camp for sport's sake divided themselves into two parties, and named the commander of one of them Alexander, and the other Darius. At first they only pelted one another with clods of earth, but presently took to their fists, and at last, heated with contention, they fought in good earnest with stones and clubs, so that they had much ado to part them; till Alexander, upon hearing of it, ordered the two captains to decide the quarrel by single combat, and armed him who bore his name himself, while Philotas did the same to him who represented Darius. The whole army were spectators of this encounter, willing from the event of it to derive an omen of their own future success. After they had fought stoutly a pretty long while, at last he who was called Alexander had the better, and for a reward of his prowess had twelve villages given him, with leave to wear the Persian dress. So we are told by Eratosthenes.

But the great battle of all that was fought with Darius was not, as most writers tell us, at Arbela, but at Gaugamela, which, in their language, signifies the camel's house, forasmuch as one of their ancient kings having escaped the pursuit of his enemies on a swift camel, in gratitude to his beast, settled him at this place, with an allowance of certain villages and rents for his maintenance. It came to pass that in the month Boëdromion, about the beginning of the feast of Mysteries at Athens, there was an eclipse of the moon, the eleventh night after which, the two armies being now in view of one another, Darius kept his men in arms, and by torchlight took a general review of them. But Alexander, while his soldiers slept, spent the night before his tent with his diviner, Aristander, performing certain mysterious ceremonies, and sacrificing to the god Fear. In the mean while the oldest of his commanders, and

chiefly Parmenio, when they beheld all the plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan mountains shining with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians, and heard the uncertain and confused sounds of voices out of their camp, like the distant roaring of a vast ocean, were so amazed at the thoughts of such a multitude, that after some conference among themselves, they concluded it an enterprise too difficult and hazardous for them to engage so numerous an enemy in the day, and therefore meeting the king as he came from sacrificing, besought him to attack Darius by night, that the darkness might conceal the danger of the ensuing battle. To this he gave them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory," which though some at the time thought a boyish and inconsiderate speech, as if he played with danger, others, however, regarded as an evidence that he confided in his present condition, and acted on a true judgment of the future, not wishing to leave Darius, in case he were worsted, the pretext of trying his fortune again, which he might suppose himself to have, if he could impute his overthrow to the disadvantage of the night, as he did before to the mountains, the narrow passages, and the sea. For while he had such numerous forces and large dominions still remaining, it was not any want of men or arms that could induce him to give up the war, but only the loss of all courage and hope upon the conviction of an undeniable and manifest defeat.

After they were gone from him with this answer, he laid himself down in his tent and slept the rest of the night more soundly than was usual with him, to the astonishment of the commanders, who came to him early in the morning, and were fain themselves to give order that the soldiers should breakfast. But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside, and called him twice or thrice by his name, till he waked him, and then asked him how it was possible, when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep as soundly as if he were already victorious. "And are we not so, indeed," replied Alexander, smiling, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius through a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?"

And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger, he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence. For the battle for

some time fluctuated and was dubious. The left wing, where Parmenio commanded, was so impetuously charged by the Bactrian horse that it was disordered and forced to give ground, at the same time that Mazæus had sent a detachment round about to fall upon those who guarded the baggage, which so disturbed Parmenio, that he sent messengers to acquaint Alexander that the camp and baggage would be all lost unless he immediately relieved the rear by a considerable reinforcement drawn out of the front. This message being brought him just as he was giving the signal to those about him for the onset, he bade them tell Parmenio that he must have surely lost the use of his reason, and had forgotten, in his alarm, that soldiers, if victorious, become masters of their enemies' baggage; and if defeated, instead of taking care of their wealth or their slaves, have nothing more to do but to fight gallantly and die with honor. When he had said this, he put on his helmet, having the rest of his arms on before he came out of his tent, which were a coat of the Sicilian make, girt close about him, and over that a breast piece of thickly quilted linen, which was taken among other booty at the battle of Issus. The helmet, which was made by Theophilus, though of iron, was so well wrought and polished, that it was as bright as the most refined silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, which was the weapon he most used in fight, was given him by the king of the Citieans, and was of an admirable temper and lightness. The belt which he also wore in all engagements was of much richer workmanship than the rest of his armor. It was a work of the ancient Helicon, and had been presented to him by the Rhodians, as a mark of their respect for him. So long as he was engaged in drawing up his men, or riding about to give orders or directions, or to view them, he spared Bucephalus, who was now growing old, and made use of another horse; but when he was actually to fight, he sent for him again, and as soon as he was mounted, commenced the attack.

He made the longest address that day to the Thessalians and other Greeks, who answered him with loud shouts, desiring him to lead them on against the barbarians, upon which he shifted his javelin into his left hand, and with his right lifted up towards heaven, besought the gods, as Callisthenes tells us, that if he was of a truth the son of Jupiter, they would be pleased to assist and strengthen the Grecians. At the same time the

augur Aristander, who had a white mantle about him, and a crown of gold on his head, rode by and showed them an eagle that soared just over Alexander and directed his flight towards the enemy ; which so animated the beholders, that after mutual encouragements and exhortations, the horse charged at full speed, and were followed in a mass by the whole phalanx of the foot. But before they could well come to blows with the first ranks, the barbarians shrank back, and were hotly pursued by Alexander, who drove those that fled before him into the middle of the battle, where Darius himself was in person, whom he saw from a distance over the foremost ranks, conspicuous in the midst of his life guard, a tall and fine-looking man, drawn in a lofty chariot, defended by an abundance of the best horse, who stood close in order about it ready to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach was so terrible, forcing those who gave back upon those who yet maintained their ground, that he beat down and dispersed them almost all. Only a few of the bravest and valiantest opposed the pursuit, who were slain in their king's presence, falling in heaps upon one another, and in the very pangs of death striving to catch hold of the horses.

Darius now seeing all was lost, that those who were placed in front to defend him were broken and beaten back upon him, that he could not turn or disengage his chariot without great difficulty, the wheels being clogged and entangled among the dead bodies, which lay in such heaps as not only stopped, but almost covered the horses, and made them rear and grow so unruly that the frightened charioteer could govern them no longer, in this extremity was glad to quit his chariot and his arms, and mounting, it is said, upon a mare that had been taken from her foal, betook himself to flight. But he had not escaped so either, if Parmenio had not sent fresh messengers to Alexander, to desire him to return and assist him against a considerable body of the enemy which yet stood together and would not give ground. For, indeed, Parmenio is on all hands accused of having been sluggish and unserviceable in this battle, whether age had impaired his courage, or that, as Callisthenes says, he secretly disliked and envied Alexander's growing greatness. Alexander, though he was not a little vexed to be so recalled and hindered from pursuing his victory, yet concealed the true reason from his men, and causing a retreat to be sounded, as if it were too late to continue the execution any longer, marched back towards the place of danger, and by the

way met with the news of the enemy's total overthrow and flight.

This battle being thus over, seemed to put a period to the Persian empire ; and Alexander, who was now proclaimed king of Asia, returned thanks to the gods in magnificent sacrifices, and rewarded his friends and followers with great sums of money, and places, and governments of provinces. And eager to gain honor with the Grecians, he wrote to them that he would have all tyrannies abolished, that they might live free according to their own laws, and specially to the Platæans, that their city should be rebuilt, because their ancestors had permitted their countrymen of old to make their territory the seat of the war, when they fought with the barbarians for their common liberty. He sent also part of the spoils into Italy, to the Crotoniats, to honor the zeal and courage of their citizen Phayllus, the wrestler, who, in the Median war, when the other Grecian colonies in Italy disowned Greece, that he might have a share in the danger, joined the fleet at Salamis, with a vessel set forth at his own charge. So affectionate was Alexander to all kind of virtue, and so desirous to preserve the memory of laudable actions.

In this place [Susa] he took up his winter quarters, and stayed four months to refresh his soldiers. It is related that the first time he sat on the royal throne of Persia under the canopy of gold, Demaratus the Corinthian, who was much attached to him and had been one of his father's friends, wept, in an old man's manner, and deplored the misfortune of those Greeks whom death had deprived of the satisfaction of seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius.

From hence designing to march against Darius, before he set out, he diverted himself with his officers at an entertainment of drinking and other pastimes, and indulged so far as to let every one's mistress sit by and drink with them. The most celebrated of them was Thais, an Athenian, mistress of Ptolemy, who was afterwards king of Egypt. She, partly as a sort of well-turned compliment to Alexander, partly out of sport, as the drinking went on, at last was carried so far as to utter a saying, not misbecoming her native country's character, though somewhat too lofty for her own condition. She said it was indeed some recompense for the toils she had undergone in following the camp all over Asia, that she was that day treated in, and could insult over, the stately palace of the Persian monarchs. But, she added, it would please her much better if,

while the king looked on, she might in sport, with her own hands, set fire to the court of that Xerxes who reduced the city of Athens to ashes, that it might be recorded to posterity that the women who followed Alexander had taken a severer revenge on the Persians for the sufferings and affronts of Greece, than all the famed commanders had been able to do by sea or land. What she said was received with such universal liking and murmurs of applause, and so seconded by the encouragement and eagerness of the company, that the king himself, persuaded to be of the party, started from his seat, and with a chaplet of flowers on his head and a lighted torch in his hand led them the way, while they went after him in a riotous manner, dancing and making loud cries about the place; which when the rest of the Macedonians perceived, they also in great delight ran thither with torches; for they hoped the burning and destruction of the royal palace was an argument that he looked homeward, and had no design to reside among the barbarians. Thus some writers give their account of this action, while others say it was done deliberately; however, all agree that he soon repented of it, and gave orders to put out the fire.

Alexander was naturally most munificent, and grew more so as his fortune increased, accompanying what he gave with that courtesy and freedom which, to speak truth, is necessary to make a benefit really obliging. I will give a few instances of this kind. Ariston, the captain of the Pæonians, having killed an enemy, brought his head to show him, and told him that in his country such a present was recompensed with a cup of gold. "With an empty one," said Alexander, smiling, "but I drink to you in this, which I give you full of wine." Another time, as one of the common soldiers was driving a mule laden with some of the king's treasure, the beast grew tired, and the soldier took it upon his own back, and began to march with it, till Alexander seeing the man so overcharged asked what was the matter; and when he was informed, just as he was ready to lay down his burden for weariness, "Do not faint now," said he to him, "but finish the journey, and carry what you have there to your own tent for yourself."

He was always more displeased with those who would not accept of what he gave than with those who begged of him. And therefore he wrote to Phocion, that he would not own him for his friend any longer, if he refused his presents. He had never given anything to Serapion, one of the youths that

played at ball with him, because he did not ask of him, till one day, it coming to Serapion's turn to play, he still threw the ball to others, and when the king asked him why he did not direct it to him, "Because you do not ask for it," said he; which answer pleased him so that he was very liberal to him afterwards. One Proteas, a pleasant, jesting, drinking fellow, having incurred his displeasure, got his friends to intercede for him, and begged his pardon himself with tears, which at last prevailed, and Alexander declared he was friends with him. "I cannot believe it," said Proteas, "unless you first give me some pledge of it." The king understood his meaning, and presently ordered five talents to be given him.

How magnificent he was in enriching his friends, and those who attended on his person, appears by a letter which Olympias wrote to him, where she tells him he should reward and honor those about him in a more moderate way. "For now," said she, "you make them all equal to kings, you give them power and opportunity of making many friends of their own, and in the mean time you leave yourself destitute." She often wrote to him to this purpose, and he never communicated her letters to anybody, unless it were one which he opened when Hephæstion was by, whom he permitted, as his custom was, to read it along with him; but then as soon as he had done, he took off his ring, and set the seal upon Hephæstion's lips.

Mazæus, who was the most considerable man in Darius' court, had a son who was already governor of a province. Alexander bestowed another upon him that was better; he, however, modestly refused, and told him, instead of one Darius, he went the way to make many Alexanders. To Parmenio he gave Bagoas' house, in which he found a wardrobe of apparel worth more than a thousand talents. He wrote to Antipater, commanding him to keep a life guard about him for the security of his person against conspiracies. To his mother he sent many presents, but would never suffer her to meddle with matters of State or war, not indulging her busy temper, and when she fell out with him on this account, he bore her ill humor very patiently. Nay more, when he read a long letter from Antipater, full of accusations against her, "Antipater," he said, "does not know that one tear of a mother effaces a thousand such letters as these."

But when he perceived his favorites grow so luxurious and extravagant in their way of living and expenses, that Hagnon,

the Teian, wore silver nails in his shoes, that Leonnatus employed several camels, only to bring him powder out of Egypt to use when he wrestled, and that Philotas had hunting nets a hundred furlongs in length, that more used precious ointment than plain oil when they went to bathe, and that they carried about servants everywhere with them to rub them and wait upon them in their chambers, he reproved them in gentle and reasonable terms, telling them he wondered that they who had been engaged in so many single battles did not know by experience that those who labor sleep more sweetly and soundly than those who are labored for, and could fail to see by comparing the Persians' manner of living with their own, that it was the most abject and slavish condition to be voluptuous, but the most noble and royal to undergo pain and labor. He argued with them further, how it was possible for any one who pretended to be a soldier, either to look well after his horse, or to keep his armor bright and in good order, who thought it much to let his hands be serviceable to what was nearest to him, his own body. "Are you still to learn," said he, "that the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the vices and infirmities of those whom we subdue?" And to strengthen his precepts by example, he applied himself now more vigorously than ever to hunting and warlike expeditions, embracing all opportunities of hardship and danger, insomuch that a Lacedæmonian, who was there on an embassy to him, and chanced to be by when he encountered with and mastered a huge lion, told him he had fought gallantly with the beast, which of the two should be king. Craterus caused a representation to be made of this adventure, consisting of the lion and the dogs, of the king engaged with the lion, and himself coming in to his assistance, all expressed in figures of brass, some of which were by Lysippus, and the rest by Leochares; and had it dedicated in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Alexander exposed his person to danger in this manner, with the object both of inuring himself and inciting others to the performance of brave and virtuous actions.

But his followers, who were grown rich, and consequently proud, longed to indulge themselves in pleasure and idleness, and were weary of marches and expeditions, and at last went on so far as to censure and speak ill of him. All which at first he bore very patiently, saying it became a king well to do good to others, and be evil spoken of. Meantime, on the smallest occasions that called for a show of kindness to his friends, there

was every indication on his part of tenderness and respect. Hearing Peucestes was bitten by a bear, he wrote to him that he took it unkindly he should send others notice of it, and not make him acquainted with it; "But now," said he, "since it is so, let me know how you do, and whether any of your companions forsook you when you were in danger, that I may punish them." He sent Hephæstion, who was absent about some business, word how while they were fighting for their diversion with an ichneumon, Craterus was by chance run through both thighs with Perdiccas' javelin. And upon Peucestes' recovery from a fit of sickness, he sent a letter of thanks to his physician Alexippus. When Craterus was ill, he saw a vision in his sleep, after which he offered sacrifices for his health, and bade him do so likewise. He wrote also to Pausanias, the physician, who was about to purge Craterus with hellebore, partly out of an anxious concern for him, and partly to give him a caution how he used that medicine. He was so tender of his friends' reputation that he imprisoned Ephialtes and Cissus, who brought him the first news of Harpalus' flight and withdrawal from his service, as if they had falsely accused him. When he sent the old and infirm soldiers home, Eurylochus, a citizen of Ægæ, got his name enrolled among the sick, though he ailed nothing, which being discovered, he confessed he was in love with a young woman named Telesippa, and wanted to go along with her to the seaside. Alexander inquired to whom the woman belonged, and being told she was a free courtesan, "I will assist you," said he to Eurylochus, "in your amour if your mistress be to be gained either by presents or persuasions; but we must use no other means, because she is freeborn."

It is surprising to consider upon what slight occasions he would write letters to serve his friends. As when he wrote one in which he gave orders to search for a youth that belonged to Seleucus, who was run away into Silicia; and in another thanked and commanded Peucestes for apprehending Nicon, a servant of Craterus; and in one to Megabyzus, concerning a slave that had taken sanctuary in a temple, gave directions that he should not meddle with him while he was there, but if he could entice him out by fair means, then he gave him leave to seize him. It is reported of him that when he first sat in judgment upon capital causes, he would lay his hand upon one of his ears while the accuser spoke, to keep it free and unprejudiced in behalf of the party accused. But afterwards such a

multitude of accusations were brought before him, and so many proved true, that he lost his tenderness of heart, and gave credit to those also that were false; and especially when anybody spoke ill of him, he would be transported out of his reason, and show himself cruel and inexorable, valuing his glory and reputation beyond his life or kingdom.

He now, as we said, set forth to seek Darius, expecting he should be put to the hazard of another battle, but heard he was taken and secured by Bessus, upon which news he sent home the Thessalians, and gave them a largess of two thousand talents over and above the pay that was due to them. This long and painful pursuit of Darius — for in eleven days he marched thirty-three hundred furlongs — harassed his soldiers so that most of them were ready to give it up, chiefly for want of water. While they were in this distress, it happened that some Macedonians who had fetched water in skins upon their mules from a river they had found out, came about noon to the place where Alexander was, and seeing him almost choked with thirst, presently filled a helmet and offered it him. He asked them to whom they were carrying the water: they told him to their children, adding, that if his life were but saved, it was no matter for them, they should be able well enough to repair that loss, though they all perished. Then he took the helmet into his hands, and looking round about, when he saw all those who were near him stretching their heads out and looking earnestly after the drink, he returned it again with thanks without tasting a drop of it. "For," said he, "if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart."

The soldiers no sooner took notice of his temperance and magnanimity upon this occasion, but they one and all cried out to him to lead them forward boldly, and began whipping on their horses. For whilst they had such a king they said they defied both weariness and thirst, and looked upon themselves to be little less than immortal. But though they were all equally cheerful and willing, yet not above threescore horse were able, it is said, to keep up, and to fall in with Alexander upon the enemy's camp, where they rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about; and passing by a great many chariots full of women that wandered here and there for want of drivers, they endeavored to overtake the first of those that fled, in hopes to meet with Darius among them. And at last, after much trouble, they found him lying in a chariot,

wounded all over with darts, just at the point of death. However, he desired they would give him some drink, and when he had drunk a little cold water, he told Polystratus, who gave it him, that it had become the last extremity of his ill fortune, to receive benefits and not be able to return them. "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife, and my children, I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of my acknowledgment, I give him this right hand," with which words he took hold of Polystratus' hand and died. When Alexander came up to them, he showed manifest tokens of sorrow, and taking off his own cloak, threw it upon the body to cover it. And some time afterwards, when Bessus was taken, he ordered him to be torn in pieces in this manner. They fastened him to a couple of trees which were bound down so as to meet, and then being let loose, with a great force returned to their places, each of them carrying that part of the body along with it that was tied to it. Darius' body was laid in state, and sent to his mother with pomp suitable to his quality. His brother Exathres, Alexander received into the number of his intimate friends. . . .

Noticing that among his chief friends and favorites, Hephæstion most approved all that he did, and complied with and imitated him in his change of habits, while Craterus continued strict in the observation of the customs and fashions of his own country, he made it his practice to employ the first in all transactions with the Persians, and the latter when he had to do with the Greeks or Macedonians. And in general he showed more affection for Hephæstion, and more respect for Craterus, — Hephæstion, as he used to say, being Alexander's, and Craterus the king's friend. And so these two friends always bore in secret a grudge to each other, and at times quarreled openly, so much so, that once in India they drew upon one another, and were proceeding in good earnest, with their friends on each side to second them, when Alexander rode up and publicly reproved Hephæstion, calling him fool and madman, not to be sensible that without his favor he was nothing. He rebuked Craterus, also, in private, severely, and then causing them both to come into his presence, he reconciled them, at the same time swearing by Ammon and the rest of the gods, that he loved them two above all other men, but if ever he perceived them fall out again he would be sure to put both of them to death,

or at least the aggressor. After which they neither ever did or said anything, so much as in jest, to offend one another.

There was scarcely any one who had greater repute among the Macedonians than Philotas, the son of Parmenio. For besides that he was valiant and able to endure any fatigue of war, he was also next to Alexander himself the most munificent, and the greatest lover of his friends, one of whom asking him for some money, he commanded his steward to give it him; and when he told him he had not wherewith, "Have you not any plate, then," said he, "or any clothes of mine to sell?" But he carried his arrogance and his pride of wealth and his habits of display and luxury to a degree of assumption unbecoming a private man; and affecting all the loftiness without succeeding in showing any of the grace or gentleness of true greatness, by this mistaken and spurious majesty he gained so much envy and ill will, that Parmenio would sometimes tell him, "My son, to be not quite so great would be better." For he had long before been complained of, and accused to Alexander. Particularly when Darius was defeated in Cilicia, and an immense booty was taken at Damascus, among the rest of the prisoners who were brought into the camp, there was one Antigone of Pydna, a very handsome woman, who fell to Philotas' share. The young man one day in his cups, in the vaunting, outspoken, soldier's manner, declared to his mistress that all the great actions were performed by him and his father, the glory and benefit of which, he said, together with the title of king, the boy Alexander reaped and enjoyed by their means. She could not hold, but discovered what he had said to one of her acquaintance, and he, as is usual in such cases, to another, till at last the story came to the ears of Craterus, who brought the woman secretly to the king.

When Alexander had heard what she had to say, he commanded her to continue her intrigue with Philotas, and give him an account from time to time of all that should fall from him to this purpose. He, thus unwittingly caught in a snare, to gratify sometimes a fit of anger, sometimes a mere love of vainglory, let himself utter numerous foolish, indiscreet speeches against the king in Antigone's hearing, of which, though Alexander was informed and convinced by strong evidence, yet he would take no notice of it at present, whether it was that he confided in Parmenio's affection and loyalty, or that he apprehended their authority and interest in the army. But about

this time, one Limnus, a Macedonian of Chalastra, conspired against Alexander's life, and communicated his design to a youth whom he was fond of, named Nicomachus, inviting him to be of the party. But he, not relishing the thing, revealed it to his brother Balinus, who immediately addressed himself to Philotas, requiring him to introduce them both to Alexander, to whom they had something of great moment to impart which very nearly concerned him. But he, for what reason is uncertain, went not with them, professing that the king was engaged with affairs of more importance. And when they had urged him a second time, and were still slighted by him, they applied themselves to another, by whose means being admitted into Alexander's presence, they first told about Limnus' conspiracy, and by the way let Philotas' negligence appear, who had twice disregarded their application to him.

Alexander was greatly incensed, and on finding that Limnus had defended himself, and had been killed by the soldier who was sent to seize him, he was still more discomposed, thinking he had thus lost the means of detecting the plot. As soon as his displeasure against Philotas began to appear, presently all his old enemies showed themselves, and said openly, the king was too easily imposed on, to imagine that one so inconsiderable as Limnus, a Chalastrian, should of his own head undertake such an enterprise ; that in all likelihood he was but subservient to the design, an instrument that was moved by some greater spring ; that those ought to be more strictly examined about the matter whose interest it was so much to conceal it. When they had once gained the king's ear for insinuations of this sort, they went on to show a thousand grounds of suspicion against Philotas, till at last they prevailed to have him seized and put to the torture, which was done in the presence of the principal officers, Alexander himself being placed behind some tapestry to understand what passed. Where, when he heard in what a miserable tone, and with what abject submissions Philotas applied himself to Hephæstion, he broke out, it is said, in this manner: "'Are you so mean-spirited and effeminate, Philotas, and yet can engage in so desperate a design?" After his death, he presently sent into Media, and put also Parmenio, his father, to death, who had done brave service under Philip, and was the only man, of his older friends and counselors, who had encouraged Alexander to invade Asia. Of three sons whom he had had in the army, he had already lost two,

and now was himself put to death with the third. These actions rendered Alexander an object of terror to many of his friends, and chiefly to Antipater, who, to strengthen himself, sent messengers privately to treat for an alliance with the Ætolians, who stood in fear of Alexander, because they had destroyed the town of the Œniadæ; on being informed of which, Alexander had said the children of the Œniadæ need not revenge their father's quarrel, for he would himself take care to punish the Ætolians.

Not long after this happened the deplorable end of Clitus, which, to those who barely hear the matter-of-fact, may seem more inhuman than that of Philotas; but if we consider the story with its circumstance of time, and weigh the cause, we shall find it to have occurred rather through a sort of mischance of the king's, whose anger and overdrinking offered an occasion to the evil genius of Clitus. The king had a present of Grecian fruit brought him from the seacoast, which was so fresh and beautiful that he was surprised at it, and called Clitus to him to see it, and to give him a share of it. Clitus was then sacrificing, but he immediately left off and came, followed by three sheep, on whom the drink offering had been already poured preparatory to sacrificing them. Alexander, being informed of this, told his diviners, Aristander and Cleomantis the Lacedæmonian, and asked them what it meant; on whose assuring him it was an ill omen, he commanded them in all haste to offer sacrifices for Clitus' safety, forasmuch as three days before he himself had seen a strange vision in his sleep, of Clitus all in mourning, sitting by Parmenio's sons who were dead.

Clitus, however, stayed not to finish his devotions, but came straight to supper with the king, who had sacrificed to Castor and Pollux. And when they had drunk pretty hard, some of the company fell a singing the verses of one Pranichus, or as others say of Pierion, which were made upon those captains who had been lately worsted by the barbarians, on purpose to disgrace and turn them to ridicule. This gave offense to the older men who were there, and they upbraided both the author and the singer of the verses, though Alexander and the younger men about him were much amused to hear them, and encouraged them to go on, till at last Clitus, who had drunk too much, and was besides of a froward and willful temper, was so nettled that he could hold no longer,

saying it was not well done to expose the Macedonians before the barbarians and their enemies, since though it was their unhappiness to be overcome, yet they were much better men than those who laughed at them. And when Alexander remarked that Clitus was pleading his own cause, giving cowardice the name of misfortune, Clitus started up: "This cowardice, as you are pleased to term it," said he to him, "saved the life of a son of the gods, when in flight from Spithridates' sword; it is by the expense of Macedonian blood, and by these wounds, that you are now raised to such a height as to be able to disown your father Philip, and call yourself the son of Ammon."

"Thou base fellow," said Alexander, who was now thoroughly exasperated, "dost thou think to utter these things everywhere of me, and stir up the Macedonians to sedition, and not be punished for it?"

"We are sufficiently punished already," answered Clitus, "if this be the recompense of our toils; and we must esteem theirs a happy lot who have not lived to see their countrymen scourged with Median rods, and forced to sue to the Persians to have access to their king." While he talked thus at random, and those near Alexander got up from their seats and began to revile him in turn, the elder men did what they could to compose the disorder. Alexander, in the mean time turning about to Xenodochus, the Cardian, and Artemius, the Colophonian, asked them if they were not of opinion that the Greeks, in comparison with the Macedonians, behaved themselves like so many demigods among wild beasts.

But Clitus for all this would not give over, desiring Alexander to speak out, if he had anything more to say, or else why did he invite men who were freeborn and accustomed to speak their minds openly without restraint, to sup with him? He had better live and converse with barbarians and slaves who would not scruple to bow the knee to his Persian girdle and his white tunic. Which words so provoked Alexander that, not able to suppress his anger any longer, he threw one of the apples that lay upon the table at him, and hit him, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes, one of his life guard, had hid that out of the way, and others came about him and besought him, but in vain. For breaking from them, he called out aloud to his guards in the Macedonian language, which was a certain sign of some great disturbance in

him, and commanded a trumpeter to sound, giving him a blow with his clenched fist for not instantly obeying him; though afterwards the same man was commended for disobeying an order which would have put the whole army into tumult and confusion.

Clitus still refusing to yield, was with much trouble forced by his friends out of the room. But he came in again immediately at another door, very irreverently and confidently singing the verses out of Euripides' "Andromache": —

In Greece, alas! how ill things ordered are!

Upon this, at last, Alexander, snatching a spear from one of the soldiers, met Clitus as he was coming forward and was putting by the curtain that hung before the door, and ran him through the body. He fell at once with a cry and a groan. Upon which the king's anger immediately vanishing, he came perfectly to himself, and when he saw his friends about him all in a profound silence, he pulled the spear out of the dead body, and would have thrust it into his own throat, if the guards had not held his hands, and by main force carried him away into his chamber, where all that night and the next day he wept bitterly, till being quite spent with lamenting and exclaiming, he lay as it were speechless, only fetching deep sighs.

His friends, apprehending some harm from his silence, broke into the room, but he took no notice of what any of them said, till Aristander putting him in mind of the vision he had seen concerning Clitus, and the prodigy that followed, as if all had come to pass by an unavoidable fatality, he then seemed to moderate his grief. They now brought Callisthenes, the philosopher, who was the near friend of Aristotle, and Anaxarchus of Abdera, to him. Callisthenes used moral language, and gentle and soothing means, hoping to find access for words of reason, and get a hold upon the passion. But Anaxarchus, who had always taken a course of his own in philosophy, and had a name for despising and slighting his contemporaries, as soon as he came in, cried out aloud, "Is this the Alexander whom the whole world looks to, lying here weeping like a slave, for fear of the censure and reproach of men to whom he himself ought to be a law and measure of equity, if he would use the right his conquests have given him as supreme lord and governor of all, and not be the victim of a vain and

idle opinion? Do not you know," said he, "that Jupiter is represented to have Justice and Law on each hand of him, to signify that all the actions of a conqueror are lawful and just?" With these and the like speeches, Anaxarchus indeed allayed the king's grief, but withal corrupted his character, rendering him more audacious and lawless than he had been.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

[John Dryden: An English poet; born August 9, 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent; but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

John Dryden.

Letter to Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, First Lord of the Treasury, on his necessities, begging for a half-year's salary, as Poet Laureate and Historiographer, and for a post in the Customs or Excise; without date, but probably written in 1682 or 1683. He was made Collector of Customs in the Port of London, 17 Dec., 1683.

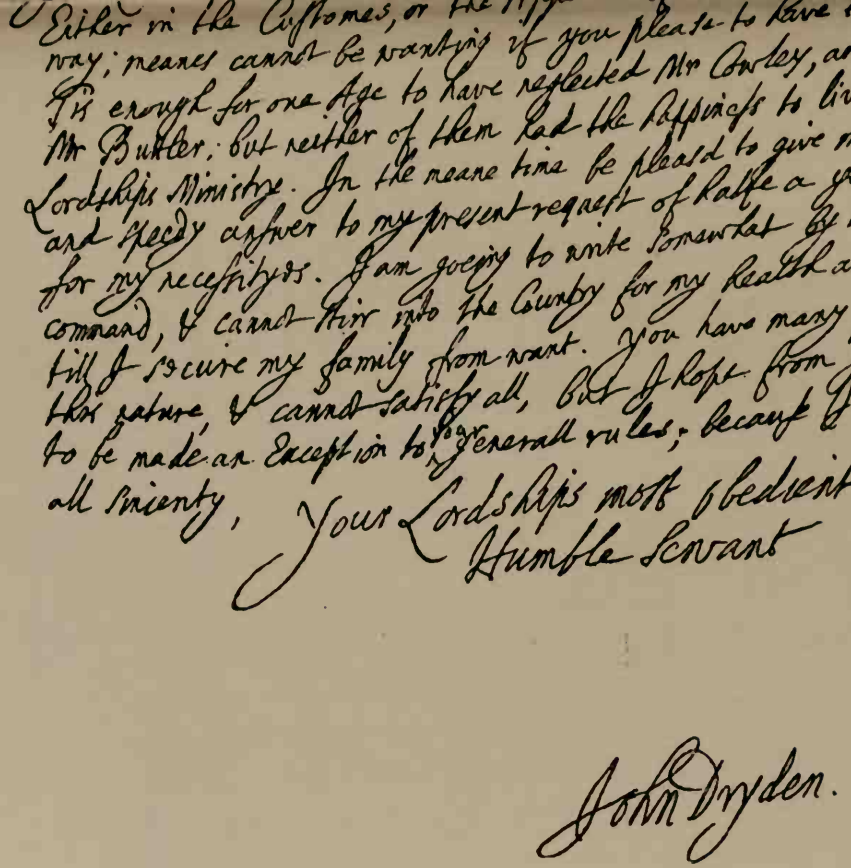
ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

My Lord

I know not whether my Lord Sunderland has interaded with your Lord=
=ship, for halfe a yeare of my salary: But I have two other Advocates,
my extreame wants, even almost to arresting, & my ill health, which
cannot be repaird without immediate retireing into the Country.
A quarters allowance is but the Jesuites powder to my disease:
the fitt will return a fortnight hence. If I durst I would
plead a little merit, & some hazards of my life from the Common
Enemyes, my refuseing advantages offerd by them, & neglecting my
beneficiall studyes for the Kings service: But I onely thinke I
merite not to sterve. I never applyd my selfe to any Interest contra
-ry to your Lordships; and on some occasions, perhaps not known to
you, have not been unserviceable to the memory & reputation of
My Lord your father. After this, My Lord, my conscience assures me
I may write boldly, though I cannot speake to you. I have three
Sonns growing to mans estate, I breed them all up to learning beyond
my fortune; but they are too hopefull to be neglected though I want.
Be pleased to looke on me with an eye of compassion; some small
Employment would render my condition easy. The King is not un=
=satisfyed of me, the Duke has often promisd me his assistance; &



JOHN DRYDEN, 1682

BRIT. MUS. ADD. MS. 17,017, f. 49

The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,

* * * * * * *

And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound.
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War he sung is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

By J. P. MAHAFFY.

(From "Greek Life and Thought.")

[John Pentland Mahaffy: Irish classical scholar and historian; born at Chapponnaire, Switzerland, February 26, 1839. In 1871 he became professor of ancient history at Trinity College, Dublin. He has published "Social Life in Greece," "Rambles and Studies in Greece," "Greek Life and Thought," "Greece under Roman Sway," "History of Greek Classical Literature," "The Empire of the Ptolemies," and other historical works, nearly all of which have gone through several editions.]

There was no king throughout all the Eastern world in the third century B.C. who did not set before him Alexander as the ideal of what a monarch ought to be. His transcendent figure so dominates the imagination of his own and the following age, that from studying his character we can draw all the materials for the present chapter. For this purpose the brilliant sketch of Plutarch, who explicitly professes to write the life and not the history of the king, is on the whole more instructive than the detailed chronicle of Arrian. From both we draw much that is doubtful and even fabulous, but much also which is certain and of unparalleled interest, as giving us a picture of the most extraordinary man that ever lived. The astonishing appearance of this lad of twenty, hurried to the throne by his father's death, in the midst of turmoil within and foes without, surrounded by doubtful friends and timid advisers, without treasury, without allies — and yet at once and without hesitation asserting his military genius, defeating his bravest enemies, cowing his disloyal subjects, crushing sedition, and then starting to conquer Asia, and to weld together two continents by a new policy — this wonder was indeed likely to fascinate the world, and if his successors aped the leftward inclination of his head and the leonine sit of his hair, they were sure enough to try to imitate what was easier and harder — the ways of his court and the policy of his kingdom.

Quite apart from his genius, which was unique, his position in Greece was perfectly novel, in that he combined Hellenic training, language, and ideas with a totally un-Hellenic thing — royalty. For generations, the Macedonian kings had been trying to assert themselves as real Greeks. They had suc-

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

From a painting by Le Brun

ceeded in having their splendid genealogy accepted — an undeniable gain in those days, but their other claims were as yet hardly established. It is true they had entertained great poets at their court, and had odes and tragedies composed for the benefit of their subjects, but none of them, not even Philip, who was just dead, had yet been accepted as a really naturalized Greek. Yet Philip had come closer to it than his predecessors; he had spent his youth in the glorious Thebes of Epaminondas; he trained himself carefully in the rhetoric of Athens, and could compose speeches and letters which passed muster even with such fastidious stylists as Demosthenes. But though he could assume Greek manners and speak good Greek in his serious moments, when on his good behavior, it was known that his relaxations were of a very different kind. Then he showed the Thracian — then his Macedonian breeding came out.

Nevertheless he saw so clearly the importance of attaining this higher level that he spared no pains to educate his son, and with him his son's court, in the highest culture. We know not whether it was accident or his clear judgment of human character which made him choose Aristotle as Alexander's tutor — there were many other men employed to instruct him — but we feel how foreign must have been Aristotle's conversation at the palace and among the boon companions of Philip, and hence Mieza, a quiet place away from court, was chosen for the prince's residence. There Aristotle made a Hellene of him in every real sense. It is certain, if we compare Alexander's manifesto to Darius with what is called Philip's letter, that he did not write so well as his father; but he learned to know and love the great poets, and to associate with men of culture and of sober manners. Every one testifies to the dignity and urbanity of his address, even if at late carouses with intimates he rather bored the company with self-assertion and boasting. But this social defect was not unknown among the purest Hellenes. All through his life he courted Greek letters, he attended Greek plays, he talked in Greek to Greek men, and we can see how deep his sympathy with Hellenedom was from his cutting remark — *in vino veritas* — to two Greeks sitting at the fatal banquet where the Macedonian veteran, Clitus, broke out into indecent altercation. "Don't you feel like demigods among savages when you are sitting in company with these Macedonians?" It may be said that Hellenedom was less fastidious in the days of Alexander than in the days of his prede-

cessors. I need not argue that question; suffice it to say that even had he made no world conquests he would have been recognized as a really naturalized Hellene, and fit to take his place among the purest Greeks, in opposition to the most respectable barbarians. The purest Hellene, such as the Spartan Pausanias, was liable to degradation of character from the temptations of absolute power no less than a Macedonian or a Roman.

But on the other hand he was a king in a sense quite novel and foreign to the Greeks. They recognized one king, the King of Persia, as a legitimate sovereign, ruling in great splendor, but over barbarians. So they were ready to grant such a thing as a king over other barbarians of less importance; but a king over Greeks, in the proper sense of the word, had not existed since the days of legendary Greece. There were indeed tyrants, plenty of them, and some of them mild men and fond of culture, friends of poets, and respectable men; and there were the kings of Sparta. But the former were always regarded as arch heretics were regarded by the Church in the Middle Ages, as men whose virtues were of no account and whose crime was unpardonable; to murder them was a heroic deed, which wiped out all the murderer's previous sins. On the other hand, the latter were only hereditary, respected generals of an oligarchy, the real rulers of which were the ephors. Neither of these cases even approached the idea of a sovereign, as the Macedonians and as the kingdoms of mediæval and modern Europe have conceived it.

For this implied in the first place a legitimate succession, such as the Spartan kings indeed possessed, and with it a divine right in the strictest sense. As the Spartan, so the Macedonian kings came directly from Zeus, through his greatest hero sons, Heracles and Æacus. But while the Spartan kings had long lost, if they ever possessed, the rights of Menelaus, who could offer to give a friend seven inhabited towns as a gift, while they only retained the religious preëminence of their pedigree, the kings of Macedonia had preserved all their ancient privileges. Grote thinks them the best representatives of that prehistoric sovereignty which we find in the Greece of Homer. But all through his history he urges upon us the fact that there was no settled constitutional limit to the authority of the kings even in cases of life and death. On the other hand, German inquirers, who are better acquainted with absolute monarchy,

see in the assembly of free Macedonians — occasionally convened, especially in cases of high treason or of a succession to the throne — a check like that of the Commons in earlier England. There seem in fact to have been two powers, both supreme, which could be brought into direct collision any day, and so might produce a deadlock only to be removed by a trial of strength. Certain it is that Macedonian kings often ordered to death, or to corporal punishment and torture, free citizens and even nobles. It is equally certain that the kings often formally appealed to an assembly of soldiers or of peers to decide in cases of life and death. Such inconsistencies are not impossible where there is a recognized divine right of kings, and when the summoning of an assembly lies altogether in the king's hands. Except in time of war, when its members were together under arms, the assembly had probably no way of combining for a protest, and the low condition of their civilization made them indulgent to acts of violence on the part of their chiefs.

Niebuhr, however, suggests a very probable solution of this difficulty. He compares the case of the Frankish kings, who were only princes among their own free men, but absolute lords over lands which they conquered. Thus many individual kings came to exercise absolute power illegally by transferring their rights as conquerors to those cases where they were limited monarchs. It is very possible too that both they and the Macedonian kings would prefer as household officers nobles of the conquered lands, over whom they had absolute control. Thus the constitutional and the absolute powers of the king might be confused, and the extent of either determined by the force of the man who occupied the throne.

That Alexander exerted his supreme authority over all his subjects is quite certain. And yet in this he differed absolutely from a tyrant, such as the Greeks knew, that he called together his peers and asked them to pass legal sentence upon a subject charged with grave offenses against the crown. No Greek tyrant ever could do this, for he had around him no halo of legitimacy, and, moreover, he permitted no order of nobility among his subjects.

It appears that for a long time back the relations of king and nobles had been in Macedonia much as they were in the Middle Ages in Europe. There were large landed proprietors, and many of them had sovereign rights in their own provinces.

Not only did the great lords gather about the king as their natural head, but they were proud to regard themselves as his personal servants, and formed the household, which was known as the *therapeia* in Hellenistic times. Earlier kings had adopted the practice of bringing to court noble children, to be the companions of the prince, and to form an order of *royal pages;* so no doubt Greek language and culture had been disseminated among them, and perhaps this was at first the main object. But in Alexander's time they were a permanent part of the king's household, and were brought up in his personal service, to become his aids-de-camp and his lords in waiting as well as his household brigade of both horse and foot guards, and perform for him many semi-menial offices which great lords and ladies are not ashamed to perform for royalty, even up to the present day.

I will add but one more point, which is a curious illustration of the position of the Macedonian kings among their people. None of them contented himself with one wife, but either kept concubines, like all the kings in Europe, and even in England till George III., or even formally married second wives, as did Philip and Alexander. These practices led to constant and bloody tragedies in the royal family. Every king of Macedon who was not murdered by his relatives was at least conspired against by them. What is here, however, of consequence, is the social position of the royal bastards. They take their place not with the dishonored classes, but among the nobles, and are all regarded as pretenders to the throne.

I need not point out to the reader the curious analogies of mediæval European history. The facts seem based on the idea that the blood of kings was superior to that of the highest noble, and that even when adulterated by an ignoble mother, it was far more sacred than that of any subject. The Macedonians had not indeed advanced to the point of declaring all marriages with subjects morganatic, but they were not very far from it; for they certainly suffered from all the evils which English history as well as other histories can show, where alliances of powerful subjects with the sovereign are permitted.

Thus Alexander the Great, the third Macedonian king of his name, stood forth really and thoroughly in the position assigned by Herodotus to his elder namesake — *a Greek man* in pedigree, education, and culture, *and king of the Macedonians*, a position unknown and unrecognized in the Greek world since

the days of that Iliad which the conqueror justly prized, as to him the best and most sympathetic of all Hellenic books. Let us add that in the text, which Aristotle revised for him, there were assertions of royalty, including the power of life and death, which are expunged from our texts. He had the sanction of divine right, but what was far more important, the practical control of life and death, regarding the nobility as his household servants, and the property of his subjects as his own, keeping court with considerable state, and in every respect expressing, as Grote says, the principle *l'État c'est moi.*

A very few words will point out what changes were made in this position by his wonderful conquests. Though brought up in considerable state, and keeping court with all the splendor which his father's increased kingdom and wealth could supply, he was struck with astonishment, we are told, at the appointments of Darius' tents, which he captured after the battle of Issus. When he went into the bath prepared for his opponent, and found all the vessels of pure gold, and smelt the whole chamber full of frankincense and myrrh, and then passed out into a lofty dining tent with splendid hangings, and with the appointments of an oriental feast, he exclaimed to his staff: "Well, this *is* something like royalty." Accordingly there was no part of Persian dignity which he did not adopt. We hear that the expenses of his table — he always dined late — rose to about £400 daily, at which limit he fixed it. Nor is this surprising when we find that he dined as publicly as the kings of France in the old days, surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers and pages, with a bodyguard present, and a trumpeter ready to summon the household troops. All manner of delicacies were brought from the sea and from remote provinces for his table.

In other respects, in dress and manners, he drifted gradually into Persian habits also. The great Persian lords, after a gallant struggle for their old sovereign, loyally went over to his side. Both his wives were oriental princesses, and perhaps too little has been said by historians about the influence they must have had in recommending to him Persian officers and pages. The loyalty of these people, great aristocrats as they were, was quite a different thing from that of the Macedonians, who had always been privileged subjects, and who now attributed to their own prowess the king's mighty conquests. The orientals, on the other hand, accepted him as an absolute monarch,

nay, as little short of a deity, to whom they readily gave the homage of adoration. It is a characteristic story that when the rude and outspoken Casander had just arrived at Babylon for the first time, on a mission from his father Antipater, the regent of Macedonia, he saw orientals approaching Alexander with their customary prostrations, and burst out laughing. Upon this Alexander was so enraged that he seized him by the hair and dashed his head against the wall, and there can be little doubt that the king's death, which followed shortly, saved Casander from a worse fate. Thus the distinction pointed out by Niebuhr would lead Alexander to prefer the orientals, whom he had conquered, and who were his absolute property, to the Macedonians, who were not only constantly grumbling but had even planned several conspiracies against him.

There was yet another feature in Alexander's court which marks a new condition of things. The keeping of a regular court journal, *Ephēmerides*, wherein the events of each day were carefully registered, gave an importance to the court which it had never before attained within Greek or Macedonian experience. The daily bulletins of his last illness are still preserved to us by Arrian and Plutarch from these diaries. In addition to this we hear that he sent home constant and detailed public dispatches to his mother and Antipater, in which he gave the minutest details of his life.

In these the public learned a new kind of ideal of pleasure as well as of business. The Macedonian king, brought up in a much colder climate than Greece, among mountains which gave ample opportunity for sport, was so far not a "Greek man" that he was less frugal as regards his living, and had very different notions of amusement. The Hellene, who was mostly a townsman, living in a country of dense cultivation, was beholden to the gymnasium and palestra for his recreation, of which the highest outcome was the Olympic and other games, where he could attain glory by competition in athletic meetings. The men who prize this sort of recreation are always abstemious and careful to keep in hard condition by diet and special exercising of muscles. The Macedonian ideal was quite different, and more like that of our country gentleman, who can afford to despise bodily training in the way of abstinence, who eats and drinks what he likes, nay, often drinks to excess, but works off evil effects by those field sports which have always produced the finest type of man — hunting, shooting, fishing — in fact

the life of the natural or savage man reproduced with artificial improvements.

Alexander took the Macedonian side strongly against the Greek in these matters. He is said to have retorted upon the people who advised him to run in the sprint race at Olympia, that he would do so when he found kings for competitors. But the better reason was that he despised that kind of bodily training; he would not have condescended to give up his social evenings, at which he drank freely; and above all he so delighted in hunting that he felt no interest in athletic meetings. When he got into the preserves of Darius he fought the lion and the bear, and incurred such personal danger that his adventures were commemorated by his fellow-sportsmen in bronze. He felt and asserted that this kind of sport, requiring not only courage and coolness but quick resource, was the proper training for war, in contrast to the athletic habit of body, which confessedly produced dullness of mind and sleepiness of body.

This way of spending the day in the pursuit of large game, and then coming home to a late dinner and a jovial carouse, where the events of the day are discussed and parallel anecdotes brought out, was so distinctive as to produce a marked effect on the social habits of succeeding generations. The older Spartans had indeed similar notions; they despised competitions in the arena, and spent their time hunting in the wilds of Mount Taygetus; but the days for Sparta to influence the world were gone by, and indeed none but Arcadians and Ætolians among the Greeks had like opportunities.

It would require a separate treatise to discuss fully the innovations made by Alexander in the art of war. But here it is enough to notice, in addition to Philip's abandonment of citizen for professional soldiers, the new development Alexander gave to cavalry as the chief offensive branch of military service. He won all his battles by charges of heavy cavalry, while the phalanx formed merely the defensive wing of his line. He was even breaking up the phalanx into lighter order at the time of his death. So it came that the noblest and most esteemed of his Companions were cavalry officers, and from this time onward no general thought of fighting, like Epaminondas, a battle on foot. Eastern warfare also brought in the use of elephants, but this was against the practice of Alexander, who did not use them in battle, so far as we know.

I believe I was the first to call attention to the curious analogies between the tactics of Alexander and those of Cromwell. Each lived in an age when heavy cavalry were found to be superior to infantry, if kept in control, and used with skill. Hence each of them fought most of his battles by charging with his cavalry on the right wing, overthrowing the enemy's horse, and then, avoiding the temptation to pursue, charging the enemy's infantry in flank, and so deciding the issue. Meanwhile they both felt strong enough to disregard a defeat on their left wing by the enemy's horse, which was not under proper discipline, and went far away out of the battle in pursuit. So similar is the course of these battles, that one is tempted to believe that Cromwell knew something of Alexander. It is not so. Each of these men found by his genius the best way of using the forces at his disposal. Alexander's Companions were Cromwell's Ironsides.

In one point, however, he still held to old and chivalrous ways, and so fell short of our ideal of a great commander. He always charged at the head of his cavalry, and himself took part in the thickest of the fight. Hence in every battle he ran the risk of ending the campaign with his own life. It may be said that he had full confidence in his fortune, and that the king's valor gave tremendous force to the charge of his personal companions. But nothing can convince us that Hannibal's view of his duties was not far higher, of whom it was noted that he always took ample care for his own safety, nor did he ever, so far as we know, risk himself as a combatant. Alexander's example, here as elsewhere, gave the law, and so a large proportion of his successors found their death on the battlefield. The aping of Alexander was apparently the main cause of this serious result.

Modern historians are divided as regards Alexander into two classes, first, those like Grote, who regard him as a partly civilized barbarian, with a lust for conquest, but with no ideas of organization or of real culture beyond the establishment of a strong military control over a vast mass of heterogeneous subjects. Secondly, those like Droysen, who are the majority, and have better reasons on their side, feel that the king's genius in fighting battles was not greater than his genius in founding cities, not merely as outposts, but as marts, by which commerce and culture should spread through the world. He is reported to have disputed with Aristotle, who wished him to

treat the orientals like a master and to have asserted that his policy was to treat them as their leader. We know from Aristotle's "Politics" that with all his learning, the philosopher had not shaken off Hellenic prejudices, and that he regarded the Eastern nations as born for slavery. Apart from the questionable nature of his theory, he can have known little of the great Aryan barons of Bactriana or Sogdiana, who had for centuries looked on the Greek adventurers they met as the Romans did in later days. But Alexander belongs to a different age from Aristotle, as different as Thucydides from Herodotus, contemporary though they were in their lives, and he determined to carry out the "marriage of Europe and Asia." To a Hellene the marriage with a foreigner would seem a more or less disgraceful concubinage. The children of such a marriage could not inherit in any petty Greek state. Now the greatest Macedonian nobles were allied to Median and Persian princesses, and the Greeks who had attained high official position at court, such as Eumenes, the chief secretary, were only too proud to be admitted to the same privilege.

The fashion of making or cementing alliances by marriages becomes from this time a feature of the age. The kings who are one day engaged in deadly war are the next connected as father and son-in-law, or as brothers-in-law. No solemn peace seems to be made without a marriage, and yet these marriages seldom hinder the breaking out of new wars.

All the Greek historians blame the Persian tendencies of Alexander, his assumption of oriental dress and of foreign ceremonial. There was but one of his officers, Peucestas, who loyally followed his chief, and who was accordingly rewarded by his special favor. Yet if we remember Greek prejudices, and how trivial a fraction of the empire the Greeks were in population, we may fairly give Alexander credit for more judgment than his critics. No doubt the Persian dress was far better suited to the climate than the Macedonian. No doubt he felt that a handful of Macedonians could never hold a vast empire without securing the sympathy of the conquered. At all events he chose to do the thing his own way, and who will say that he should have done it as his critics prescribe?

The relations of the great king to the art of his day need not detain us long. His busy and agitated life did not permit him to be an art patron like the second Ptolemy of Alexandria

or the first Attalus of Pergamum. But we know that he appreciated the great service which art could render to the splendor of his royalty, and the story survives that he would allow no sculptor but Lysippus, no painter but Apelles, to represent his semi-divine personality in bronze or on canvas. Whether the famous head at Florence is indeed the copy of Lysippus' work, and represents the conqueror, is not yet certain. But if it does, then, even in his assumed divinity, there are left the traces of human passion, the imperfection of human longing, the divine despair which attaches to the highest mortal natures, because they are high, and because they are mortal.

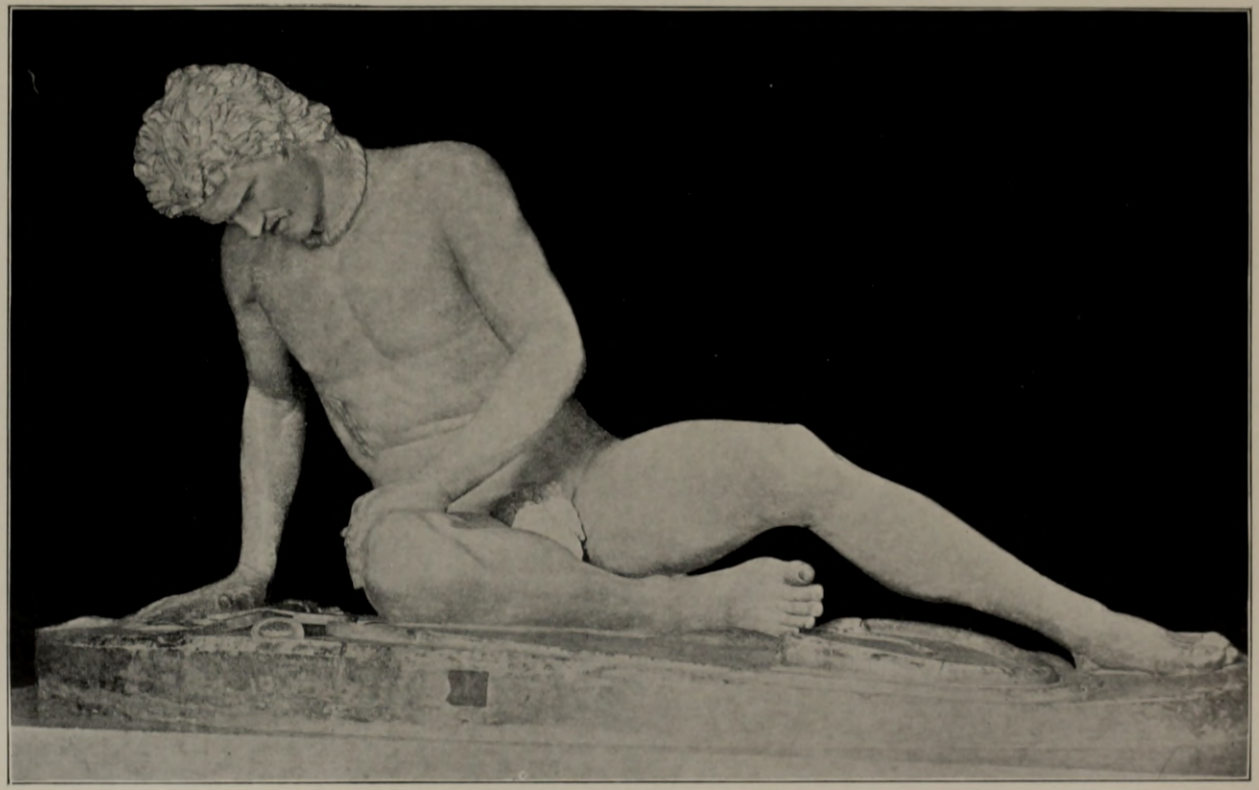
But both Lysippus and Apelles belonged to the older generation; we know of no younger artist that he favored except the extravagant Dinocrates, with his colossal imaginings, which seem rather the dreams of a flatterer than the conceptions of an artist; and yet we shall find that there were younger artists in his day, worthy, if any ever were, of his patronage.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

By LORD BYRON.

The seal is set. — Now welcome thou dread power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran
In murmured pity, or loud roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws



THE DYING GLADIATOR

Original in Capitol, Rome

Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theaters where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator die:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thundershower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay —
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday:
All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire,
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

THE DEFEAT OF THE GALATIANS.

By PAUSANIAS.

[Pausanias lived in the reign of the Antonines, and wrote a "Tour around Greece."]

The Galati inhabit the remotest parts of Europe, near a mighty sea, not navigable where they live: it has tides and breakers and sea monsters quite unlike those in any other sea: and through their territory flows the river Eridanus, by whose banks people think the daughters of the sun lament the fate of their brother Phaethon. And it is only of late that the name Galati has prevailed among them: for originally they were called Celts both by themselves and by all other nations. And an army gathered together by them marched towards the Ionian Sea, and dispossessed all the nations of Illyria and all that dwelt between them and the Macedonians, and even the Macedonians themselves, and overran Thessaly. And when they

got near to Thermopylæ, most of the Greeks did not interfere with their onward march, remembering how badly handled they had formerly been by Alexander and Philip, and how subsequently Antipater and Cassander had nearly ruined Greece ; so that, on account of their weakness, they did not consider it disgraceful individually that a general defense should be abandoned.

But the Athenians, although they had suffered more than any other of the Greeks during the long Macedonian war, and had had great losses in battles, yet resolved to go forth to Thermopylæ with those of the Greeks who volunteered, having chosen this Callippus as their General. And having occupied the narrowest pass they endeavored to bar the passage of the barbarians into Greece. But the Celts having discovered the same defile by which Ephialtes the Trachinian had formerly conducted the Persians, and having routed those of the Phocians who were posted there in battle array, crossed Mount Œta unbeknown to the Greeks. Then it was that the Athenians displayed themselves to the Greeks as most worthy, by their brave defense against the barbarians, being taken both in front and flank. But those suffered most that were in their ships, inasmuch as the Lamiac Gulf was full of mud near Thermopylæ ; the explanation is, as it seems to me, that here warm springs have their outlet into the sea. Here therefore they suffered much. For, having taken on board their comrades, they were obliged to sail over mud in vessels heavy with men and armor. Thus did the Athenians endeavor to save the Greeks in the manner I have described. But the Galati having got inside Pylæ, and not caring to take the other fortified towns, were most anxious to plunder the treasures of the god at Delphi. And the people of Delphi, and those of the Phocians who dwelt in the cities round Parnassus, drew up in battle array against them. A contingency of the Ætolians also arrived : and you must know that at that era the Ætolians were eminent for manly vigor.

And when the armies engaged not only did lightnings dismay the Galati, and fragments of rock coming down on them from Parnassus, but three mighty warriors pressed them hard, — two, they say, came from the Hyperboreans, Hyperochus and Amadocus, and the third was Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. And in consequence of this aid the Delphians offer sacrifice to Pyrrhus, though before they held his tomb in dishonor as that of an enemy. But the greater part of the Galati having

crossed into Asia Minor in their ships, ravaged its maritime parts. And some time afterwards the inhabitants of Pergamum, which in old times was called Teuthrania, drove the Galati from the sea into the region now called Galatia. They lived in the region east of the river Sangarius, having captured Ancyra, a city of the Phrygians which Midas the son of Gordias had formerly built. And the anchor which Midas found was still, even in my time, in the temple of Zeus, and the well shown which was called Midas' well: which Midas, they say, poured wine into that he might capture Silenus. As well as Ancyra they captured Pessinus near the mountain Agdistis, where they say Atte was buried. And the people of Pergamum have spoils of the Galati, and there is a painting of their action with the Galati. And the region which the people of Pergamum inhabit was in old times, they say, sacred to the Cabiri.

The first expedition of the Celts beyond their borders was under Cambaules: but when they got as far as Thrace on that occasion they did not dare to go any further, recognizing that they were too few in number to cope with the Greeks. But on the second expedition, egged on by those who had formed part of the army of Cambaules, who had tasted the sweets of plunder and were enamored of the gains of looting, a large army of both infantry and cavalry mustered together. This army the commanders divided into three parts, and each marched into a different district. Cerethrius was to march against the Thracians and the Triballi: Brennus and Acichorius were to lead their division into Pæonia: and Bolgius was to march against the Macedonians and Illyrians. This last fought a battle against Ptolemy, king of the Macedonians, who had treacherously slain Seleucus the son of Antiochus (though he had been a suppliant at his court), and was nicknamed Lightning on account of his audacity. In this battle Ptolemy fell, and with him no small part of the Macedonians: but the Celts durst not adventure any further into Greece, and so this second expedition returned home again.

Thereupon Brennus urgently pressed upon the general assemblies, and upon each individual chieftain of the Galati, the advantages of invading Greece, pointing out her weak state at that period, and the immense wealth of her community, her votive offerings in the temples, her quantity of silver and gold. He succeeded in persuading the Galati to invade Greece

once more, and among other chieftains he chose Acichorius once more as his colleague. The army mustered 152,000 foot and 20,400 horse. Such at least was the fighting force of the cavalry, for its real number was 61,200 : as each horse soldier had two servants, who themselves were excellent cavalry also and mounted. For the custom of the Galati in an engagement was that these servants should remain in the rear close at hand, and if a horse was killed they supplied a fresh one, and if the rider was killed one of them took his place, and if he too was killed, then the third took his place. And if one of the masters was only wounded, then one of his servants removed him to the camp, and the other took his place in the battle. In this custom, I think the Galati imitated the 10,000 Persians, called *The Immortals*. But the difference was that *The Immortals* were a reserve force only used at the end of an action, whereas the Galati used these reserves as wanted all through the action. This mode of fighting they called *Trimarcisia* in their dialect : for the Celts called a horse *marca*. Such was the force, such the intentions, with which Brennus marched into Greece.

The Greeks for their part, though very dejected, were induced to fight bravely for their country by the very urgency of the peril. For they saw that at the present crisis it was not merely their liberty that was at stake, as at the time of the Persian invasion, but that, even if they granted land and water to the enemy, they would have no future security. For they still remembered the former irruption of the Galati into Macedonia and Thrace and Pæonia, and their recent outrages in Thessaly had been reported to them. It was the universal opinion therefore, both with individuals and states, that they must either die or conquer.

It will not be without instruction to compare the numbers of those who fought against Xerxes at Thermopylæ with those who fought now against the Galati. The Greeks that marched against the Mede were as follows : 300 Lacedæmonians only under Leonidas, 500 from Tegea, 500 from Mantinea, 120 Arcadians from Orchomenus, 1000 from the other towns of Arcadia, 80 from Mycenæ, 200 from Phlius, 400 from Corinth, 700 Bœotians from Thespia and 400 from Thebes. And 1000 Phocians guarded the pass at Mount Œta, who must be added to the Greek contingent. As to the Locrians under Mount Cnemis Herodotus has not mentioned their precise number; he only says they came from all the towns. But we may conjecture

their number pretty accurately : for the Athenians at Marathon, including slaves and non-combatants, were not more than 9000 : so that the fighting force of Locrians at Thermopylæ could not be more than 6000. Thus the whole force employed against the Persians would be 11,200. Nor did all of these stay all the time under arms at Thermopylæ, for except the men from Lacedæmon and Thespia and Mycenæ they waited not to see the issue of the fight. And now against these barbarians who had crossed the ocean the following Greeks banded themselves at Thermopylæ : 10,000 heavy-armed infantry and 500 horse from Bœotia, under the Bœotarchs Cephisodotus and Thearidas and Diogenes and Lysander : 500 cavalry and 3000 foot from Phocis, under Critobulus and Antiochus : 700 Locrians, all infantry, from the island Atalanta, under the command of Midias : 400 heavy-armed infantry of the Megarians, their cavalry under the command of Megareus : of the Ætolians, who formed the largest and most formidable contingent, the number of their horse is not recorded, but their light-armed troops were 90, and their heavy-armed 7000 : and the Ætolians were under the command of Polyarchus and Polyphron and Lacrates. And the Athenians were under Callippus the son of Mœrocles, as I have before stated, and consisted of all the triremes that were seaworthy, and 500 horse, and 1000 foot, and because of their ancient renown they were in command of the whole allied army. And some mercenary troops were sent by various kings, as 500 from Macedonia, and 500 from Asia ; those that were sent by Antigonus were led by Aristodemus the Macedonian, and those that were sent by Antiochus were led by Telesarchus, as also some Syrians from Asia situated by the river Orontes.

When these Greeks, thus banded together at Thermopylæ, heard that the army of the Galati was already in the neighborhood of Magnesia and Phthiotis, they determined to send about 1000 picked light-armed soldiers and a troop of horse to the river Sperchius, to prevent the barbarians crossing the river without a struggle. And they went and destroyed the bridges, and encamped by the river. Now Brennus was by no means devoid of intelligence, and for a barbarian no mean strategist. Accordingly on the following night without any delay he sent 10,000 of his troops, who could swim and were remarkably tall, — and all the Celts are remarkably tall men, — down the river to cross it not at the ordinary fords, but at a part of the river

where it was less rapid, and marshy, and diffused itself more over the plain, so that the Greeks should not be able to notice their crossing over. They crossed over accordingly, swimming over the marshy part of the river, and using the shields of their country as a sort of raft, while the tallest of them could ford the river. When the Greeks at the Sperchius noticed that part of the barbarians had crossed over, they returned at once to the main army.

Brennus next ordered those who dwelt near the Maliac Bay to throw bridges over the Sperchius: which they did quickly, standing greatly in dread of him, and being very desirous that the barbarians should depart and not injure them by a long stay in their part of the country. Then Brennus passed his army across these bridges, and marched for Heraclea. And though they did not capture it, the Galati ravaged the country, and slew the men that were left in the fields. The year before the Ætolians had compelled the people of Heraclea to join the Ætolian League, and now they protected Heraclea just as if it was their own. That is why Brennus did not capture it; but he paid no great attention to it, his only anxiety being to dislodge the enemy from the passes, and get into Greece by Thermopylæ.

He advanced therefore from Heraclea, and learning from deserters that a strong force from all the Greek cities was concentrated at Thermopylæ, he despised his enemy, and the following day at daybreak opened battle, having no Greek seer with him, or any priests of his own country, if indeed the Celts practice divination. Thereupon the Greeks advanced silently and in good order: and when the two armies engaged, the infantry were careful not to break their line, and the light-armed troops keeping their ground discharged their darts, arrows, and slings at the barbarians. The cavalry on both sides was useless, not only from the narrowness of the pass, but also from the smooth and slippery and rocky nature of the ground, intersected also throughout by various mountain streams. The armor of the Galati was inferior, for their only defensive armor was the shield used in their country, and moreover they were less experienced in the art of war. But they fought like wild beasts, with rage and fury and headlong inconsiderate valor: and, whether hacked about by swords and battle-axes, or pierced with darts and javelins, desisted not from their furious attacks till bereft of life. Some even plucked out of their wounds the weapons with which they had been wounded, and hurled them

back, or used them in hand-to-hand fight. Meantime the Athenians on their triremes, not without great difficulty and danger, sailed along the mud, which is very plentiful in that arm of the sea, and got their vessels as near the barbarians as they could, and shot at their flanks with all kinds of darts and arrows. And the Celts by now getting far the worst of it, and in the press suffering far more loss than they could inflict, had the signal to retire to their camp given them by their commanders. Accordingly retreating in no order and in great confusion, many got trodden underfoot by one another, and many falling into the marsh disappeared in it, so that the loss in the retreat was as great as in the heat of action.

On this day the Athenians exhibited more valor than all the other Greeks, and especially Cydias, who was very young and fought now for the first time. And as he was killed by the Galati, his relations hung up his shield to Zeus Eleutherius with the following inscription : —

"Here I hang in vain regret for the young Cydias, I once the shield of that good warrior, now a votive offering to Zeus, the shield which he carried on his left arm for the first time on that day when fierce war blazed out against the Galati."

This inscription remained till Sulla's soldiers removed the shields in the portico of Zeus Eleutherius, as well as other notable things at Athens.

And after the battle at Thermopylæ the Greeks buried their dead, and stripped the bodies of the barbarians. But the Galati not only asked not permission to bury their dead, but plainly did not care whether their dead obtained burial or were torn to pieces by birds and beasts. Two things in my opinion made them thus indifferent to the burial of their dead, one to strike awe in their enemies by their ferocity, the other that they do not habitually mourn for their dead. In the battle fell 40 Greeks; how many barbarians cannot be accurately ascertained, for many of them were lost in the marsh.

On the seventh day after the battle a division of the Galati endeavored to cross Mount Œta by Heraclea, by a narrow pass near the ruins of Trachis, not far from which was a temple of Athene, rich in votive offerings. The barbarians hoped to cross Mount Œta by this pass, and also to plunder the temple by the way. The garrison, however, under the command of Telesarchus defeated the barbarians, though Telesarchus fell in the action, a man zealously devoted to the Greek cause.

The other commanders of the barbarians were astounded at the Greek successes, and doubted whereunto these things would grow, seeing that at present their own fortunes were desperate; but Brennus thought that, if he could force the Ætolians back into Ætolia, the war against the other Greeks would be easier. He selected therefore out of his whole army 40,000 foot and about 800 horse, all picked men, and put them under the command of Orestorius and Combutis. And they recrossed the Sperchius by the bridges, and marched through Thessaly into Ætolia. And their actions at Callion were the most atrocious of any that we have ever heard of, and quite unlike human beings. They butchered all the males, and likewise old men, and babes at their mothers' breasts: they even drank the blood, and feasted on the flesh, of babies that were fat. And high-spirited women and maidens in their flower committed suicide when the town was taken: and those that survived, the barbarians inflicted every kind of outrage on, being by nature incapable of pity and natural affection. And some of the women rushed upon the swords of the Galati and voluntarily courted death: to others death soon came from absence of food and sleep, as these merciless barbarians outraged them in turn, and wreaked their lusts on them whether dying or dead. And the Ætolians having learnt from messengers of the disasters that had fallen upon them, removed their forces with all speed from Thermopylæ, and pressed into Ætolia, furious at the sufferings of the people of Callion, and even still more anxious to save the towns that had not yet been captured. And the young men flocked out from all their towns to swell their army, old men also mixed with them inspirited by the crisis, and even their women volunteered their services, being more furious against the Galati than even the men. And the barbarians, having plundered the houses and temples and set fire to Callion, marched back to the main army at Thermopylæ: and on the road the people of Patræ were the only Achæans that helped the Ætolians and fell on the barbarians, being as they were capital heavy-armed soldiers, but hard pressed from the quantity of the Galati and their desperate valor. But the Ætolian men and women lined the roads and threw missiles at the barbarians with great effect, as they had no defensive armor but their national shields, and when the Galati pursued them they easily ran away, and when they desisted from the vain pursuit harassed them again continually. And though Callion had

suffered so grievously, that what Homer relates of the contest between the Læstrygones and the Cyclops seems less improbable, yet the vengeance which the Ætolians took was not inadequate: for of the 40,800 barbarians not more than half got back safe to the camp at Thermopylæ.

In the mean time the fortunes of the Greeks at Thermopylæ were as follows. One pass over Mount Œta is above Trachis, most steep and precipitous, the other through the district of the Æ nianes is easier for an army, and is the way by which Hydarnes the Mede formerly turned the flank of Leonidas' forces. By this way the Æ nianes and people of Heraclea promised to conduct Brennus, out of no ill will to the Greeks, but thinking it a great point if they could get the Celts to leave their district and not remain there to their utter ruin. So true are the words of Pindar, when he says that everybody is oppressed by his own troubles, but is indifferent to the misfortunes of other people. And this promise of the Æ nianes and people of Heraclea encouraged Brennus: and he left Acichorius with the main army, instructing him to attack the Greek force, when he (Brennus) should have got to their rear: and himself marched through the pass with 40,000 picked men. And it so happened that that day there was a great mist on the mountain which obscured the sun, so that the barbarians were not noticed by the Phocians who guarded the pass till they got to close quarters and attacked them. The Phocians defended themselves bravely, but were at last overpowered and retired from the pass, but were in time to get to the main force, and report what had happened, before the Greeks got completely surrounded on all sides. Thereupon the Athenians took the Greeks on board their triremes at Thermopylæ: and they dispersed each to their own nationality.

And Brennus, waiting only till Acichorius' troops should come up from the camp, marched for Delphi. And the inhabitants fled to the oracle in great alarm, but the god told them not to fear, he would protect his own. And the following Greeks came up to fight for the god: the Phocians from all their towns; 400 heavy-armed soldiers from Amphissa; of the Ætolians only a few at first, when they heard of the onward march of the barbarians, but afterwards Philomelus brought up 1200. For the flower of the Ætolian army directed itself against the division of Acichorius, not bringing on a general engagement, but attacking their rear guard as they marched,

plundering their baggage and killing the men in charge of it, and thus impeding their march considerably. And Acichorius had left a detachment at Heraclea, to guard the treasure in his camp.

So Brennus and the Greeks gathered together at Delphi drew up against one another in battle array. And the god showed in the plainest possible way his enmity to the barbarians. For the whole ground occupied by the army of the Galati violently rocked most of the day, and there was continuous thunder and lightning, which astounded the Celts and prevented their hearing the orders of their officers, and the lightning hit not only some particular individual here and there, but set on fire all around him and their arms. And appearances of heroes, as Hyperochus and Laodocus and Pyrrhus, and Phylacus — a local hero at Delphi — were seen on the battlefield. And many Phocians fell in the action, and among others Aleximachus, who slew more barbarians with his own hand than any other of the Greeks, and who was remarkable for his manly vigor, strength of frame and daring, and whose statue was afterwards placed by the Phocians in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Such was the condition and terror of the barbarians all the day; and during the night things were still worse with them, for it was bitterly cold and snowed hard, and great stones came tumbling down from Parnassus, and whole crags broke off and seemed to make the barbarians their mark, and not one or two but thirty and even more, as they stood on guard or rested, were killed at once by the fall of one of these crags. And the next day at daybreak the Greeks poured out of Delphi and attacked them, some straight in front, but the Phocians, who had the best acquaintance with the ground, came down the steep sides of Parnassus through the snow, and fell on the Celtic rear unexpectedly, and hurled javelins at them, and shot at them with perfect security. At the beginning of the battle the Galati, especially Brennus' bodyguard, who were the finest and boldest men in their army, fought with conspicuous bravery, though they were shot at on all sides, and suffered frightfully from the cold, especially such as were wounded: but when Brennus was wounded, and taken off the field in a fainting condition, then the barbarians sorely against their will beat a retreat (as the Greeks by now pressed them hard on all sides), and killed those of their comrades who could not retreat with them owing to their wounds or weakness.

These fugitive Galati bivouacked where they had got to when night came on them, and during the night were seized with panic fear, that is a fear arising without any solid cause. This panic came upon them late in the night, and was at first confined to a few, who thought they heard the noise of horses galloping up and that the enemy was approaching, but soon it ran through the host. They therefore seized their arms, and getting separated in the darkness mutually slew one another, neither recognizing their native dialect, nor discerning one another's forms or weapons, but both sides in their panic thinking their opponents Greeks both in language and weapons, so that this panic sent by the god produced terrific mutual slaughter. And those Phocians, who were left in the fields guarding the flocks and herds, were the first to notice and report to the Greeks what had happened to the barbarians in the night: and this nerved them to attack the Celts more vigorously than ever, and they placed a stronger guard over their cattle, and would not let the Galati get any articles of food from them without a fierce fight for it, so that throughout the barbarian host there was a deficiency of corn and all other provisions. And the number of those that perished in Phocis was nearly 6000 slain in battle, and more than 10,000 in the savage wintry night and in the panic, and as many more from starvation.

Some Athenians, who had gone to Delphi to reconnoiter, brought back the news of what had happened to the barbarians, and of the panic that the god had sent. And when they heard this good news they marched through Bœotia, and the Bœotians with them, and both in concert followed the barbarians, and lay in ambush for them, and cut off the stragglers. And Acichorius' division had joined those who fled with Brennus only the previous night: for the Ætolians made their progress slow, hurling javelins at them and any other missile freely, so that only a small part of the barbarians got safe to the camp at Heraclea. And Brennus, though his wounds were not mortal, yet either from fear of his comrades, or from shame, as having been the instigator of all these woes that had happened to them in Greece, committed suicide by drinking neat wine freely. And subsequently the barbarians got to the river Sperchius with no little difficulty, as the Ætolians attacked them fiercely all the way, and at that river the Thessalians and Malienses set on them with such vigor that none of them got home again.

This expedition of the Celts to Greece and their utter ruin

happened when Anaxicrates was Archon at Athens, in the second year of the 125th Olympiad, when Ladas of Ægæ was victor in the course. And the following year, when Democles was Archon at Athens, all the Celts crossed back again to Asia Minor. I have delivered a true account.

GREECE AND ROME.

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
And cloudlike mountains, and dividuous waves
Of Greece, baskt glorious in the open smiles
Of favoring heaven: from their enchanted caves
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.
On the unapprehensive wild
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
Grow savage yet, to human use unreconciled;
And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone; and yet a speechless child,
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
Her lidless eyes for thee; when o'er the Ægean main

Athens arose: a city such as vision
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
Of kingliest masonry: the ocean floors
Pave it; the evening sky pavilions it;
Its portals are inhabited
By thunder-zonèd winds, each head
Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
A divine work! Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set;
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
In marble immortality, that hill
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay

HANNIBAL

From a painting by Ferris

Immovably unquiet, and forever
It trembles, but it cannot pass away!
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
With an earth-awakening blast
Thro' the caverns of the past;
Religion veils her eyes: Oppression shrinks aghast:
A wingèd sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
Which soars where Expectation never flew,
Rending the veil of space and time asunder!
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew;
One sun illumines heaven; one spirit vast
With life and love makes chaos ever new,
As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
Like a wolf cub from a Cadmæan Mænad,
She drew the milk of greatness, tho' thy dearest
From that Elysian food was yet unweanèd;
And many a deed of terrible uprightness
By thy sweet love was sanctified;
And in thy smile, and by thy side,
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
And gold profaned thy Capitolian throne,
Thou didst desert, with spirit-wingèd lightness,
The senate of the tyrants: they sunk prone
Slaves of one tyrant: Palatinus sighed
Faint echoes of Ionian song; that tone
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

HANNIBAL AS STRATEGIST AND SOLDIER.

By LIVY.

[Titus Livius, Roman historian, was born near what is now Padua, B.C. 59. He lived at Rome under Augustus, making so splendid a literary reputation that one man went from Spain to Rome and back merely to look at him; but he retired to his native town, and died there B.C. 17. His enduring repute rests on his History of Rome from its foundation to the death of Drusus, in one hundred and forty-two books, of which only thirty-five are extant.]

The Crossing of the Alps.

From the Druentia, by a road that lay principally through plains, Hannibal arrived at the Alps without molestation from

the Gauls that inhabit those regions. Then, though the scene had been previously anticipated from report (by which uncertainties are wont to be exaggerated), yet the height of the mountains when viewed so near, and the snows almost mingling with the sky, the shapeless huts situated on the cliffs, the cattle and beasts of burden withered by the cold, the men unshorn and wildly dressed, all things, animate and inanimate, stiffened with frost, and other objects more terrible to be seen than described, renewed their alarm. To them, marching up the first acclivities, the mountaineers appeared occupying the heights overhead; who, if they had occupied the more concealed valleys, might, by rushing out suddenly to the attack, have occasioned great flight and havoc. Hannibal orders them to halt, and having sent forward Gauls to view the ground, when he found there was no passage that way, he pitches his camp in the widest valley he could find, among places all rugged and precipitous. Then, having learned from the same Gauls, when they had mixed in conversation with the mountaineers, from whom they differed little in language and manners, that the pass was only beset during the day, and that at night each withdrew to his own dwelling, he advanced at the dawn to the heights, as if designing openly and by day to force his way through the defile. The day then being passed in feigning a different attempt from that which was in preparation, when they had fortified the camp in the same place where they had halted, as soon as he perceived that the mountaineers had descended from the heights, and that the guards were withdrawn, having lighted for show a greater number of fires than was proportioned to the number that remained, and having left the baggage in the camp, with the cavalry and the principal part of the infantry, he himself with a party of light-armed, consisting of all the most courageous of his troops, rapidly cleared the defile, and took post on those very heights which the enemy had occupied.

At dawn of light the next day the camp broke up, and the rest of the army began to move forward. The mountaineers, on a signal being given, were now assembling from their forts to their usual station, when they suddenly behold part of the enemy overhanging them from above, in possession of their former position, and the others passing along the road. Both these objects, presented at the same time to the eye and the mind, made them stand motionless for a little while; but when they afterwards saw the confusion in the pass, and that the

marching body was thrown into disorder by the tumult which itself created, principally from the horses being terrified, thinking that whatever terror they added would suffice for the destruction of the enemy, they scramble along the dangerous rocks, as being accustomed alike to pathless and circuitous ways. Then indeed the Carthaginians were opposed at once by the enemy and by the difficulties of the ground; and each striving to escape first from the danger, there was more fighting among themselves than with their opponents. The horses, in particular, created danger in the lines, which, being terrified by the discordant clamors which the groves and reëchoing valleys augmented, fell into confusion; and if by chance struck or wounded, they were so dismayed that they occasioned a great loss both of men and baggage of every description: and as the pass on both sides was broken and precipitous, this tumult threw many down to an immense depth, some even of the armed men; but the beasts of burden, with their loads, were rolled down like the fall of some vast fabric. Though these disasters were shocking to view, Hannibal, however, kept his place for a little, and kept his men together, lest he might augment the tumult and disorder; but afterwards, when he saw the line broken, and that there was danger that he should bring over his army preserved to no purpose if deprived of their baggage, he hastened down from the higher ground; and though he had routed the enemy by the first onset alone, he at the same time increased the disorder in his own army: but that tumult was composed in a moment, after the roads were cleared by the flight of the mountaineers; and presently the whole army was conducted through, not only without being disturbed, but almost in silence. He then took a fortified place, which was the capital of that district, and the little villages that lay around it, and fed his army for three days with the corn and cattle he had taken; and during these three days, as the soldiers were neither obstructed by the mountaineers, who had been daunted by the first engagement, nor yet much by the ground, he made considerable way.

He then came to another state, abounding, for a mountainous country, with inhabitants; where he was nearly overcome, not by open war, but by his own arts of treachery and ambuscade. Some old men, governors of forts, came as deputies to the Carthaginian, professing, "that having been warned by the useful example of the calamities of others, they wished

rather to experience the friendship than the hostilities of the Carthaginians: they would, therefore, obediently execute his commands, and begged that he would accept of a supply of provisions, guides of his march, and hostages for the sincerity of their promises." Hannibal, when he had answered them in a friendly manner, thinking that they should neither be rashly trusted nor yet rejected, lest if repulsed they might openly become enemies, having received the hostages whom they proffered, and made use of the provisions which they of their own accord brought down to the road, follows their guides, by no means as among a people with whom he was at peace, but with his line of march in close order. The elephants and cavalry formed the van of the marching body; he himself, examining everything around, and intent on every circumstance, followed with the choicest of the infantry. When they came into a narrower pass, lying on one side beneath an overhanging eminence, the barbarians, rising at once on all sides from their ambush, assail them in front and rear, both at close quarters and from a distance, and roll down huge stones on the army. The most numerous body of men pressed on the rear; against whom the infantry facing about and directing their attack made it very obvious that, had not the rear of the army been well supported, a great loss must have been sustained in that pass. Even as it was, they came to the extremity of danger, and almost to destruction; for while Hannibal hesitates to lead down his division into the defile, because, though he himself was a protection to the cavalry, he had not in the same way left any aid to the infantry in the rear, the mountaineers, charging obliquely, and on having broken through the middle of the army, took possession of the road; and one night was spent by Hannibal without his cavalry and baggage.

Next day, the barbarians running in to the attack between (the two divisions) less vigorously, the forces were reunited, and the defile passed, not without loss, but yet with a greater destruction of beasts of burden than of men. From that time the mountaineers fell upon them in smaller parties, more like an attack of robbers than war, sometimes on the van, sometimes on the rear, according as the ground afforded them advantage, or stragglers advancing or loitering gave them an opportunity. Though the elephants were driven through steep and narrow roads with great loss of time, yet wherever they went they rendered the army safe from the enemy, because

men unacquainted with such animals were afraid of approaching too nearly. On the ninth day they came to a summit of the Alps, chiefly through places trackless; and after many mistakes of their way, which were caused either by the treachery of the guides, or, when they were not trusted, by entering valleys at random on their own conjectures of the route. For two days they remained encamped on the summit; and rest was given to the soldiers, exhausted with toil and fighting; and several beasts of burden, which had fallen down among the rocks, by following the track of the army arrived at the camp. A fall of snow, it being now the season of the setting of the constellation of the Pleiades, caused great fear to the soldiers, already worn out with weariness of so many hardships. On the standards being moved forward at daybreak, when the army proceeded slowly over all places entirely blocked up with snow, and languor and despair strongly appeared in the countenances of all, Hannibal, having advanced before the standards, and ordered the soldiers to halt on a certain eminence, whence there was a prospect far and wide, points out to them Italy and the plains of the Po, extending themselves beneath the Alpine mountains, and said, "that they were now surmounting not only the ramparts of Italy, but also of the city of Rome; that the rest of the journey would be smooth and downhill; that after one, or, at most, a second battle, they would have the citadel and capital of Italy in their power and possession." The army then began to advance, the enemy now making no attempts beyond petty thefts, as opportunity offered. But the journey proved much more difficult than it had been in the ascent, as the declivity of the Alps, being generally shorter on the side of Italy, is consequently steeper; for nearly all the road was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that neither those who made the least stumble could prevent themselves from falling, nor, when fallen, remain in the same place, but rolled, both men and beasts of burden, one upon another.

They then came to a rock much more narrow, and formed of such perpendicular ledges that a light-armed soldier, carefully making the attempt, and clinging with his hands to the bushes and roots around, could with difficulty lower himself down. The ground, even before very steep by nature, had been broken by a recent falling away of the earth into a precipice of nearly a thousand feet in depth. Here, when the cavalry had halted, as if at the end of their journey, it is

announced to Hannibal, wondering what obstructed the march, that the rock was impassable. Having then gone himself to view the place, it seemed clear to him that he must lead his army round it, by however great a circuit, through the pathless and untrodden regions around. But this route also proved impracticable; for while the new snow of a moderate depth remained on the old, which had not been removed, their footsteps were planted with ease as they walked upon the new snow, which was soft and not too deep; but when it was dissolved by the trampling of so many men and beasts of burden, they then walked on the bare ice below, and through the dirty fluid formed by the melting snow. Here there was a wretched struggle, both on account of the slippery ice not affording any hold to the step, and giving way beneath the foot more readily by reason of the slope; and whether they assisted themselves in rising by their hands or their knees, their supports themselves giving way, they would tumble again; nor were there any stumps or roots near by pressing against which one might with hand or foot support himself; so that they only floundered on the smooth ice and amidst the melted snow. The beasts of burden sometimes also cut into this lower ice by merely treading upon it, at others they broke it completely through by the violence with which they struck in their hoofs in their struggling, so that most of them, as if taken in a trap, stuck in the hardened and deeply frozen ice.

At length, after the men and beasts of burden had been fatigued to no purpose, the camp was pitched on the summit, the ground being cleared for that purpose with great difficulty, so much snow was there to be dug out and carried away. The soldiers being then set to make a way down the cliff, by which alone a passage could be effected, and it being necessary that they should cut through the rocks, having felled and lopped a number of large trees which grew around, they make a huge pile of timber; and as soon as a strong wind fit for exciting the flames arose, they set fire to it, and, pouring vinegar on the heated stones, they render them soft and crumbling. They then open a road through the incandescent rock with iron tools, and reduce the grades by moderate windings, so that not only the draft animals but the elephants also can be brought down. Four days being spent around the cliff, the draft animals had nearly perished with hunger; for the peaks were almost bare, and what little forage there was, the snows buried up. The

lower levels have valleys and sunny knolls, and brooks near woods, and still more suitable spots under human cultivation. There the draft animals are turned out to pasture, and rest is given to the men tired out with fatigue duty.

The Escape by the Stratagem of the Oxen.

It happened that on that day Minucius had formed a junction with Fabius, having been sent to secure with a guard the pass above Tarracina, which, contracted into a narrow gorge, overhangs the sea, in order that Hannibal might not be able to get into the Roman territory by the Appian Way's being unguarded. The dictator and master of the horse, uniting their forces, lead them down into the road through which Hannibal was about to march his troops. The enemy was two miles from that place.

The following day the Carthaginian filled the whole road between the two camps with his troops in marching order; and though the Romans had taken their stand immediately under their rampart, having a decidedly superior position, yet the Carthaginian came up with his light horse, and, with a view to provoke the enemy, carried on a kind of desultory attack, first charging and then retreating. The Roman line remained in its position. The battle was slow, and more conformable to the wish of the dictator than of Hannibal. On the part of the Romans there fell two hundred, on the part of the enemy eight hundred. It now began to appear that Hannibal was hemmed in, the road to Casilinum being blockaded; and that while Capua, and Samnium, and so many wealthy allies in the rear of the Romans might supply them with provisions, the Carthaginian, on the other hand, must winter amidst the rocks of Formiæ and the sands and hideous swamps of Liternum. Nor did it escape Hannibal that he was assailed by his own arts; wherefore, since he could not escape by way of Casilinum, and since it was necessary to make for the mountains and pass the summit of Callicula, lest in any place the Romans should attack his troops while inclosed in valleys; having hit upon a stratagem calculated to deceive the sight, and excite terror from its appearance, by means of which he might baffle the enemy, he resolved to come up by stealth to the mountains at the commencement of night. The preparation of his wily stratagem was of this description. Torches, collected from every part of the country, and bundles of rods and dry cuttings, are fastened before the horns of oxen, of which, wild and

tame, he had driven away a great number among other plunder of the country: the number of oxen was made up to nearly two thousand. To Hasdrubal was assigned the task of driving to the mountains that herd, after having set fire to their horns as soon as ever it was dark; particularly, if he could, over the passes beset by the enemy.

As soon as it was dark the camp was moved in silence; the oxen were driven a little in advance of the standards. When they arrived at the foot of the mountains and the narrow passes, the signal is immediately given for setting fire to their horns and driving them violently up the mountains before them. The mere terror excited by the flame, which cast a glare from their heads, and the heat now approaching the quick and the roots of their horns, drove on the oxen as if goaded by madness. By which dispersion, on a sudden all the surrounding shrubs were in a blaze, as if the mountains and woods had been on fire; and the unavailing tossing of their heads quickening the flame, exhibited an appearance as of men running to and fro on every side. Those who had been placed to guard the passage of the wood, when they saw fires on the tops of the mountains, and some over their own heads, concluding that they were surrounded, abandoned their post; making for the tops of the mountains in the direction in which the fewest fires blazed, as being the safest course; however, they fell in with some oxen which had strayed from their herds. At first, when they beheld them at a distance, they stood fixed in amazement at the miracle, as it appeared to them, of creatures breathing fire; afterwards, when it showed itself to be a human stratagem, then, forsooth, concluding that there was an ambuscade, as they are hurrying away in flight with increased alarm, they fall in also with the light-armed troops of the enemy. But the night, when the fear was equally shared, kept them from commencing the battle till morning. Meanwhile Hannibal, having marched his whole army through the pass, and having cut off some of the enemy in the very defile, pitches his camp in the country of Allifæ.

Fabius perceived this tumult, but concluding that it was a snare, and being disinclined for a battle, particularly by night, kept his troops within the works. At break of day a battle took place under the summit of the mountain, in which the Romans, who were considerably superior in numbers, would have easily overpowered the light-armed of the enemy, cut off

as they were from their party, had not a cohort of Spaniards, sent back by Hannibal for that very purpose, reached the spot. That body being more accustomed to mountains, and being more adapted, both from the agility of their limbs and also from the character of their arms, to skirmishing amidst rocks and crags, easily foiled, by their manner of fighting, an enemy loaded with arms, accustomed to level ground and the steady kind of fighting. Separating from a contest thus by no means equal, they proceeded to their camps, — the Spaniards almost all untouched, the Romans having lost a few. Fabius also moved his camp, and passing the defile, took up a position above Allifæ, in a strong and elevated place. Then Hannibal, pretending to march to Rome through Samnium, came back as far as the Peligni, spreading devastation. Fabius led his troops along the heights midway between the army of the enemy and the city of Rome, neither avoiding him altogether, nor coming to an engagement. From the Peligni the Carthaginian turned his course, and going back again to Apulia, reached Geronium, a city deserted by its inhabitants from fear, as a part of its walls had fallen down together in ruins. The dictator formed a completely fortified camp in the territory of Larinum, and being recalled thence to Rome on account of some sacred rites, he not only urged the master of the horse, in virtue of his authority, but with advice and almost with prayers, that he would trust rather to prudence than fortune, and imitate him as a general rather than Sempronius and Flaminius; that he would not suppose that nothing had been achieved by having worn out nearly the whole summer in baffling the enemy; that physicians, too, sometimes gained more by rest than by motion and action. That it was no small thing to have ceased to be conquered by an enemy so often victorious, and to have taken breath after successive disasters. Having thus unavailingly admonished the master of the horse, he set out for Rome.

The Battle of Lake Trasimenus.

Hannibal lays waste the country between the city Cortona and the lake Trasimenus with all the devastation of war, the more to exasperate the enemy to revenge the injuries inflicted on his allies. They had now reached a place formed by nature for an ambuscade, where the Trasimenus comes nearest to the mountains of Cortona. A very narrow passage only intervenes,

as though room enough just for that purpose had been left designedly; after that a somewhat wider plain opens itself, and then some hills rise up. On these he pitches his camp, in full view, where he himself, with his Spaniards and Africans, only might be posted. The Baliares and his other light troops he leads round the mountains; his cavalry he posts at the very entrance of the defile, some eminences conveniently concealing them; in order that when the Romans had entered, the cavalry advancing, every place might be inclosed by the lake and the mountains. Flaminius, passing the defiles before it was quite daylight, without reconnoitering, though he had arrived at the lake the preceding day at sunset, when the troops began to be spread into the wider plain, saw that part only of the enemy which was opposite to him; the ambuscade in his rear and overhead escaped his notice. And when the Carthaginian had his enemy inclosed by the lake and mountains, and surrounded by his troops, he gives the signal to all to make a simultaneous charge; and each running down the nearest way, the suddenness and unexpectedness of the event was increased to the Romans by a mist rising from the lake, which had settled thicker on the plain than on the mountains; and thus the troops of the enemy ran down from the various eminences, sufficiently well discerning each other, and therefore with the greater regularity. A shout being raised on all sides, the Roman found himself surrounded before he could well see the enemy; and the attack on the front and flank had commenced ere his line could be well formed, his arms prepared for action, or his swords unsheathed.

The consul, while all were panic-struck, himself sufficiently undaunted, though in so perilous a case, marshals, as well as the time and place permitted, the lines which were thrown into confusion by each man's turning himself towards the various shouts; and wherever he could approach or be heard, exhorts them, and bids them stand and fight: for that they could not escape thence by vows and prayers to the gods, but by exertion and valor; that a way was sometimes opened by the sword through the midst of marshaled armies, and that generally the less the fear the less the danger. However, from the noise and tumult, neither his advice nor command could be caught; and so far were the soldiers from knowing their own standards, and ranks, and position, that they had scarce sufficient courage to take up arms and make them ready for battle; and

certain of them were surprised before they could prepare them, being burdened rather than protected by them; while in so great darkness there was more use of ears than of eyes. They turned their faces and eyes in every direction towards the groans of the wounded, the sounds of blows upon the body or arms, and the mingled clamors of the menacing and the affrighted. Some, as they were making their escape, were stopped, having encountered a body of men engaged in fight; and bands of fugitives returning to the battle, diverted others. After charges had been attempted unsuccessfully in every direction, and on their flanks the mountains and the lake, on the front and rear the lines of the enemy inclosed them, when it was evident that there was no hope of safety but in the right hand and the sword; then each man became to himself a leader and encourager to action; and an entirely new contest arose, not a regular line, with principes, hastati, and triarii; nor of such a sort as that the vanguard should fight before the standards, and the rest of the troops behind them; nor such that each soldier should be in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance collects them into bands; and each man's own will assigned to him his post, whether to fight in front or rear; and so great was the ardor of the conflict, so intent were their minds upon the battle, that not one of the combatants felt an earthquake which threw down large portions of many of the cities of Italy, turned rivers from their rapid courses, carried the sea up into rivers, and leveled mountains with a tremendous crash.

The battle was continued near three hours, and in every quarter with fierceness; around the consul, however, it was still hotter and more determined. Both the strongest of the troops, and himself too, promptly brought assistance wherever he perceived his men hard pressed and distressed. But, distinguished by his armor, the enemy attacked him with the utmost vigor, while his countrymen defended him; until an Insubrian horseman, named Ducarius, knowing him also by his face, says to his countrymen, "Lo, this is the consul who slew our legions and laid waste our fields and city. Now will I offer this victim to the shades of my countrymen, miserably slain;" and putting spurs to his horse, he rushes through a very dense body of the enemy; and first slaying his armor bearer, who had opposed himself to his attack as he approached, ran the consul through with his lance; the triarii, opposing their shields, kept him off when

seeking to despoil him. Then first the flight of a great number began; and now neither the lake nor the mountains obstructed their hurried retreat; they run through all places, confined and precipitous, as though they were blind; and arms and men are tumbled one upon another. A great many, when there remained no more space to run, advancing into the water through the first shallows of the lake, plunge in, as far as they could stand above it with their heads and shoulders. Some there were whom inconsiderate fear induced to try to escape even by swimming; but as that attempt was inordinate and hopeless, they were either overwhelmed in the deep water, their courage failing, or, wearied to no purpose, made their way back, with extreme difficulty, to the shallows, and there were cut up on all hands by the cavalry of the enemy, which had entered the water. Near upon six thousand of the foremost body, having gallantly forced their way through the opposing enemy, entirely unacquainted with what was occurring in their rear, escaped from the defile; and having halted on a certain rising ground, and hearing only the shouting and clashing of arms, they could not know nor discern, by reason of the mist, what was the fortune of the battle. At length, the affair being decided, when the mist, dispelled by the increasing heat of the sun, had cleared the atmosphere, then, in the clear light, the mountains and plains showed their ruin, and the Roman army miserably destroyed; and thus, lest, being descried at a distance, the cavalry should be sent against them, hastily snatching up their standards, they hurried away with all possible expedition. On the following day, when in addition to their extreme sufferings in other respects, famine also was at hand, Maharbal, who had followed them during the night with the whole body of cavalry, pledging his honor that he would let them depart with single garments if they would deliver up their arms, they surrendered themselves; which promise was kept by Hannibal with Punic fidelity, and he threw them all into chains.

This is the celebrated battle at the Trasimenus, and recorded among the few disasters of the Roman people. Fifteen thousand Romans were slain in the battle. Ten thousand, who had been scattered in the flight through all Etruria, returned to the city by different roads. One thousand five hundred of the enemy perished in the battle; many on both sides died afterwards of their wounds.

The Battle of Cannæ.

The consuls persisted in the same opinions they ever entertained; but nearly all acquiesced with Varro, and none with Paulus except Servilius, the consul of the former year. In compliance with the opinion of the majority, they set out, under the impulse of destiny, to render Cannæ celebrated by a Roman disaster. Hannibal had pitched his camp near that village, with his back to the wind Vulturnus, which, in those plains which are parched with drought, carries with it clouds of dust. This circumstance was not only very advantageous to the camp, but would be a great protection to them when they formed their line; as they, with the wind blowing only on their backs, would combat with an enemy blinded with the thickly blown dust.

When the consuls, employing sufficient diligence in exploring the road in pursuit of the Carthaginian, had arrived at Cannæ, where they had the enemy in the sight of them, having divided their forces, they fortify two camps, with nearly the same interval as before, at Geronium. The river Aufidus, which flowed by both the camps, afforded approach to the watering parties of each, as opportunity served, though not without contest. The Romans in the lesser camp, however, which was on the other side the Aufidus, were more freely furnished with water, because the farther bank had no guard of the enemy. Hannibal, entertaining a hope that the consuls would not decline a battle in this tract, which was naturally adapted to a cavalry engagement, in which portion of his forces he was invincible, formed his line, and provoked the enemy by a skirmishing attack with his Numidians. Upon this the Roman camp began again to be embroiled by a mutiny among the soldiers, and the disagreement of the consuls: since Paulus instanced to Varro the temerity of Sempronius and Flaminius; while Varro pointed to Fabius, as a specious example to timid and inactive generals. The latter called both gods and men to witness "that no part of the blame attached to him, that Hannibal had now made Italy his own, as it were, by right of possession; that he was held bound by his colleague; that the swords and arms were taken out of the hands of the indignant soldiers, who were eager to fight." The former declared "that, if any disaster should befall the legions thus exposed and betrayed into an ill-advised and imprudent

battle, he should be exempt from any blame, though the sharer of all the consequences. That he must take care that their hands were equally energetic in the battle, whose tongues were so forward and impetuous."

While time is thus consumed in altercation rather than deliberating, Hannibal, who had kept his troops drawn up in order of battle till late in the day, when he had led the rest of them back into the camp, sends Numidians across the river to attack a watering party of the Romans from the lesser camp. Having routed this disorderly band by shouting and tumult, before they had well reached the opposite bank, they advanced even to an outpost which was before the rampart, and near the very gates of the camp. It seemed so great an indignity, that now even the camp of the Romans should be terrified by a tumultuary band of auxiliaries, that this cause alone kept back the Romans from crossing the river forthwith, and forming their line, that the chief command was on that day held by Paulus. Accordingly, Varro, on the following day, on which it was his turn to hold the command, without consulting his colleague, displayed the signal for battle, and, forming his troops, led them across the river. Paulus followed, because he could better disapprove of the proceeding than withhold his assistance. Having crossed the river, they add to their forces those which they had in the lesser camp ; and thus forming their line, place the Roman cavalry in the right wing, which was next the river ; and next them the infantry : at the extremity of the left wing the allied cavalry ; within them the allied infantry, extending to the center, and contiguous to the Roman legions. The darters, and the rest of the light-armed auxiliaries, formed the van. The consuls commanded the wings, — Terentius the left, Æmilius the right. To Germinus Servilius was committed the charge of maintaining the battle in the center.

Hannibal, at break of day, having sent before him the Baliares and other light-armed troops, crossed the river, and placed his troops in line of battle, as he had conveyed them across the river. The Gallic and Spanish cavalry he placed in the left wing, opposite the Roman cavalry : the right wing was assigned to the Numidian cavalry, the center of the line being strongly formed by the infantry, so that both extremities of it were composed of Africans, between which Gauls and Spaniards were placed. One would suppose the Africans were

for the most part Romans, they were so equipped with arms captured at the Trebia, and for the greater part at the Trasimenus. The shields of the Gauls and Spaniards were of the same shape, their swords unequal and dissimilar. The Gauls had very long ones, without points. The Spaniards, who were accustomed to stab, more than to cut, their enemy, had swords convenient, from their shortness, and with points. The aspect of these nations in other respects was terrific, both as to the appearance they exhibited and the size of their persons. The Gauls were naked above the navel : the Spaniards stood arrayed in linen vests resplendent with surprising whiteness, and bordered with purple. The whole amount of infantry standing in battle array was forty thousand ; of cavalry ten. The generals who commanded the wings were, on the left, Hasdrubal ; on the right, Maharbal : Hannibal himself, with his brother Mago, commanded the center. The sun very conveniently shone obliquely upon both parties — the Romans facing the south, and the Carthaginians the north ; either placed so designedly, or having stood thus by chance. The wind, which the inhabitants of the district call the Vulturnus, blowing violently in front of the Romans, prevented their seeing far by rolling clouds of dust into their faces.

The shout being raised, the auxiliaries charged, and the battle commenced, in the first place, with the light-armed troops : then the left wing, consisting of the Gallic and Spanish cavalry, engages with the Roman right wing, by no means in the manner of a cavalry battle ; for they were obliged to engage front to front ; for, as on one side the river, on the other the line of infantry hemmed them in, there was no space left at their flanks for evolution, but both parties were compelled to press directly forward. At length the horses standing still, and being crowded together, man grappling with man, dragged him from his horse. The contest now came to be carried on principally on foot. The battle, however, was more violent than lasting ; and the Roman cavalry being repulsed, turn their backs. About the conclusion of the contest between the cavalry, the battle between the infantry commenced. At first the Gauls and Spaniards preserved their ranks unbroken, not inferior in strength or courage ; but at length the Romans, after long and repeated efforts, drove in with their even front and closely compacted line, that part of the enemy's line in the form of a wedge, which projected

beyond the rest, which was too thin, and therefore deficient in strength. These men, thus driven back and hastily retreating, they closely pursued ; and as they urged their course without interruption through this terrified band, as it fled with precipitation, were borne first upon the center line of the enemy ; and, lastly, no one opposing them, they reached the African reserved troops. These were posted at the two extremities of the line, where it was depressed ; while the center, where the Gauls and Spaniards were placed, projected a little. When the wedge thus formed being driven in, at first rendered the line level, but afterwards, by the pressure, made a curvature in the center, the Africans, who had now formed wings on each side of them, surrounded the Romans on both sides, who incautiously rushed into the intermediate space ; and presently extending their wings, inclosed the enemy on the rear also. After this the Romans, who had in vain finished one battle, leaving the Gauls and Spaniards, whose rear they had slaughtered, in addition commence a fresh encounter with the Africans, not only disadvantageous, because, being hemmed in, they had to fight against troops who surrounded them, but also because, fatigued, they fought with those who were fresh and vigorous.

Now also in the left wing of the Romans, in which the allied cavalry were opposed to the Numidians, the battle was joined, which was at first languid, commencing with a stratagem on the part of the Carthaginians. About five hundred Numidians, who, besides their usual arms, had swords concealed beneath their coats of mail, quitting their own party, and riding up to the enemy under the semblance of deserters, with their bucklers behind them, suddenly leap down from their horses, and, throwing down their bucklers and javelins at the feet of their enemies, are received into their center, and, being conducted to the rear, ordered to remain there ; and there they continued until the battle became general. But afterwards, when the thoughts and attention of all were occupied with the contest, snatching up the shields which lay scattered on all hands among the heaps of slain, they fell upon the rear of the Roman line, and striking their backs and wounding their hams, occasioned vast havoc, and still greater panic and confusion. While in one part terror and flight prevailed, in another the battle was obstinately persisted in, though with little hope. Hasdrubal, who was then commanding in that quarter, withdrawing the Numidians from the

center of the army, as the conflict with their opponents was slight, sends them in pursuit of the scattered fugitives, and joining the Africans, now almost weary with slaying rather than fighting the Spanish and Gallic infantry.

On the other side of the field, Paulus, though severely wounded from a sling in the very commencement of the battle, with a compact body of troops, frequently opposed himself to Hannibal, and in several quarters restored the battle, the Roman cavalry protecting him; who, at length, when the consul had not strength enough even to manage his horse, dismounted from their horses. And when some one brought intelligence that the consul had ordered the cavalry to dismount, it is said that Hannibal observed, "How much rather would I that he delivered them to me in chains." The fight maintained by the dismounted cavalry was such as might be expected, when the victory was undoubtedly on the side of the enemy, the vanquished preferring death in their places to flight; and the conquerors, who were enraged at them for delaying the victory, butchering those whom they could not put to flight. They at length, however, drove the few who remained away, worn out with exertion and wounds. After that they were all dispersed, and such as could sought to regain their horses for flight. Cneius Lentulus, a military tribune, seeing, as he rode by, the consul sitting upon a stone and covered with blood, said to him: "Lucius Æmilius! the only man whom the gods ought to regard as being guiltless of this day's disaster, take this horse, while you have any strength remaining, and I am with you to raise you up and protect you. Make not this battle more calamitous by the death of a consul. There is sufficient matter for tears and grief without this addition." In reply the consul said: "Do thou, indeed, go on and prosper, Cneius Servilius, in your career of virtue! But beware lest you waste in bootless commiseration the brief opportunity of escaping from the hands of the enemy. Go and tell the fathers publicly to fortify the city of Rome, and garrison it strongly before the victorious enemy arrive; and tell Quintus Fabius, individually, that Lucius Æmilius lived, and now dies, mindful of his injunctions. Allow me to expire amidst these heaps of my slaughtered troops, that I may not a second time be accused after my consulate, or stand forth as the accuser of my colleague, in order to defend my own innocence by criminating

another." While finishing these words, first a crowd of their flying countrymen, after that the enemy, came upon them; they overwhelm the consul with their weapons, not knowing who he was: in the confusion his horse rescued Lentulus. After that they fly precipitately.

Seven thousand escaped to the lesser camp, ten to the greater, about two thousand to the village itself of Cannæ, who were immediately surrounded by Carthalo and the cavalry, no fortifications protecting the village. The other consul, whether by design or by chance, made good his escape to Venusia with about seventy horse, without mingling with any party of the flying troops. Forty thousand foot, two thousand seven hundred horse, there being an equal number of citizens and allies, are said to have been slain. Among these both the questors of the consuls, Lucius Atilius and Lucius Furius Bibaculus; twenty-one military tribunes; several who had passed the offices of consul, pretor, and ædile; among these they reckon Cneius Servilius Germinus, and Marcus Minucius, who had been master of the horse on a former year, and consul some years before; moreover, eighty, either Senators, or who had borne those offices by which they might be elected into the Senate, and who had voluntarily enrolled themselves in the legions. Three thousand infantry and three hundred cavalry are said to have been captured in that battle.

Such is the battle of Cannæ, equal in celebrity to the defeat at the Allia; but as it was less important in respect to those things which happened after it, because the enemy did not follow up the blow, so was it more important and more horrible with respect to the slaughter of the army; for with respect to the flight at the Allia, as it betrayed the city, so it preserved the army. At Cannæ, scarcely seventy accompanied the flying consul: almost the whole army shared the fate of the other who died.

TO ROME.

By LORD BYRON.

O Rome, my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferings? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and empires, Ye
Whose agonies are creatures of a day!
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride!
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap:
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections: now we clap
Our hands, and cry, "Eureka! it is clear—"
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas, the lofty city! and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
Her resurrection: all beside, decay.
Alas for earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

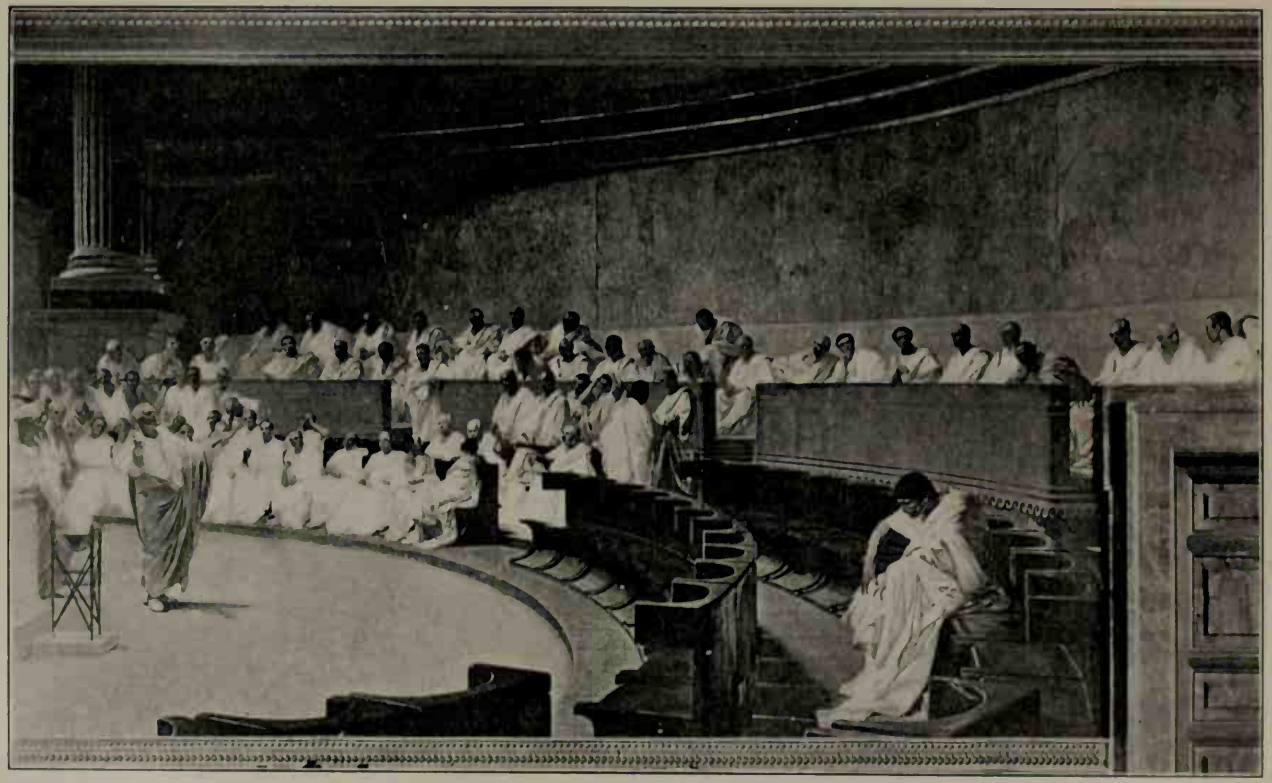
By SALLUST.

[Caius Sallustius Crispus, Roman historical writer, was born B.C. 86. He was expelled from the Senate for debauchery, B.C. 54; readmitted by Cæsar; made governor of Numidia by him, B.C. 46; gained immense wealth by plundering the inhabitants and worse unpopularity by seducing their women; the following year he returned to Rome and lived in lettered ease till his death, B.C. 35. His fame rests on his only surviving works, "The Conspiracy of Catiline" and "The War against Jugurtha," both pamphlets with an ulterior political purpose.]

Lucius Catiline was a man of noble birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments, but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotions, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling whatever he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.

Since the time of Sylla's dictatorship, a strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which evils he had increased by those practices which I have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which extravagance and selfishness, pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action.

When wealth was once considered an honor, and glory, authority, and power attended on it, virtue lost her influence, poverty was thought a disgrace, and a life of innocence was regarded as a life of ill nature. From the influence of riches, accordingly, luxury, avarice, and pride prevailed among the youth; they grew at once rapacious and prodigal; they undervalued what was their own, and coveted what was another's; they set at naught modesty and continence; they lost all dis-



CICERO AND CATILINE IN THE SENATE

"How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?"

From a fresco painting by Professor C. Maccari, on the wall of the Palace of the Senate, Rome

tinction between sacred and profane, and threw off all consideration and self-restraint.

The love of irregular gratification, open debauchery, and all kinds of luxury, had spread abroad. Men forgot their sex; women threw off all the restraints of modesty. To gratify appetite, they sought for every kind of production by land and by sea; they slept before there was any inclination for sleep; they no longer waited to feel hunger, thirst, cold, or fatigue, but anticipated them all by luxurious indulgence. Such propensities drove the youth, when their patrimonies were exhausted, to criminal practices; for their minds, impregnated with evil habits, could not easily abstain from gratifying their passions, and were thus the more inordinately devoted in every way to rapacity and extravagance.

In so populous and so corrupt a city, Catiline, as it was very easy to do, kept about him, like a bodyguard, crowds of the unprincipled and desperate. For all those shameless, libertine, and profligate characters, who had dissipated their patrimonies by gaming, luxury, and sensuality; all who had contracted heavy debts, to purchase immunity for their crimes or offenses; all assassins or sacrilegious persons from every quarter, convicted or dreading conviction for their evil deeds; all, besides, whom their tongue or their hand maintained by perjury or civil bloodshed; all, in fine, whom wickedness, poverty, or a guilty conscience disquieted, were the associates and intimate friends of Catiline. And if any one, as yet of unblemished character, fell into his society, he was presently rendered, by daily intercourse and temptation, similar and equal to the rest. But it was the young whose acquaintance he chiefly courted; as their minds, ductile and unsettled from their age, were easily insnared by his stratagems. For as the passions of each, according to his years, appeared excited, he furnished mistresses to some, bought horses and dogs for others, and spared, in a word, neither his purse nor his character, if he could but make them his devoted and trustworthy supporters. There were some, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented the house of Catiline were guilty of crimes against nature; but this report arose rather from other causes than from any evidence of the fact.

Catiline, in his youth, had been guilty of many criminal connections, with a virgin of noble birth, with a priestess of Vesta, and of many other offenses of this nature, in defiance

alike of law and religion. At last, when he was smitten with a passion for Aurelia Orestilla, in whom no good man, at any time of her life, commended anything but her beauty, it is confidently believed that because she hesitated to marry him, from the dread of having a grown-up step-son, he cleared the house for their nuptials by putting his son to death. And this crime appears to me to have been the chief cause of hurrying forward the conspiracy. For his guilty mind, at peace with neither gods nor men, found no comfort either waking or sleeping; so effectually did conscience desolate his tortured spirit. His complexion, in consequence, was pale, his eyes haggard, his walk sometimes quick and sometimes slow, and distraction was plainly apparent in every feature and look.

The young men, whom, as I said before, he had enticed to join him, he initiated, by various methods, in evil practices. From among them he furnished false witnesses, and forgers of signatures; and he taught them all to regard, with equal unconcern, honor, property, and danger. At length, when he had stripped them of all character and shame, he led them to other and greater enormities. If a motive for crime did not readily occur, he incited them, nevertheless, to circumvent and murder inoffensive persons, just as if they had injured him; for, lest their hand or heart should grow torpid for want of employment, he chose to be gratuitously wicked and cruel.

Depending on such accomplices and adherents, and knowing that the load of debt was everywhere great, and that the veterans of Sylla, having spent their money too liberally, and remembering their spoils and former victory, were longing for a civil war, Catiline formed the design of overthrowing the government. There was no army in Italy; Pompey was fighting in a distant part of the world; he himself had great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the senate was wholly off its guard; everything was quiet and tranquil; and all these circumstances were exceedingly favorable for Catiline.

Accordingly, about the beginning of June, in the consulship of Lucius Cæsar and Caius Figulus, he at first addressed each of his accomplices separately, encouraged some, and sounded others, and informed them of his own resources, of the unprepared condition of the state, and of the great prizes to be expected from the conspiracy. When he had ascertained, to his satisfaction, all that he required, he summoned all whose

necessities were the most urgent, and whose spirits were the most daring, to a general conference.

When Catiline saw these assembled, though he had often discussed many points with them singly, yet thinking it would be to his purpose to address and exhort them in a body, retired with them into a private apartment of his house, where, when all witnesses were withdrawn, he harangued them.

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When these men, surrounded with numberless evils, but without any resources or hopes of good, had heard his address, though they thought it much for their advantage to disturb the public tranquillity, yet most of them called on Catiline to state on what terms they were to engage in the contest; what benefits they were to expect from taking up arms; and what support and encouragement they had, and in what quarters. Catiline then promised them the abolition of their debts; a proscription of the wealthy citizens; offices, sacerdotal dignities, plunder, and all other gratifications which war, and the license of conquerors, can afford. He added that Piso was in Hither Spain, and Publius Sittius Nucerinus with an army in Mauritania, both of whom were privy to his plans; that Caius Antonius, whom he hoped to have for a colleague, was canvassing for the consulship, a man with whom he was intimate, and who was involved in all manner of embarrassments; and that, in conjunction with him, he himself, when consul, would commence operations. He, moreover, assailed all the respectable citizens with reproaches, commended each of his associates by name, reminded one of his poverty, another of his ruling passion, several others of their danger or disgrace, and many of the spoils which they had obtained by the victory of Sylla. When he saw their spirits sufficiently elevated, he charged them to attend to his interest at the election of consuls, and dismissed the assembly.

There were some, at that time, who said that Catiline, having ended his speech, and wishing to bind his accomplices in guilt by an oath, handed round among them, in goblets, the blood of a human body mixed with wine; and that when all, after an imprecation, had tasted of it, as is usual in sacred rites, he disclosed his design; and they asserted that he did this, in order that they might be the more closely attached to one another, by being mutually conscious of such an atrocity. But

some thought that this report, and many others, were invented by persons who supposed that the odium against Cicero, which afterward arose, might be lessened by imputing an enormity of guilt to the conspirators who had suffered death. The evidence which I have obtained, in support of this charge, is not at all in proportion to its magnitude.

Among those present at this meeting was Quintus Curius, a man of no mean family, but immersed in vices and crimes, and whom the censors had ignominiously expelled from the senate. In this person there was not less levity than impudence; he could neither keep secret what he heard, nor conceal his own crimes; he was altogether heedless what he said or what he did. He had long had a criminal intercourse with Fulvia, a woman of high birth; but growing less acceptable to her, because, in his reduced circumstances, he had less means of being liberal, he began, on a sudden, to boast, and to promise her seas and mountains; threatening her, at times, with the sword, if she were not submissive to his will; and acting, in his general conduct, with greater arrogance than ever. Fulvia, having learned the cause of his extravagant behavior, did not keep such danger to the state a secret; but, without naming her informant, communicated to several persons what she had heard and under what circumstances, concerning Catiline's conspiracy. This intelligence it was that incited the feelings of the citizens to give the consulship to Marcus Tullius Cicero. For before this period, most of the nobility were moved with jealousy, and thought the consulship in some degree sullied, if a man of no family, however meritorious, obtained it. But when danger showed itself, envy and pride were laid aside.

Accordingly, when the comitia were held, Marcus Tullius and Caius Antonius were declared consuls; an event which gave the first shock to the conspirators. The ardor of Catiline, however, was not at all diminished; he formed every day new schemes; he deposited arms, in convenient places, throughout Italy; he sent sums of money borrowed on his own credit, or that of his friends, to a certain Manlius, at Fæsulæ, who was subsequently the first to engage in hostilities. At this period, too, he is said to have attached to his cause great numbers of men of all classes, and some women, who had, in their earlier days, supported an expensive life by the price of their beauty, but who, when age had lessened their gains but not their extravagance, had contracted heavy debts. By the influence of

these females, Catiline hoped to gain over the slaves in Rome, to get the city set on fire, and either to secure the support of their husbands or take away their lives.

In the number of those ladies was Sempronia, a woman who had committed many crimes with the spirit of a man. In birth and beauty, in her husband and her children, she was extremely fortunate; she was skilled in Greek and Roman literature; she could sing, play, and dance, with greater elegance than became a woman of virtue, and possessed many other accomplishments that tend to excite the passions. But nothing was ever less valued by her than honor or chastity. Whether she was more prodigal of her money or her reputation, it would have been difficult to decide. Her desires were so ardent that she oftener made advances to the other sex than waited for solicitation. She had frequently, before this period, forfeited her word, forsworn debts, been privy to murder, and hurried into the utmost excesses by her extravagance and poverty. But her abilities were by no means despicable; she could compose verses, jest, and join in conversation either modest, tender, or licentious. In a word, she was distinguished by much refinement of wit, and much grace of expression.

Catiline, having made these arrangements, still canvassed for the consulship for the following year; hoping that, if he should be elected, he would easily manage Antonius according to his pleasure. Nor did he, in the mean time, remain inactive, but devised schemes, in every possible way, against Cicero, who, however, did not want skill or policy to guard against them. For, at the very beginning of his consulship, he had, by making many promises through Fulvia, prevailed on Quintus Curius, whom I have already mentioned, to give him secret information of Catiline's proceedings. He had also persuaded his colleague, Antonius, by an arrangement respecting their provinces, to entertain no sentiment of disaffection toward the state; and he kept around him, though without ostentation, a guard of his friends and dependents.

When the day of the comitia came, and neither Catiline's efforts for the consulship, nor the plots which he had laid for the consuls in the Campus Martius, were attended with success, he determined to proceed to war, and resort to the utmost extremities, since what he had attempted secretly had ended in confusion and disgrace.

He accordingly dispatched Caius Manlius to Fæsulæ, and

the adjacent parts of Etruria; one Septimius, of Camerinum, into the Picenian territory; Caius Julius into Apulia; and others to various places, wherever he thought each would be most serviceable. He himself, in the mean time, was making many simultaneous efforts at Rome; he laid plots for the consul; he arranged schemes for burning the city; he occupied suitable posts with armed men; he went constantly armed himself, and ordered his followers to do the same; he exhorted them to be always on their guard and prepared for action; he was active and vigilant by day and by night, and was exhausted neither by sleeplessness nor by toil. At last, however, when none of his numerous projects succeeded, he again, with the aid of Marcus Porcius Læca, convoked the leaders of the conspiracy in the dead of night, when, after many complaints of their apathy, he informed them that he had sent forward Manlius to that body of men whom he had prepared to take up arms; and others of the confederates into other eligible places, to make a commencement of hostilities; and that he himself was eager to set out to the army, if he could but first cut off Cicero, who was the chief obstruction to his measures.

While, therefore, the rest were in alarm and hesitation, Caius Cornelius, a Roman knight, who offered his services, and Lucius Vargunteius, a senator, in company with him, agreed to go with an armed force, on that very night, and with but little delay, to the house of Cicero, under pretense of paying their respects to him, and to kill him unawares, and unprepared for defense, in his own residence. But Curius, when he heard of the imminent danger that threatened the consul, immediately gave him notice, by the agency of Fulvia, of the treachery which was contemplated. The assassins, in consequence, were refused admission, and found that they had undertaken such an attempt only to be disappointed.

In the mean time, Manlius was in Etruria, stirring up the populace, who, both from poverty, and from resentment for their injuries (for, under the tyranny of Sylla, they had lost their lands and other property), were eager for a revolution. He also attached to himself all sorts of marauders, who were numerous in those parts, and some of Sylla's colonists, whose dissipation and extravagance had exhausted their enormous plunder.

When these proceedings were reported to Cicero, he, being alarmed at the twofold danger, since he could no longer secure

the city against treachery by his private efforts, nor could gain satisfactory intelligence of the magnitude or intentions of the army of Manlius, laid the matter, which was already a subject of discussion among the people, before the senate. The senate, accordingly, as is usual in any perilous emergency, decreed that THE CONSULS SHOULD MAKE IT THEIR CARE THAT THE COMMONWEALTH SHOULD RECEIVE NO INJURY. This is the greatest power which, according to the practice at Rome, is granted by the senate to the magistrate, and which authorizes him to raise troops; to make war; to assume unlimited control over the allies and the citizens; to take the chief command and jurisdiction at home and in the field; rights which, without an order of the people, the consul is not permitted to exercise.

A few days afterward, Lucius Sænius, a senator, read to the senate a letter, which, he said, he had received from Fæsulæ, and in which it was stated that Caius Manlius, with a large force, had taken the field by the 27th of October. Others at the same time, as is not uncommon in such a crisis, spread reports of omens and prodigies; others of meetings being held, of arms being transported, and of insurrections of the slaves at Capua and Apulia. In consequence of these rumors, Quintus Marcius Rex was dispatched, by a decree of the senate, to Fæsulæ, and Quintus Metellus Creticus into Apulia and the parts adjacent; both which officers, with the title of commanders, were waiting near the city, having been prevented from entering in triumph, by the malice of a cabal, whose custom it was to ask a price for everything, whether honorable or infamous. The pretors, too, Quintus Pompeius Rufus and Quintus Metellus Celer, were sent off, the one to Capua, the other to Picenum, and power was given them to levy a force proportioned to the exigency and the danger. The senate also decreed, that if any one should give information of the conspiracy which had been formed against the state, his reward should be, if a slave, his freedom and a hundred sestertia; if a freeman, a complete pardon and two hundred sestertia. They further appointed that the schools of gladiators should be distributed in Capua and other municipal towns, according to the capacity of each; and that, at Rome, watches should be posted throughout the city, of which the inferior magistrates should have the charge.

By such proceedings as these the citizens were struck with alarm, and the appearance of the city was changed. In place

of that extreme gayety and dissipation to which long tranquillity had given rise, a sudden gloom spread over all classes; they became anxious and agitated; they felt secure neither in any place, nor with any person; they were not at war, yet enjoyed no peace; each measured the public danger by his own fear. The women, also, to whom, from the extent of the empire, the dread of war was new, gave way to lamentation, raised supplicating hands to heaven, mourned over their infants, made constant inquiries, trembled at everything, and, forgetting their pride and their pleasures, felt nothing but alarm for themselves and their country.

Yet the unrelenting spirit of Catiline persisted in the same purposes, notwithstanding the precautions that were adopted against him, and though he himself was accused by Lucius Paullus under the Plautian law. At last, with a view to dissemble, and under pretense of clearing his character, as if he had been provoked by some attack, he went into the senate house. It was then that Marcus Tullius, the consul, whether alarmed at his presence, or fired with indignation against him, delivered that splendid speech, so beneficial to the public, which he afterward wrote and published. [See following selection.]

When Cicero sat down, Catiline being prepared to pretend ignorance of the whole matter, entreated, with downcast looks and suppliant voice, that "the Conscript Fathers would not too hastily believe anything against him"; saying "that he was sprung from such a family, and had so ordered his life from his youth, as to have every happiness in prospect; and that they were not to suppose that he, a patrician, whose services to the Roman people, as well as those of his ancestors, had been so numerous, should want to ruin the state, when Marcus Tullius, a mere adopted citizen of Rome, was eager to preserve it." When he was proceeding to add other invectives, they all raised an outcry against him, and called him an enemy and a traitor. Being thus exasperated, "Since I am encompassed by enemies," he exclaimed, "and driven to desperation, I will extinguish the flame kindled around me in a general ruin."

He then hurried from the senate to his own house; and then, after much reflection with himself, thinking that, as his plots against the consul had been unsuccessful, and as he knew the city to be secured from fire by the watch, his best course would be to augment his army, and make provision for the war before the legions could be raised, he set out in the dead of

night, and with a few attendants, to the camp of Manlius. But he left in charge to Lentulus and Cethegus, and others of whose prompt determination he was assured, to strengthen the interests of their party in every possible way, to forward the plots against the consul, and to make arrangements for a massacre, for firing the city, and for other destructive operations of war; promising that he himself would shortly advance on the city with a large army.

Catiline himself, having stayed a few days with Caius Flaminius Flamma in the neighborhood of Arretium, while he was supplying the adjacent parts, already excited to insurrection, with arms, marched with his fasces, and other ensigns of authority, to join Manlius in his camp.

When this was known at Rome, the senate declared Catiline and Manlius enemies to the state, and fixed a day as to the rest of their force, before which they might lay down their arms with impunity, except such as had been convicted of capital offenses. They also decreed that the consuls should hold a levy; that Antonius, with an army, should hasten in pursuit of Catiline; and that Cicero should protect the city.

At this period the empire of Rome appears to me to have been in an extremely deplorable condition; for though every nation, from the rising to the setting of the sun, lay in subjection to her arms, and though peace and prosperity, which mankind think the greatest blessings, were hers in abundance, there yet were found, among her citizens, men who were bent with obstinate determination to plunge themselves and their country into ruin; for, notwithstanding the two decrees of the senate, not one individual, out of so vast a number, was induced by the offer of reward to give information of the conspiracy; nor was there a single deserter from the camp of Catiline. So strong a spirit of disaffection had, like a pestilence, pervaded the minds of most of the citizens.

Nor was this disaffected spirit confined to those who were actually concerned in the conspiracy; for the whole of the common people, from a desire of change, favored the projects of Catiline. This they seemed to do in accordance with their general character; for, in every state, they that are poor envy those of a better class, and endeavor to exalt the factious; they dislike the established condition of things, and long for something new; they are discontented with their own circumstances, and desire a general alteration; they can support themselves amid

tumult and sedition, without anxiety, since poverty does not easily suffer loss.

As for the populace of the city, they had become disaffected from various causes. In the first place, such as everywhere took the lead in crime and profligacy, with others who had squandered their fortunes in dissipation, and, in a word, all whom vice and villainy had driven from their homes, had flocked to Rome as a general receptacle of impurity. In the next place, many, who thought of the success of Sylla, when they had seen some raised from common soldiers into senators, and others so enriched as to live in regal luxury and pomp, hoped, each for himself, similar results from victory, if they should once take up arms. In addition to this, the youth, who, in the country, had earned a scanty livelihood by manual labor, tempted by public and private largesses, had preferred idleness in the city to unwelcome toil in the field. To these, and all others of similar character, public disorders would furnish subsistence. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that men in distress, of dissolute principles and extravagant expectations, should have consulted the interest of the state no further than as it was subservient to their own. Besides, those whose parents, by the victory of Sylla, had been proscribed, whose property had been confiscated, and whose civil rights had been curtailed, looked forward to the event of a war with precisely the same feelings.

All those, too, who were of any party opposed to that of the senate, were desirous rather that the state should be embroiled, than that they themselves should be out of power. This was an evil which, after many years, had returned upon the community to the extent to which it now prevailed.

Much about the same time there were commotions in Hither and Further Gaul, in the Picenian and Bruttian territories, and in Apulia. For those whom Catiline had previously sent to those parts had begun, without consideration, and seemingly with madness, to attempt everything at once; and by nocturnal meetings, by removing armor and weapons from place to place, and by hurrying and confusing everything, had created more alarm than danger. Of these, Quintus Metellus Celer, the pretor, having brought several to trial, under the decree of the senate, had thrown them into prison, as had also Caius Muræna in Further Gaul, who governed that province in quality of legate.

But at Rome, in the mean time, Lentulus, with the other leaders of the conspiracy, having secured what they thought a large force, had arranged, that as soon as Catiline should reach the neighborhood of Fæsulæ, Lucius Bestia, a tribune of the people, having called an assembly, should complain of the proceedings of Cicero, and lay the odium of this most oppressive war on the excellent consul; and that the rest of the conspirators, taking this as a signal, should, on the following night, proceed to execute their respective parts.

These parts are said to have been thus distributed. Statilius and Gabinius, with a large force, were to set on fire twelve places of the city, convenient for their purpose, at the same time; in order that, during the consequent tumult, an easier access might be obtained to the consul, and to the others whose destruction was intended; Cethegus was to beset the gate of Cicero, and attack him personally with violence; others were to single out other victims; while the sons of certain families, mostly of the nobility, were to kill their fathers; and, when all were in consternation at the massacre and conflagration, they were to sally forth to join Catiline.

While they were thus forming and settling their plans, Cethegus was incessantly complaining of the want of spirit in his associates; observing, that they wasted excellent opportunities through hesitation and delay; that, in such an enterprise, there was need, not of deliberation, but of action; and that he himself, if a few would support him, would storm the senate house while the others remained inactive. Being naturally bold, sanguine, and prompt to act, he thought that success depended on rapidity of execution.

The Allobroges, according to the directions of Cicero, procured interviews, by means of Gabinius, with the other conspirators; and from Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and Cassius they demanded an oath, which they might carry under seal to their countrymen, who otherwise would hardly join in so important an affair. To this the others consented without suspicion; but Cassius promised them soon to visit their country, and, indeed, left the city a little before the deputies.

In order that the Allobroges, before they reached home, might confirm their agreement with Catiline, by giving and receiving pledges of faith, Lentulus sent with them one Titus Volturcius, a native of Crotona, he himself giving Volturcius a letter for Catiline, of which the following is a copy: —

"Who I am, you will learn from the person whom I have sent to you. Reflect seriously in how desperate a situation you are placed, and remember that you are a man. Consider what your views demand, and seek aid from all, even the lowest." In addition, he gave him this verbal message: "Since he was declared an enemy by the senate, for what reason should he reject the assistance of slaves? That, in the city, everything which he had directed was arranged; and that he should not delay to make nearer approaches to it."

Matters having proceeded thus far, and a night being appointed for the departure of the deputies, Cicero, being by them made acquainted with everything, directed the pretors, Lucius Valerius Flaccus, and Caius Pomtinus, to arrest the retinue of the Allobroges, by lying in wait for them on the Milvian Bridge; he gave them a full explanation of the object with which they were sent, and left them to manage the rest as occasion might require. Being military men, they placed a force, as had been directed, without disturbance, and secretly invested the bridge; when the deputies, with Volturcius, came to the place, and a shout was raised from each side of the bridge, the Gauls, at once comprehending the matter, surrendered themselves immediately to the pretors. Volturcius, at first, encouraging his companions, defended himself against numbers with his sword; but afterward, being unsupported by the Allobroges, he began earnestly to beg Pomtinus, to whom he was known, to save his life, and at last, terrified and despairing of safety, he surrendered himself to the pretors as unconditionally as to foreign enemies.

The affair being thus concluded, a full account of it was immediately transmitted to the consul by messengers. Great anxiety, and great joy, affected him at the same moment. He rejoiced that, by the discovery of the conspiracy, the state was freed from danger; but he was doubtful how he ought to act, when citizens of such eminence were detected in treason so atrocious. He saw that their punishment would be a weight upon himself, and their escape the destruction of the Commonwealth. Having, however, formed his resolution, he ordered Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and one Quintus Cœparius of Terracina, who was preparing to go to Apulia to raise the slaves, to be summoned before him. The others came without delay; but Cœparius, having left his house a little before, and heard of the discovery of the conspiracy, had fled from

the city. The consul himself conducted Lentulus, as he was pretor, holding him by the hand, and ordered the others to be brought into the Temple of Concord, under a guard. Here he assembled the senate, and in a very full attendance of that body introduced Volturcius with the deputies. Hither also he ordered Valerius Flaccus, the pretor, to bring the box with the letters which he had taken from the deputies.

Volturcius, being questioned concerning his journey, concerning his letter, and lastly, what object he had had in view, and from what motives he had acted, at first began to prevaricate, and to pretend ignorance of the conspiracy; but at length, when he was told to speak on the security of the public faith, he disclosed every circumstance as it had really occurred, stating that he had been admitted as an associate, a few days before, by Gabinius and Cœparius; that he knew no more than the deputies, only that he used to hear from Gabinius, that Publius Autronius, Servius Sylla, Lucius Vargunteius, and many others, were engaged in the conspiracy. The Gauls made a similar confession, and charged Lentulus, who began to affect ignorance, not only with the letter to Catiline, but with remarks which he was in the habit of making, "that the sovereignty of Rome, by the Sibylline books, was predestined to three Cornelii; that Cinna and Sylla had ruled already; and that he himself was the third, whose fate it would be to govern the city; and that this, too, was the twentieth year since the Capitol was burned, —a year which the augurs, from certain omens, had often said would be stained with the blood of civil war."

The letter then being read, the senate, when all had previously acknowledged their seals, decreed that Lentulus, being deprived of his office, should, as well as the rest, be placed in private custody. Lentulus, accordingly, was given in charge to Publius Lentulus Spinther, who was then ædile; Cethegus, to Quintus Cornificius; Statilius, to Caius Cæsar; Gabinius, to Marcus Crassus; and Cœparius, who had just before been arrested in his flight, to Cneius Terentius, a senator.

While these occurrences were passing in the senate, and while rewards were being voted, an approbation of their evidence, to the Allobrogian deputies and to Titus Volturcius, the freedmen and some of the other dependents of Lentulus were urging the artisans and slaves, in various directions throughout the city, to attempt his rescue; some, too, applied to the ringleaders of the mob, who were always ready to disturb the state

for pay. Cethegus, at the same time, was soliciting, through his agents, his slaves and freedmen, men trained to deeds of audacity, to collect themselves into an armed body, and force a way into his place of confinement.

The consul, when he heard that these things were in agitation, having distributed armed bodies of men, as the circumstances and occasion demanded, called a meeting of the senate, and desired to know "what they wished to be done concerning those who had been committed to custody." A full senate, however, had but a short time before declared them traitors to their country. On this occasion, Decimus Junius Silanus, who, as consul elect, was first asked his opinion, moved that capital punishment should be inflicted, not only on those who were in confinement, but also on Lucius Cassius, Publius Furius, Publius Umbrenus, and Quintus Annius, if they should be apprehended; but afterward, being influenced by the speech of Caius Cæsar, he said that he would go over to the opinion of Tiberius Nero, who had proposed that the guards should be increased, and that the senate should deliberate further on the matter.

[The speeches of Cæsar for lenity, and of Cato for death, are here given, with the characters of the two men.]

When the senate, as I have stated, had gone over to the opinion of Cato, the consul, thinking it best not to wait till night, which was coming on, lest any new attempts should be made during the interval, ordered the triumvirs to make such preparations as the execution of the conspirators required. He himself, having posted the necessary guards, conducted Lentulus to the prison; and the same office was performed for the rest by the pretors.

There is a place in the prison, which is called the Tullian dungeon, and which, after a slight ascent to the left, is sunk about twelve feet underground. Walls secure it on every side, and over it is a vaulted roof connected with stone arches; but its appearance is disgusting and horrible, by reason of the filth, darkness, and stench. When Lentulus had been let down into this place, certain men, to whom orders had been given, strangled him with a cord. Thus this patrician, who was of the illustrious family of the Cornelii, and who filled the office of consul at Rome, met with an end suited to his character and conduct. On Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Cœparius, punishment was inflicted in a similar manner.

During these proceedings at Rome, Catiline, out of the

entire force which he himself had brought with him, and that which Manlius had previously collected, formed two legions, filling up the cohorts as far as his number would allow; and afterward, as any volunteers, or recruits from his confederates, arrived in his camp, he distributed them equally throughout the cohorts, and thus filled up his legions, in a short time, with their regular number of men, though at first he had not more than two thousand. But, of his whole army, only about a fourth part had the proper weapons of soldiers; the rest, as chance had equipped them, carried darts, spears, or sharpened stakes.

As Antonius approached with his army, Catiline directed his march over the hills, encamping, at one time, in the direction of Rome, at another in that of Gaul. He gave the enemy no opportunity of fighting, yet hoped himself shortly to find one, if his accomplices at Rome should succeed in their object. Slaves, meanwhile, of whom vast numbers had at first flocked to him, he continued to reject, not only as depending on the strength of the conspiracy, but as thinking it impolitic to appear to share the cause of citizens with runagates.

When it was reported in his camp, however, that the conspiracy had been discovered at Rome, and that Lentulus, Cethegus, and the rest whom I have named had been put to death, most of those whom the hope of plunder, or the love of change, had led to join in the war, fell away. The remainder Catiline conducted, over rugged mountains, and by forced marches, into the neighborhood of Pistoria, with a view to escape covertly, by crossroads, into Gaul.

But Quintus Metellus Celer, with a force of three legions, had, at that time, his station in Picenum, who suspected that Catiline, from the difficulties of his position, would adopt precisely the course which we have just described. When, therefore, he had learned his route from some deserters, he immediately broke up his camp, and took his post at the very foot of the hills, at the point where Catiline's descent would be, in his hurried march into Gaul. Nor was Antonius far distant, as he was pursuing, though with a large army, yet through plainer ground, and with fewer hindrances, the enemy in retreat.

Catiline, when he saw that he was surrounded by mountains and by hostile forces, that his schemes in the city had been unsuccessful, and that there was no hope either of escape or of succor, thinking it best, in such circumstances, to try the fortune

of a battle, resolved upon engaging, as speedily as possible, with Antonius.

He ordered the signal for battle to be sounded, and led down his troops, in regular order, to the level ground. Having then sent away the horses of all the cavalry, in order to increase the men's courage by making their danger equal, he himself, on foot, drew up his troops suitably to their numbers and the nature of the ground. As a plain stretched between the mountains on the left, with a rugged rock on the right, he placed eight cohorts in front, and stationed the rest of his force, in close order, in the rear. From among these he removed all the ablest centurions, the veterans, and the stoutest of the common soldiers that were regularly armed, into the foremost ranks. He ordered Caius Manlius to take the command of the right, and a certain officer of Fæsulæ on the left; while he himself, with his freedmen and the colonists, took his station by the eagle, which Caius Marius was said to have had in his army in the Cimbrian war.

On the other side, Caius Antonius, who, being lame, was unable to be present in the engagement, gave the command of the army to Marcus Petreius, his lieutenant general. Petreius ranged the cohorts of veterans, which he had raised to meet the present insurrection, in front, and behind them the rest of his force in lines. Then, riding round among his troops, and addressing his men by name, he encouraged them, and bade them remember that they were to fight against unarmed marauders, in defense of their country, their children, their temples, and their homes. Being a military man, and having served with great reputation, for more than thirty years, as tribune, prefect, lieutenant, or pretor, he knew most of the soldiers and their honorable actions, and, by calling these to their remembrance, roused the spirits of the men.

When he had made a complete survey, he gave the signal with the trumpet, and ordered the cohorts to advance slowly. The army of the enemy followed his example; and when they approached so near that the action could be commenced by the light-armed troops, both sides, with a loud shout, rushed together in a furious charge. They threw aside their missiles, and fought only with their swords. The veterans, calling to mind their deeds of old, engaged fiercely in the closest combat. The enemy made an obstinate resistance; and both sides contended with the utmost fury. Catiline, during this time, was

exerting himself with his light troops in the front, sustaining such as were pressed, substituting fresh men for the wounded, attending to every exigency, charging in person, wounding many an enemy, and performing at once the duties of a valiant soldier and a skillful general.

When Petreius, contrary to his expectation, found Catiline attacking him with such impetuosity, he led his pretorian cohort against the center of the enemy, among whom, being thus thrown into confusion, and offering but partial resistance, he made great slaughter, and ordered, at the same time, an assault on both flanks. Manlius and the Fæsulan, sword in hand, were among the first that fell; and Catiline, when he saw his army routed, and himself left with but few supporters, remembering his birth and former dignity, rushed into the thickest of the enemy, where he was slain, fighting to the last.

When the battle was over, it was plainly seen what boldness, and what energy of spirit, had prevailed throughout the army of Catiline; for, almost everywhere, every soldier, after yielding up his breath, covered with his corpse the spot which he had occupied when alive. A few, indeed, whom the pretorian cohort had dispersed, had fallen somewhat differently, but all with wounds in front. Catiline himself was found, far in advance of his men, among the dead bodies of the enemy; he was not quite breathless, and still expressed in his countenance the fierceness of spirit which he had shown during his life. Of his whole army, neither in the battle nor in flight, was any freeborn citizen made prisoner, for they had spared their own lives no more than those of the enemy.

Nor did the army of the Roman people obtain a joyful or bloodless victory; for all their bravest men were either killed in the battle, or left the field severely wounded.

Of many who went from the camp to view the ground, or plunder the slain, some, in turning over the bodies of the enemy, discovered a friend, others an acquaintance, others a relative; some, too, recognized their enemies. Thus, gladness and sorrow, grief and joy, were variously felt throughout the whole army.

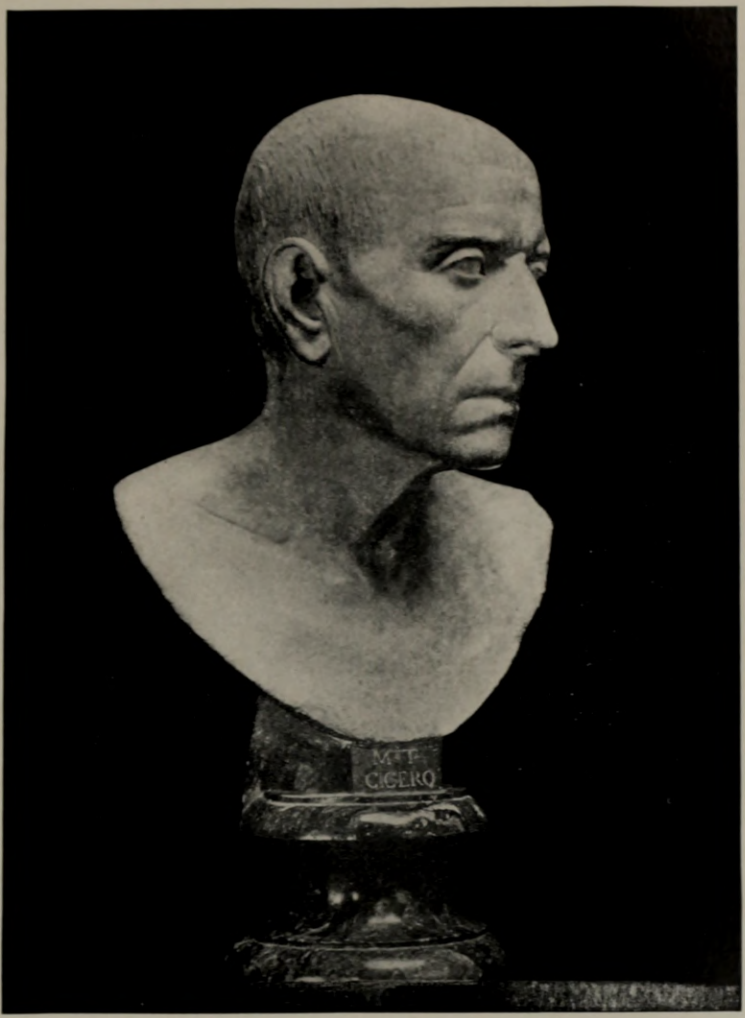
CICERO'S SPEECH ON CATILINE'S CONSPIRACY.

[MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, the greatest of Roman orators and perhaps the second of all time, was born B.C. 106, of the nobility. Trained for the bar, his first important case obliged him to go into exile for fear of the dictator Sulla. Returning after Sulla's death, he became the leader of the bar and high in political life; rose to be consul, B.C. 63, and gained great credit for suppressing Catiline's conspiracy. Later, he was again exiled for taking sides against the tribune Clodius, and again recalled in a storm of popular enthusiasm. He sided with Pompey against Cæsar, but made peace with the latter after Pharsalia. After the murder of Cæsar, Cicero sided with Octavius, and thundered against Antony, who on his coalition with Octavius demanded Cicero's life as the price of the junction; Octavius consented, and Cicero was assassinated by an officer whose life he had once saved at the bar. His orations, his letters saved and published by his freedman Tiro, and his varied disquisitions keep his fame unfailingly bright.]

WHEN, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the mighty guards placed on the Palatine Hill — do not the watches posted throughout the city — does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men — does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place — do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before — where is it that you were — who was there that you summoned to meet you — what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives! ay, he comes even into the senate. He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you



CICERO

have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

What? Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the constitution? And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter? For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Mælius when plotting a revolution in the state. There was — there was once such virtue in this republic, that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastisement than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone — I say it openly — we, the consuls, are wanting in our duty.

The senate once passed a decree that Lucius Opimius, the consul, should take care that the republic suffered no injury. Not one night elapsed. There was put to death, on some mere suspicion of disaffection, Caius Gracchus, a man whose family had borne the most unblemished reputation for many generations. There was slain Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, and all his children. By a like decree of the senate the safety of the republic was intrusted to Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius, the consuls. Did not the vengeance of the republic, did not execution overtake Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, the pretor, without the delay of one single day? But we, for these twenty days, have been allowing the edge of the senate's authority to grow blunt, as it were. For we are in possession of a similar decree of the senate, but we keep it locked up in its parchment — buried, I may say, in the sheath; and according to this decree you ought, O Catiline, to be put to death this instant. You live — and you live, not to lay aside, but to persist in your audacity.

I wish, O conscript fathers, to be merciful; I wish not to appear negligent amid such danger to the state; but I do now accuse myself of remissness and culpable inactivity. A camp is pitched in Italy, at the entrance of Etruria, in hostility to the republic; the number of the enemy increases every day; and yet the general of that camp, the leader of those enemies, we see within the walls — ay, and even in the senate — plan-

ning every day some internal injury to the republic. If, O Catiline, I should now order you to be arrested, to be put to death, I should, I suppose, have to fear lest all good men should say that I had acted tardily, rather than that any one should affirm that I acted cruelly. But yet this, which ought to have been done long since, I have good reason for not doing as yet; I will put you to death, then, when there shall be not one person possible to be found so wicked, so abandoned, so like yourself, as not to allow that it has been rightly done. As long as one person exists who can dare to defend you, you shall live; but you shall live as you do now, surrounded by my many and trusty guards, so that you shall not be able to stir one finger against the republic: many eyes and ears shall still observe and watch you, as they have hitherto done, though you shall not perceive them.

For what is there, O Catiline, that you can still expect, if night is not able to veil your nefarious meetings in darkness, and if private houses cannot conceal the voice of your conspiracy within their walls — if everything is seen and displayed? Change your mind: trust me: forget the slaughter and conflagration you are meditating. You are hemmed in on all sides; all your plans are clearer than the day to us; let me remind you of them. Do you recollect that on the 21st of October I said in the senate, that on a certain day, which was to be the 27th of October, C. Manlius, the satellite and servant of your audacity, would be in arms? Was I mistaken, Catiline, not only in so important, so atrocious, so incredible a fact, but, what is much more remarkable, in the very day? I said also in the senate that you had fixed the massacre of the nobles for the 28th of October, when many chief men of the senate had left Rome, not so much for the sake of saving themselves as of checking your designs. Can you deny that on that very day you were so hemmed in by my guards and my vigilance, that you were unable to stir one finger against the republic; when you said that you would be content with the flight of the rest, and the slaughter of us who remained? What? when you made sure that you would be able to seize Præneste on the first of November by a nocturnal attack, did you not find that that colony was fortified by my order, by my garrison, by my watchfulness and care? You do nothing, you plan nothing, think of nothing which I not only do not hear, but which I do not see and know every particular of.

Listen while I speak of the night before. You shall now see that I watch far more actively for the safety than you do for the destruction of the republic. I say that you came the night before (I will say nothing obscurely) into the Scythe-dealers' street, to the house of Marcus Lecca; that many of your accomplices in the same insanity and wickedness came there too. Do you dare to deny it? Why are you silent? I will prove it if you do deny it; for I see here in the senate some men who were there with you.

O ye immortal Gods, where on earth are we? in what city are we living? what constitution is ours? There are here — here in our body, O conscript fathers, in this the most holy and dignified assembly of the whole world, men who meditate my death, and the death of all of us, and the destruction of this city, and of the whole world. I, the consul, see them; I ask them their opinion about the republic, and I do not yet attack, even by words, those who ought to be put to death by the sword. You were, then, O Catiline, at Lecca's that night; you divided Italy into sections; you settled where every one was to go; you fixed whom you were to leave at Rome, whom you were to take with you; you portioned out the divisions of the city for conflagration; you undertook that you yourself would at once leave the city, and said that there was then only this to delay you, that I was still alive. Two Roman knights were found to deliver you from this anxiety, and to promise that very night, before daybreak, to slay me in my bed. All this I knew almost before your meeting had broken up. I strengthened and fortified my house with a stronger guard; I refused admittance, when they came, to those whom you sent in the morning to salute me, and of whom I had foretold to many eminent men that they would come to me at that time.

As, then, this is the case, O Catiline, continue as you have begun. Leave the city at last: the gates are open; depart. That Manlian camp of yours has been waiting too long for you as its general. And lead forth with you all your friends, or at least as many as you can; purge the city of your presence; you will deliver me from a great fear, when there is a wall between me and you. Among us you can dwell no longer — I will not bear it, I will not permit it, I will not tolerate it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and to this very Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we are, the most ancient protector of this city, that we have already so often escaped so foul, so hor-

rible, and so deadly an enemy to the republic. But the safety of the commonwealth must not be too often allowed to be risked on one man. As long as you, O Catiline, plotted against me while I was the consul elect, I defended myself not with a public guard, but by my own private diligence. When, in the next consular comitia, you wished to slay me when I was actually consul, and your competitors also, in the Campus Martius, I checked your nefarious attempt by the assistance and resources of my own friends, without exciting any disturbance publicly. In short, as often as you attacked me, I by myself opposed you, and that, too, though I saw that my ruin was connected with great disaster to the republic. But now you are openly attacking the entire republic.

You are summoning to destruction and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the houses of the city, the lives of all the citizens ; in short, all Italy. Wherefore, since I do not yet venture to do that which is the best thing, and which belongs to my office and to the discipline of our ancestors, I will do that which is more merciful if we regard its rigor, and more expedient for the state. For if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the conspirators will still remain in the republic ; if, as I have long been exhorting you, you depart, your companions, these worthless dregs of the republic, will be drawn off from the city too. What is the matter, Catiline? Do you hesitate to do that when I order you which you were already doing of your own accord? The consul orders an enemy to depart from the city. Do you ask me, Are you to go into banishment? I do not order it ; but, if you consult me, I advise it.

For what is there, O Catiline, that can now afford you any pleasure in this city? for there is no one in it, except that band of profligate conspirators of yours, who does not fear you — no one who does not hate you. What brand of domestic baseness is not stamped upon your life? What disgraceful circumstance is wanting to your infamy in your private affairs? From what licentiousness have your eyes, from what atrocity have your hands, from what iniquity has your whole body ever abstained? Is there one youth, when you have once entangled him in the temptations of your corruption, to whom you have not held out a sword for audacious crime, or a torch for licentious wickedness?

What? when lately by the death of your former wife you

had made your house empty and ready for a new bridal, did you not even add another incredible wickedness to this wickedness? But I pass that over, and willingly allow it to be buried in silence, that so horrible a crime may not be seen to have existed in this city and not to have been chastised. I pass over the ruin of your fortune, which you know is hanging over you against the ides of the very next month; I come to those things which relate not to the infamy of your private vices, not to your domestic difficulties and baseness, but to the welfare of the republic and to the lives and safety of us all.

Can the light of this life, O Catiline, can the breath of this atmosphere be pleasant to you, when you know that there is not one man of those here present who is ignorant that you, on the last day of the year, when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls, stood in the assembly armed; that you had prepared your hand for the slaughter of the consuls and chief men of the state, and that no reason or fear of yours hindered your crime and madness, but the fortune of the republic? And I say no more of these things, for they are not unknown to every one. How often have you endeavored to slay me, both as consul elect and as actual consul? how many shots of yours, so aimed that they seemed impossible to be escaped, have I avoided by some slight stooping aside, and some dodging, as it were, of my body? You attempt nothing, you execute nothing, you devise nothing that can be kept hid from me at the proper time; and yet you do not cease to attempt and to contrive. How often already has that dagger of yours been wrested from your hands? how often has it slipped through them by some chance, and dropped down? and yet you cannot any longer do without it; and to what sacred mysteries it is consecrated and devoted by you I know not, that you think it necessary to plunge it in the body of the consul.

But now, what is that life of yours that you are leading? For I will speak to you not so as to seem influenced by the hatred I ought to feel, but by pity, nothing of which is due to you. You came a little while ago into the senate: in so numerous an assembly, who of so many friends and connections of yours saluted you? If this in the memory of man never happened to any one else, are you waiting for insults by word of mouth, when you are overwhelmed by the most irresistible condemnation of silence? Is it nothing that at your arrival all those seats were vacated? that all the men of consular rank,

who had often been marked out by you for slaughter, the very moment you sat down, left that part of the benches bare and vacant? With what feelings do you think you ought to bear this? On my honor, if my slaves feared me as all your fellow-citizens fear you, I should think I must leave my house. Do not you think you should leave the city? If I saw that I was even undeservedly so suspected and hated by my fellow-citizens, I would rather flee from their sight than be gazed at by the hostile eyes of every one. And do you, who, from the consciousness of your wickedness, know that the hatred of all men is just and has been long due to you, hesitate to avoid the sight and presence of those men whose minds and senses you offend? If your parents feared and hated you, and if you could by no means pacify them, you would, I think, depart somewhere out of their sight. Now, your country, which is the common parent of all of us, hates and fears you, and has no other opinion of you than that you are meditating parricide in her case; and will you neither feel awe of her authority, nor deference for her judgment, nor fear of her power?

And she, O Catiline, thus pleads with you, and after a manner silently speaks to you: There has now for many years been no crime committed but by you; no atrocity has taken place without you; you alone unpunished and unquestioned have murdered the citizens, have harassed and plundered the allies; you alone have had power not only to neglect all laws and investigations, but to overthrow and break through them. Your former actions, though they ought not to have been borne, yet I did bear as well as I could; but now that I should be wholly occupied with fear of you alone, that at every sound I should dread Catiline, that no design should seem possible to be entertained against me which does not proceed from your wickedness, this is no longer endurable. Depart, then, and deliver me from this fear; that, if it be a just one, I may not be destroyed; if an imaginary one, that at least I may at last cease to fear.

If, as I have said, your country were thus to address you, ought she not to obtain her request, even if she were not able to enforce it? What shall I say of your having given yourself into custody? what of your having said, for the sake of avoiding suspicion, that you were willing to dwell in the house of Marcus Lepidus? And when you were not received by him, you dared even to come to me, and begged me to keep you in

my house ; and when you had received answer from me that I could not possibly be safe in the same house with you, when I considered myself in great danger as long as we were in the same city, you came to Quintus Metellus, the pretor, and being rejected by him, you passed on to your associate, that most excellent man, Marcus Marcellus, who would be, I suppose you thought, most diligent in guarding you, most sagacious in suspecting you, and most bold in punishing you ; but how far can we think that man ought to be from bonds and imprisonment who has already judged himself deserving of being given into custody ?

Since, then, this is the case, do you hesitate, O Catiline, if you cannot remain here with tranquillity, to depart to some distant land, and to trust your life, saved from just and deserved punishment, to flight and solitude ? Make a motion, say you, to the senate (for that is what you demand), and if this body votes that you ought to go into banishment, you say that you will obey. I will not make such a motion, — it is contrary to my principles, — and yet I will let you see what these men think of you. Begone from the city, O Catiline, deliver the republic from fear ; depart into banishment, if that is the word you are waiting for. What now, O Catiline ? Do you not perceive, do you not see the silence of these men ? they permit it, they say nothing ; why wait you for the authority of their words, when you see their wishes in their silence ?

But had I said the same to this excellent young man, Publius Sextius, or to that brave man, Marcus Marcellus, before this time the senate would deservedly have laid violent hands on me, consul though I be, in this very temple. But as to you, Catiline, while they are quiet they approve, while they permit me to speak they vote, while they are silent they are loud and eloquent. And not they alone, whose authority forsooth is dear to you, though their lives are unimportant, but the Roman knights too, those most honorable and excellent men, and the other virtuous citizens who are now surrounding the senate, whose numbers you could see, whose desires you could know, and whose voices you a few minutes ago could hear — ay, whose very hands and weapons I have for some time been scarcely able to keep off from you ; but those, too, I will easily bring to attend you to the gates if you leave these places you have been long desiring to lay waste.

And yet, why am I speaking? that anything may change your purpose? that you may ever amend your life? that you may meditate flight or think of voluntary banishment? I wish the gods may give you such a mind; though I see, if alarmed at my words you bring your mind to go into banishment, what a storm of unpopularity hangs over me, if not at present, while the memory of your wickedness is fresh, at all events hereafter. But it is worth while to incur that, as long as that is but a private misfortune of my own, and is unconnected with the dangers of the republic. But we cannot expect that you should be concerned at your own vices, that you should fear the penalties of the laws, or that you should yield to the necessities of the republic, for you are not, O Catiline, one whom either shame can recall from infamy, or fear from danger, or reason from madness.

Wherefore, as I have said before, go forth, and if you wish to make me, your enemy as you call me, unpopular, go straight into banishment. I shall scarcely be able to endure all that will be said if you do so; I shall scarcely be able to support my load of unpopularity if you do go into banishment at the command of the consul; but if you wish to serve my credit and reputation, go forth with your ill-omened band of profligates; betake yourself to Manlius, rouse up the abandoned citizens, separate yourself from the good ones, wage war against your country, exult in your impious banditti, so that you may not seem to have been driven out by me and gone to strangers, but to have gone invited to your own friends.

Though why should I invite you, by whom I know men have been already sent on to wait in arms for you at the forum Aurelium; who I know has fixed and agreed with Manlius upon a settled day; by whom I know that that silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and fatal to you and to all your friends, and to which there was set up in your house a shrine as it were of your crimes, has been already sent forward? Need I fear that you can long do without that which you used to worship when going out to murder, and from whose altars you have often transferred your impious hand to the slaughter of citizens?

You will go at last where your unbridled and mad desire has been long hurrying you. And this causes you no grief, but an incredible pleasure. Nature has formed you, desire has trained you, fortune has preserved you for this insanity. Not

only did you never desire quiet, but you never even desired any war but a criminal one; you have collected a band of profligates and worthless men, abandoned not only by all fortune but even by hope.

Then what happiness will you enjoy! with what delight will you exult! in what pleasure will you revel! when in so numerous a body of friends, you neither hear nor see one good man. All the toils you have gone through have always pointed to this sort of life; your lying on the ground not merely to lie in wait to gratify your unclean desires, but even to accomplish crimes; your vigilance, not only when plotting against the sleep of husbands, but also against the goods of your murdered victims, have all been preparations for this. Now you have an opportunity of displaying your splendid endurance of hunger, of cold, of want of everything; by which in a short time you will find yourself worn out. All this I effected when I procured your rejection from the consulship, that you should be reduced to make attempts on your country as an exile, instead of being able to distress it as consul, and that that which had been wickedly undertaken by you should be called piracy rather than war.

Now that I may remove and avert, O conscript fathers, any in the least reasonable complaint from myself, listen, I beseech you, carefully to what I say, and lay it up in your inmost hearts and minds. In truth, if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life — if all Italy — if the whole republic were to address me, "Marcus Tullius, what are you doing? will you permit that man to depart whom you have ascertained to be an enemy? whom you see ready to become the general of the war? whom you know to be expected in the camp of the enemy as their chief, the author of all this wickedness, the head of the conspiracy, the instigator of the slaves and abandoned citizens, so that he shall seem not driven out of the city by you, but let loose by you against the city? Will you not order him to be thrown into prison, to be hurried off to execution, to be put to death with the most prompt severity? What hinders you? Is it the customs of our ancestors? But even private men have often in this republic slain mischievous citizens. Is it the laws which have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have rebelled against the republic have never had the rights of citizens. Do you fear odium with posterity? You are showing fine grati-

tude to the Roman people which has raised you, a man known only by your own actions, of no ancestral renown, through all the degrees of honor at so early an age to the very highest office, if from fear of unpopularity or of any danger you neglect the safety of your fellow-citizens. But if you have a fear of unpopularity, is that arising from the imputation of vigor and boldness, or that arising from that of inactivity and indecision most to be feared? When Italy is laid waste by war, when cities are attacked and houses in flames, do you not think that you will be then consumed by a perfect conflagration of hatred?"

To this holy address of the republic, and to the feelings of those men who entertain the same opinion, I will make this short answer: If, O conscript fathers, I thought it best that Catiline should be punished with death, I would not have given the space of one hour to this gladiator to live in. If, forsooth, those excellent men and most illustrious cities not only did not pollute themselves, but even glorified themselves by the blood of Saturninus, and the Gracchi, and Flaccus, and many others of old time, surely I had no cause to fear lest for slaying this parricidal murderer of the citizens any unpopularity should accrue to me with posterity. And if it did threaten me to ever so great a degree, yet I have always been of the disposition to think unpopularity earned by virtue and glory, not unpopularity.

Though there are some men in this body who either do not see what threatens, or dissemble what they do see; who have fed the hope of Catiline by mild sentiments, and have strengthened the rising conspiracy by not believing it; influenced by whose authority many, and they not wicked, but only ignorant, if I punished him would say that I had acted cruelly and tyrannically. But I know that if he arrives at the camp of Manlius, to which he is going, there will be no one so stupid as not to see that there has been a conspiracy, no one so hardened as not to confess it. But if this man alone were put to death, I know that this disease of the republic would be only checked for a while, not eradicated forever. But if he banishes himself, and takes with him all his friends, and collects at one point all the ruined men from every quarter, then not only will this full-grown plague of the republic be extinguished and eradicated, but also the root and seed of all future evils.

We have now for a long time, O conscript fathers, lived

among these dangers and machinations of conspiracy; but somehow or other, the ripeness of all wickedness, and of this long-standing madness and audacity, has come to a head at the time of my consulship. But if this man alone is removed from this piratical crew, we may appear, perhaps, for a short time relieved from fear and anxiety, but the danger will settle down and lie hid in the veins and bowels of the republic. As it often happens that men afflicted with a severe disease, when they are tortured with heat and fever, if they drink cold water, seem at first to be relieved, but afterward suffer more and more severely; so this disease which is in the republic, if relieved by the punishment of this man, will only get worse and worse, as the rest will be still alive.

Wherefore, O conscript fathers, let the worthless begone — let them separate themselves from the good — let them collect in one place — let them, as I have often said before, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease to plot against the consul in his own house — to surround the tribunal of the city pretor — to besiege the senate house with swords — to prepare brands and torches to burn the city; let it, in short, be written on the brow of every citizen, what are his sentiments about the republic. I promise you this, O conscript fathers, that there shall be so much diligence in us the consuls, so much authority in you, so much virtue in the Roman knights, so much unanimity in all good men, that you shall see everything made plain and manifest by the departure of Catiline — everything checked and punished.

With these omens, O Catiline, begone to your impious and nefarious war, to the great safety of the republic, to your own misfortune and injury, and to the destruction of those who have joined themselves to you in every wickedness and atrocity. Then do you, O Jupiter, who were consecrated by Romulus with the same auspices as this city, whom we rightly call the stay of this city and empire, repel this man and his companions from your altars and from the other temples — from the houses and walls of the city — from the lives and fortunes of all the citizens; and overwhelm all the enemies of good men, the foes of the republic, the robbers of Italy, men bound together by a treaty and infamous alliance of crimes, dead and alive, with eternal punishments.

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME.

By BESSIE R. PARKES.

Who calls the broad Campagna drear, —
  His eyes are dull! his heart is cold!
In every season of the year
  Her beauty is unthought, untold;
But chiefest when the April showers
Come brightly down and wake the flowers!

Athwart the classic Sabine hills
  The high white clouds come sailing on;
With sudden gloom each valley fills;
  A moment — and 'tis gone!
And o'er the vast enameled plain
The shadow sweeps and fades again.

Flung like a chain from mile to mile,
  Erect the Appian arches stand,
Like Roman knights in stately file
  Drawn out to guard the land.
The long-horned cattle stand and gaze
Beneath them; dumb with mild amaze.

Beside an ancient Norman Tower
  Built in the yesterday of Rome,
A maid from yonder mountain bower
  To meet her love has come;
And listens to the tender words
Of him who keeps the flocks and herds.

On every side the asphodel
  Grows thick as on the plains of Troy;
How bright is every bud and bell
  About the girl and boy!
How sweet the voice of Nature sings
To ears that count but twenty springs!

Yet these, the children of the soil,
  Who never knew a paler sky,
Whose hands are scarcely touched by toil,
  Whose sunlit hours unheeded fly;

"Who calls the broad Campagna drear?"

Whose worst of hardship leaves them fair,
With those bright eyes, that shining hair;

Whose griefs allow them voice to sing,
And feet to dance and lips to pray!
Can they be thankful for the Spring
As we, who, on the Aurelian Way,
First see that far gray curve, — the Dome
Which rises o'er imperial Rome!

This is the Land by all beloved, —
Which all in several ways desire.
For me, my inmost heart is moved,
And lit as by interior fire
Of tenderness, when I but dream
Of Her who sits by Tiber's stream.

And of the plain where Tiber sweeps
And broadens to the sea-girt west,
And fragrant woods where Silenee sleeps
Beside her bright unfurrowed breast,
Pine shaded, while each grassy glen
Brims o'er with purple eyelamen.

No more the nymphs and naiads play
Together on the haunted shore;
In yonder wave the god of day
With Dian's Bow contends no more;
Nor shadowy Trojan vessels glide
White-sailed against the golden tide.

But Ostia's empty tombs that lie
In flowery fields beside the stream,
And temples roofless to the sky,
And ancient fortress towers that seem
Forgotten by all human things,
And changeless through a thousand Springs, —

These are the themes that meet the sight
And thrill the spiritual ear —
To painter's memory always bright,
To poet's muse forever dear —
And make this land a place apart —
The Threshold of the World of Art!

CÆSAR'S FIRST INVASION OF BRITAIN.

(The "Commentaries.")

[Caius Julius Cæsar, founder of the Roman monarchy, was born B.C. 100 and murdered B.C. 44. He was of an important family; engaged in politics, with a profligacy and unscrupulousness equal to those of any other politician of his time, but with more humanity and generosity than most, and more sagacity and executive ability than any others; became a great military leader, and on his rival Pompey inducing the Senate to remove him from the command, refused obedience, invaded Italy, overthrew the Republic, and made himself dictator (B.C. 49). After crushing all resistance, he was made perpetual dictator early in B.C. 44, — king in all but name; this aroused the friends of popular freedom to take his life, which was done in March of the same year. His literary repute rests on his "Commentaries," a report of his campaigns in Gaul, Germany, and Britain.]

Though but a small part of the summer now remained, Cæsar resolved to pass over into Britain, having certain intelligence that in all his wars with the Gauls the enemies of the Commonwealth had ever received assistance from thence. He indeed foresaw that the season of the year would not permit him to finish the war; yet he thought it would be of no small advantage if he should but take a view of the island, learn the nature of the inhabitants, and acquaint himself with the coast, harbors, and landing places, to all which the Gauls were perfect strangers; for almost none but merchants resort to that island, nor have even they any knowledge of the country, except the sea-coast and the parts opposite to Gaul. Having therefore called together the merchants from all parts, they could neither inform him of the largeness of the island, nor what or how powerful the nations were that inhabited it, nor of their customs, art of war, or the harbors fit to receive large ships. For these reasons, before he embarked himself, he thought proper to send C. Volusenus with a galley, to get some knowledge of these things, commanding him, as soon as he had informed himself in what he wanted to know, to return with all expedition. He himself marched with his own army into the territories of the Morini, because thence was the nearest passage into Britain. Here he ordered a great many ships from the neighboring ports to attend him, and the fleet he had made use of the year before in the Venetian war.

Meanwhile, the Britons having notice of his design by the merchants that resorted to their island, ambassadors from many

of their states came to Cæsar, with an offer of hostages, and submission to the authority of the people of Rome. To these he gave a favorable audience, and, exhorting them to continue in the same mind, sent them back into their own country. Along with them he dispatched Comius, whom he had constituted king of the Atrebatians — a man in whose virtue, wisdom, and fidelity he greatly confided, and whose authority in the island was very considerable. To him he gave it in charge to visit as many states as he could, and persuade them to enter into an alliance with the Romans, letting them know at the same time that Cæsar designed as soon as possible to come over in person to their island. Volusenus, having taken a view of the country, as far as was possible for one who had resolved not to quit his ship or trust himself in the hands of the barbarians, returned on the fifth day and acquainted Cæsar with his discoveries.

While Cæsar continued in those parts, for the sake of getting ready his fleet, deputies arrived from almost all the cantons of the Morini, to excuse their late war with the people of Rome, as proceeding wholly from a national fierceness, and their ignorance of the Roman customs, promising likewise an entire submission for the future. This fell out very opportunely for Cæsar, who was unwilling to leave any enemies behind him, nor would the season of the year have even allowed him to engage in a war; besides, he judged it by no means proper so far to entangle himself in these trivial affairs as to be obliged to postpone the expedition into Britain. He therefore ordered them to send him a great number of hostages, and, on their being delivered, received them into his alliance. Having got together about eighty transports, which he thought would be sufficient for the carrying over two legions, he distributed the galleys he had over and above to the questor, lieutenants, and officers of the cavalry. There were, besides, eighteen transports detained by contrary winds at a port about eight miles off, which he appointed to carry over the cavalry. The rest of the army, under the command of Q. Titurius Sabinus and L. Arunculeius Cotta, were sent against the Manapians, and those cantons of the Morini which had not submitted. P. Sulpicius Rufus had the charge of the harbor where he embarked, with a strong garrison to maintain it.

Things being in this manner settled, and the winds springing up fair, he weighed anchor about one in the morning, ordering

the cavalry to embark at the other port and follow him. But, as these orders were executed but slowly, he himself about ten in the morning reached the coast of Britain, where he saw all the cliffs covered with the enemy's forces. The nature of the place was such that, the sea being bounded by steep mountains, the enemy might easily launch their javelins on us from above. Not thinking this, therefore, a convenient landing place, he resolved to lie by till three in the afternoon, and wait the arrival of the rest of his fleet. Meanwhile, having called the lieutenants and military tribunes together, he informed them of what he had learned from Volusenus, instructed them in the part they were to act, and particularly exhorted them to do everything with readiness, and at a signal given, agreeable to the rules of military discipline, which in sea affairs especially required expedition and dispatch, because of all others the most changeable and uncertain. Having dismissed them, and finding both the wind and tide favorable, he made the signal for weighing anchor, and after sailing about eight miles further, stopped over against a plain and open shore.

But the barbarians, perceiving our design, sent their cavalry and chariots before, which they frequently make use of in battle, and, following with the rest of their forces, endeavored to oppose our landing. And indeed we found the difficulty very great on many accounts; for our ships, being large, required a great depth of water; and the soldiers, who were wholly unacquainted with the places, and had their hands embarrassed and laden with a weight of armor, were at the same time to leap from the ships, stand breast-high amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy, while they, fighting on dry ground, or advancing only a little way into the water, having the free use of all their limbs, and in places which they perfectly knew, could boldly cast their darts and spur on their horses, well inured to that kind of service. All these circumstances serving to spread a terror among our men, who were wholly strangers to this way of fighting, they pushed not the enemy with the same vigor and spirit as was usual for them in combats on dry ground.

Cæsar, observing this, ordered some galleys — a kind of shipping less common with the barbarians, and more easily governed and put in motion — to advance a little from the transports towards the shore, in order to set on the enemy in flank, and, by means of their engines, slings, and arrows, drive

them to some distance. This proved of considerable service to our men, for, what with the surprise occasioned by the make of our galleys, the motion of the oars, and the playing of the engines, the enemy were forced to halt, and in a little time began to give back. But our men still demurring to leap into the sea, chiefly because of the depth of the water in those parts, the standard bearer of the tenth legion, having first invoked the gods for success, cried out aloud: "Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you will betray the Roman eagle into the hands of the enemy: for my part, I am resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the Commonwealth." On this he jumped into the sea, and advanced with the eagle against the enemy; whereat, our men exhorting one another to prevent so signal a disgrace, all that were in the ship followed him; which being perceived by those in the nearest vessels, they also did the like, and boldly approached the enemy.

The battle was obstinate on both sides; but our men, as being neither able to keep their ranks, nor get firm footing, nor follow their respective standards, — because, leaping promiscuously from their ships, every one joined the first ensign he met, — were thereby thrown into great confusion. The enemy, on the other hand, being well acquainted with the shallows, when they saw our men advancing singly from the ships, spurred on their horses, and attacked them in that perplexity. In one place great numbers would gather round a handful of the Romans; others, falling on them in flank, galled them mightily with their darts, which Cæsar observing, ordered some small boats to be manned, and ply about with recruits. By this means the foremost ranks of our men, having got firm footing, were followed by all the rest, when, falling on the enemy briskly, they were soon put to the rout. But, as the cavalry were not yet arrived, we could not pursue or advance far into the island, which was the only thing wanting to render the victory complete.

The enemy, being thus vanquished in battle, no sooner got together after their defeat than they dispatched ambassadors to Cæsar to sue for peace, offering hostages, and an entire submission to his commands. Along with these ambassadors came Comius, the Atrebatian, whom Cæsar, as we have related above, had sent before him into Britain. The natives seized him as soon as he landed, and, though he was charged with a commission from Cæsar, threw him into irons. But on their late

defeat they thought proper to send him back, throwing the blame of what had happened on the multitude, and begged of Cæsar to excuse a fault proceeding from ignorance. Cæsar, after some complaints of their behavior, in that, having of their own accord sent ambassadors to the continent to sue for peace, they had yet without any reason begun a war against him, told them at last he would forgive their fault, and ordered them to send a certain number of hostages. Part were sent immediately, and the rest, as living at some distance, they promised to deliver in a few days. Meantime they disbanded their troops, and the several chiefs came to Cæsar's camp, to manage their own concerns and those of the states to which they belonged.

A peace being thus concluded four days after Cæsar's arrival in Britain, the eighteen transports appointed to carry the cavalry, of whom we have spoken above, put to sea with a gentle gale. But when they had so near approached the coast as to be even within view of the camp, so violent a storm all on a sudden arose, that, being unable to hold on their course, some were obliged to return to the port whence they set out, and others driven to the lower end of the island, westward, not without great danger. There they cast anchor; but, the waves rising very high, so as to fill the ships with water, they were again in the night obliged to stand out to sea, and make for the continent of Gaul. That very night it happened to be full moon, when the tides on the seacoast always rise highest — a thing at that time wholly unknown to the Romans. Thus at one and the same time the galleys which Cæsar made use of to transport his men, and which he had ordered to be drawn up on the strand, were filled with the tide, and the tempest fell furiously on the transports that lay at anchor in the road; nor was it possible for our men to attempt anything for their preservation. Many of the ships being dashed to pieces, and the rest having lost their anchors, tackle, and rigging, which rendered them altogether unfit for sailing, a general consternation spread itself through the camp; for there were no other ships to carry back the troops, nor any materials to repair those that had been disabled by the tempest. And, as it had been all along Cæsar's design to winter in Gaul, he was wholly without corn to subsist the troops in those parts.

All this being known to the British chiefs who after the battle had repaired to Cæsar's camp, to perform the conditions

of the treaty, they began to hold conferences among themselves; and as they plainly saw that the Romans were destitute both of cavalry, shipping, and corn, and easily judged, from the smallness of the camp, that the number of their troops was but inconsiderable — in which notion they were the more confirmed because Cæsar, having brought over the legions without baggage, had occasion to inclose but a small spot of ground — they thought this a convenient opportunity for taking up arms, and, by intercepting the Roman convoys, to protract the affair till winter; being confidently persuaded that by defeating these troops, or cutting off their return, they should effectually put a stop to all future attempts on Britain. Having therefore entered into a joint confederacy, they by degrees left the camp, and began to draw the islanders together; but Cæsar, though he was not yet apprised of their design, yet guessing in part at their intentions, by the disaster which had befallen his fleet, and the delays formed in relation to the hostages, determined to provide against all events. He therefore had corn daily brought into his camp, and ordered the timber of the ships that had been most damaged to be made use of in repairing the rest, sending to Gaul for what other materials he wanted. As the soldiers were indefatigable in their service, his fleet was soon in a condition to sail, having lost only twelve ships.

During these transactions, the seventh legion being sent out to forage, according to custom, as part were employed in cutting down the corn, and part in carrying it to the camp, without suspicion of attack, news was brought to Cæsar that a greater cloud of dust than ordinary was seen on that side where the legion was. Cæsar, suspecting how matters went, marched with the cohorts that were on guard, ordering two others to succeed in their room, and all the soldiers in the camp to arm and follow him as soon as possible. When he was advanced a little way from the camp, he saw his men overpowered by the enemy, and with great difficulty able to sustain the fight, being driven into a small compass, and exposed on every side to the darts of their adversaries. For, as the harvest was gathered in everywhere else, and one only field left, the enemy, suspecting that our men would come thither to forage, had hid themselves during the night in the woods, and waiting till our men had quitted their arms, and dispersed themselves to fall a reaping, they suddenly attacked them, killed some, put

the rest into disorder, and began to surround them with their horses and chariots.

Their way of fighting with their chariots is this : First they drive their chariots on all sides, and throw their darts, insomuch that, by the very terror of the horses and noise of the wheels, they often break the ranks of the enemy. When they have forced their way into the midst of the cavalry, they quit their chariots, and fight on foot : meantime the drivers retire a little from the combat, and place themselves in such a manner as to favor the retreat of their countrymen, should they be overpowered by the enemy. Thus in action they perform the part both of nimble horsemen and stable infantry ; and by continual exercise and use have arrived at that expertness, that in the most steep and difficult places they can stop their horses on a full stretch, turn them which way they please, run along the pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity.

Our men being astonished and confounded with this new way of fighting, Cæsar came very timely to their relief ; for on his approach the enemy made a stand, and the Romans began to recover from their fear. This satisfied Cæsar for the present, who, not thinking it a proper season to provoke the enemy and bring on a general engagement, stood facing them for some time, and then led back the legions to the camp. The continual rains that followed for some days after, both kept the Romans within their intrenchments, and withheld the enemy from attacking us. Meantime the Britons dispatched messengers into all parts, to make known to their countrymen the small number of the Roman troops, and the favorable opportunity they had of making immense spoils, and freeing their country forever from all future invasions, by storming the enemy's camp. Having by this means got together a great body of infantry and cavalry, they drew towards our intrenchments.

Cæsar, though he foresaw that the enemy, if beaten, would in the same manner as before escape the danger by flight, yet, having got about thirty horse, whom Comius, the Atrebatian, had brought over with him from Gaul, he drew up the legions in order of battle before the camp, and falling on the Britons, who were not able to sustain the shock of our men, soon put them to flight. The Romans, pursuing them as long as their strength would permit, made a terrible slaughter, and, setting

DEATH OF JULIUS CÆSAR

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

fire to their houses and villages a great way round, returned to the camp.

The same day ambassadors came from the enemy to Cæsar, to sue for peace. Cæsar doubled the number of hostages he had before imposed on them, and ordered them to be sent over to him into Gaul, because, the equinox coming on, and his ships being leaky, he thought it not prudent to put off his return till winter. A fair wind offering, he set sail a little after midnight, and arrived safe in Gaul. Two of his transports, not being able to reach the same port with the rest, were driven into a haven a little lower in the country.

Only two of the British states sent hostages into Gaul, the rest neglecting to perform the conditions of the treaty. For these successes a thanksgiving of twenty days was decreed by the Senate.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

By SHAKESPEARE.

ACT I.

Cæsar —

Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Soothsayer —

Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar — What man is that?

Brutus —

A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæsar —

Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cassius —

Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar —

What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer —

Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar —

He is a dreamer; let us leave him; — pass.

[*Flourish of instruments. Exeunt all but* Brutus *and* Cassius.

Cassius —

Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus —
Not I.
Cassius —
I pray you, do.
Brutus —
I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.
Cassius —
Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Brutus — Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors:
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cassius —
Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Brutus —
No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cassius —
'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus —

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cassius —

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*

Brutus —

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cassius — Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus —

I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well: —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cassius —

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well: and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou*, Cassius, *now*,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me*, Cassius, *or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his luster: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Brutus —

Another general shout!
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cassius —

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Brutus —

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius —

I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Reënter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Brutus —

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cassius —

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Brutus —

I will do so: — But look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

Cassius —

Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæsar —

Antonius, —

Antony —

Cæsar.

Cæsar —

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Antony —

Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar —

Would he were fatter: — But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

ACT II.

Scene I. : BRUTUS' *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus —
What, Lucius! ho! —
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to-day. — Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius —
Called you, my lord?
Brutus —
Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Lucius —
I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Brutus —
It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned: —
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — That; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Reënter LUCIUS.

Lucius —
The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Brutus —
Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius —
I know not, sir.

Brutus —
Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius —
I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Brutus —
The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake ——
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, etc. Thus, must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated then
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Reënter LUCIUS.

Lucius —
Sir, March has wasted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*

Brutus —
'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Reënter LUCIUS.

Lucius —
Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Brutus — Is he alone?
Lucius —
No, sir, there are more with him.
Brutus — Do you know them?
Lucius —
No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Brutus — Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

* * * * * * *

Enter PORTIA.

Portia — Brutus, my lord!
Brutus —
Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
Portia —
Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did:
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seemed too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brutus —

I am not well in health, and that is all.

Portia —

Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Brutus —

Why, so I do: — good Portia, go to bed.

Portia —

Is Brutus sick; and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night;
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offense within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Brutus — Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia —

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus —

You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Portia —

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed: Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus — O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows: —
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Scene II: *A Room in* CÆSAR'S *Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his Nightgown.*

Cæsar —

Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant —

My lord?

Cæsar —

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant —

I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Calphurnia —

What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar —

Cæsar shall forth: The things that threatened me,
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Calphurnia —

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar — What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Calphurnia —

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæsar —

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Reënter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Servant —

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar —

The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calphurnia — Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar —
Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Decius —
Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate house.

Cæsar —
And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Calphurnia —
Say, he is sick.

Cæsar — Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Decius —
Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at, when I tell them so.

Cæsar —
The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

And these does she apply for warnings, portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged, that I will stay at home to-day.

Decius —

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar —

And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius —

I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar —

How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them. —
Give me my robe, for I will go. —

ACT III.

Scene I.: The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol: among them Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæsar —

The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer —

Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus —
Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Decius —
Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Artemidorus —
O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæsar —
What touches us ourself, shall be last served.
Artemidorus —
Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæsar —
What, is the fellow mad?
Publius — Sirrah, give place.
Cassius —
What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

[CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*
Popilius —
I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius —
What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius — Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CÆSAR.
Brutus —
What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius —
He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Brutus —
Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.
Cassius —
Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Brutus — Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cassius —
Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the Senators take their seats.*

Decius —
Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus —
He is addressed: press near, and second him.

Cinna —
Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæsar —
Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Metellus —
Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart: — [*Kneeling.*

Cæsar — I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn preordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Metellus —
Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Brutus —
I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæsar —
What, Brutus?

Cassius — Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæsar —
I could be well moved, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant, Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna —
O Cæsar, ——

Cæsar — Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius —
Great Cæsar, ——

Cæsar — Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca —
Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca *stabs* Cæsar *in the neck.* Cæsar *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* Marcus Brutus.

Cæsar —
Et tu, Brute? — Then, fall, Cæsar.
[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cinna —
Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius —
Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Brutus —
People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca —
Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius — And Cassius too.

Brutus —
Where's Publius?

Cinna —
Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus —
Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance ——
Brutus —
Talk not of standing; — Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.
Cassius —
And leave us, Publius, lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Brutus —
Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Rëenter TREBONIUS.

Cassius —
Where's Antony?
Trebonius — Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Brutus —
Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cassius —
Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Brutus —
Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market place:
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!
Cassius —
Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Brutus —
How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!
Cassius — So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called

The men that gave our country liberty.

Decius —

What, shall we forth?

Cassius — Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Brutus —

Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Servant —

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say,
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him;
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus —

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Servant — I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Brutus —

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cassius —

I wish we may; but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Reënter Antony.

Brutus —

But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony —

O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus —

O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brother's temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cassius —

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Brutus —

Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Antony — I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you: —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cassius —
Mark Antony, ——

Antony — Pardon me, Caius Cassius,
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cassius —
I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Antony —
Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Brutus —
Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Antony — That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Brutus —
You shall, Mark Antony.
Cassius — Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Brutus — By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cassius —
I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Brutus —
Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Antony — Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Brutus —
Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
Antony —
O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue; —
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant —
I do, Mark Antony.

Antony —
Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant —
He did receive his letters, and is coming.
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
O Cæsar! —— [*Seeing the body.*

Antony —
Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Servant —
He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony —
Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* Cæsar's *body.*

Scene II.: The Forum.

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens —
We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Brutus —
Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 Citizen — I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Citizen —
I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 Citizen —
The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Brutus —
Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that ye may hear; believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens — None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

Brutus — Then none have I offended, I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: Who, though he

had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens —
Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 Citizen —
Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Citizen —
Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Citizen —
Let him be Cæsar.

4 Citizen — Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 Citizen —
We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus —
My countrymen, ——

2 Citizen — Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Citizen —
Peace, ho!

Brutus —
Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories: which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

Citizens —
Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Citizen —
Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: — Noble Antony, go up.

Antony —
For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 Citizen —
What does he say of Brutus?

3 Citizen — He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 Citizen —
'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Citizen —
This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 Citizen — Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
2 Citizen —
Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony —
You gentle Romans, ——
Citizens — Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony —
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 Citizen —
Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR

From a painting by J. D. Court. Salon, 1889

2 Citizen —
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrongs.
3 Citizen — Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.
4 Citizen —
Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.
1 Citizen —
If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 Citizen —
Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 Citizen —
There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 Citizen —
Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Antony —
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
4 Citizen —
We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens —
The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.
Antony —
Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 Citizen —
Read the will; we will hear it, Antony,
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Antony —
Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 Citizen —
They were traitors: Honorable men!

Citizens —
The will! the testament!

2 Citizen —
They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Antony —
You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens —
Come down.

2 Citizen —
Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 Citizen —
You shall have leave.

4 Citizen —
A ring; stand round.

1 Citizen —
Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Citizen —
Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Antony —
Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens —
Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony —
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii: —

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed:
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 Citizen —
O piteous spectacle!

2 Citizen —
O noble Cæsar!

3 Citizen —
O woeful day!

4 Citizen —
O traitors, villains!

1 Citizen —
O most bloody sight!

2 Citizen —
We will be revenged.

Citizens —
Revenge; about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a traitor live.

Antony —
Stay, countrymen.

1 Citizen —
Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2 Citizen — We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Antony —

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens —

We'll mutiny.

1 Citizen —

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

2 Citizen —

Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Antony —

Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

Citizens —

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Antony —

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: — I must tell you then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens —

Most true; — the will; — let's stay, and hear the will.

Antony —

Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 Citizen —

Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

3 Citizen —
O royal Cæsar!
Antony —
Hear me with patience.
Citizens —
Peace, ho!
Antony —
Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?
1 Citizen —
Never, never; — Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 Citizen —
Go, fetch fire.
3 Citizen —
Pluck down benches.
4 Citizen —
Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*
Antony —
Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

By PLUTARCH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 558.]

THE grandfather of Antony was the famous pleader, whom Marius put to death for having taken part with Sylla. His father was Antony, surnamed of Crete, not very famous or distinguished in public life, but a worthy good man, and particularly remarkable for his liberality, as may appear from a single example. He was not very rich, and was for that reason checked in the exercise of his good nature by his wife. A friend that stood in need of money came to borrow of him. Money he had none, but he bade a servant bring him water in

a silver basin, with which, when it was brought, he wetted his face, as if he meant to shave, and, sending away the servant upon another errand, gave his friend the basin, desiring him to turn it to his purpose. And when there was afterwards a great inquiry for it in the house, and his wife was in a very ill humor, and was going to put the servants one by one to the search, he acknowledged what he had done, and begged her pardon.

His wife was Julia, of the family of the Cæsars, who, for her discretion and fair behavior, was not inferior to any of her time. Under her, Antony received his education, she being, after the death of his father, remarried to Cornelius Lentulus, who was put to death by Cicero for having been of Catiline's conspiracy. This, probably, was the first ground and occasion of that mortal grudge that Antony bore Cicero. He says, even, that the body of Lentulus was denied burial, till, by application made to Cicero's wife, it was granted to Julia. But this seems to be a manifest error, for none of those that suffered in the consulate of Cicero had the right of burial denied them.

Antony grew up a very beautiful youth, but by the worst of misfortunes he fell into the acquaintance and friendship of Curio, a man abandoned to his pleasures, who, to make Antony's dependence upon him a matter of greater necessity, plunged him into a life of drinking and dissipation, and led him through a course of such extravagance that he ran, at that early age, into debt to the amount of two hundred and fifty talents. For this sum, Curio became his surety; on hearing which, the elder Curio, his father, drove Antony out of his house. After this, for some short time he took part with Clodius, the most insolent and outrageous demagogue of the time, in his course of violence and disorder; but getting weary, before long, of his madness, and apprehensive of the powerful party forming against him, he left Italy and traveled into Greece, where he spent his time in military exercises and in the study of eloquence. He took most to what was called the Asiatic taste in speaking, which was then at its height, and was, in many ways, suitable to his ostentatious, vaunting temper, full of empty flourishes and unsteady efforts for glory.

After some stay in Greece, he was invited by Gabinius, who had been consul, to make a campaign with him in Syria, which at first he refused, not being willing to serve in a private character; but receiving a commission to command the horse, he went along with him. His first service was against Aristo-

bulus, who had prevailed with the Jews to rebel. Here he was himself the first man to scale the largest of the works, and beat Aristobulus out of all of them; after which he routed, in a pitched battle, an army many times over the number of his, killed almost all of them and took Aristobulus and his son prisoners. This war ended, Gabinius was solicited by Ptolemy to restore him to his kingdom of Egypt, and a promise made of ten thousand talents' reward. Most of the officers were against this enterprise, and Gabinius himself did not much like it, though sorely tempted by the ten thousand talents. But Antony, desirous of brave actions, and willing to please Ptolemy, joined in persuading Gabinius to go. And whereas all were of opinion that the most dangerous thing before them was the march to Pelusium, in which they would have to pass over a deep sand, where no fresh water was to be hoped for, along the Acregma and the Serbonian marsh (which the Egyptians call Typhon's breathing hole, and which is, in probability, water left behind by, or making its way through from, the Red Sea, which is here divided from the Mediterranean by a narrow isthmus), Antony, being ordered thither with the horse, not only made himself master of the passes, but won Pelusium itself, a great city, took the garrison prisoners, and by this means rendered the march secure to the army, and the way to victory not difficult for the general to pursue. The enemy, also, reaped some benefit of his eagerness for honor. For when Ptolemy, after he had entered Pelusium, in his rage and spite against the Egyptians, designed to put them to the sword, Antony withstood him, and hindered the execution.

In all the great and frequent skirmishes and battles, he gave continual proofs of his personal valor and military conduct; and once in particular, by wheeling about and attacking the rear of the enemy, he gave the victory to the assailants in the front, and received for this service signal marks of distinction. Nor was his humanity towards the deceased Archelaus less taken notice of. He had been formerly his guest and acquaintance, and, as he was now compelled, he fought him bravely while alive, but on his death, sought out his body and buried it with royal honors. The consequence was that he left behind him a great name among the Alexandrians, and all who were serving in the Roman army looked upon him as a most gallant soldier.

He had also a very good and noble appearance; his beard was well grown, his forehead large, and his nose aquiline, giving

him altogether a bold, masculine look, that reminded people of the faces of Hercules in paintings and sculptures. It was, moreover, an ancient tradition that the Antonys were descended from Hercules, by a son of his called Anton ; and this opinion he thought to give credit to by the similarity of his person just mentioned, and also by the fashion of his dress. For, whenever he had to appear before large numbers, he wore his tunic girt low about the hips, a broadsword on his side, and over all a large coarse mantle. What might seem to some very insupportable, his vaunting, his raillery, his drinking in public, sitting down by the men as they were taking their food, and eating, as he stood, off the common soldiers' tables, made him the delight and pleasure of the army. In love affairs, also, he was very agreeable : he gained many friends by the assistance he gave them in theirs, and took other people's raillery upon his own with good humor. And his generous ways, his open and lavish hand in gifts and favors to his friends and fellow-soldiers, did a great deal for him in his first advance to power, and after he had become great, long maintained his fortunes, when a thousand follies were hastening their overthrow. One instance of his liberality I must relate. He had ordered payment to one of his friends of twenty-five myriads of money or *decies*, as the Romans call it, and his steward, wondering at the extravagance of the sum, laid all the silver in a heap, as he should pass by. Antony, seeing the heap, asked what it meant ; his steward replied, "The money you have ordered to be given to your friend." So, perceiving the man's malice, said he, "I thought the *decies* had been much more ; 'tis too little ; let it be doubled." This, however, was at a later time.

When the Roman state finally broke up into two hostile factions, the aristocratical party joining Pompey, who was in the city, and the popular side seeking help from Cæsar, who was at the head of an army in Gaul, Curio, the friend of Antony, having changed his party and devoted himself to Cæsar, brought over Antony also to his service. And the influence which he gained with the people by his eloquence and by the money which was supplied by Cæsar enabled him to make Antony, first, tribune of the people, and then, augur. And Antony's accession to office was at once of the greatest advantage to Cæsar. In the first place, he resisted the consul Marcellus, who was putting under Pompey's orders the troops who were already collected, and was giving him power to raise new

levies; he, on the other hand, making an order that they should be sent into Syria to reinforce Bibulus, who was making war with the Parthians, and that no one should give in his name to serve under Pompey. Next, when the senators would not suffer Cæsar's letters to be received or read in the senate, by virtue of his office he read them publicly, and succeeded so well, that many were brought to change their mind, — Cæsar's demands, as they appeared in what he wrote, being but just and reasonable. At length, two questions being put in the senate, the one, whether Pompey should dismiss his army, the other, if Cæsar his, some were for the former, for the latter all, except some few, when Antony stood up and put the question, if it would be agreeable to them that both Pompey and Cæsar should dismiss their armies. This proposal met with the greatest approval, they gave him loud acclamations, and called for it to be put to the vote. But when the consuls would not have it so, Cæsar's friends again made some few offers, very fair and equitable, but were strongly opposed by Cato, and Antony himself was commanded to leave the senate by the consul Lentulus. So, leaving them with execrations, and disguising himself in a servant's dress, hiring a carriage with Quintus Cassius, he went straight away to Cæsar, declaring at once, when they reached the camp, that affairs at Rome were conducted without any order or justice, that the privilege of speaking in the senate was denied the tribunes, and that he who spoke for common fair dealing was driven out and in danger of his life.

Upon this, Cæsar set his army in motion, and marched into Italy; and for this reason it is that Cicero writes in his Philippics, that Antony was as much the cause of the civil war, as Helen was of the Trojan. But this is but a calumny. For Cæsar was not of so slight or weak a temper as to suffer himself to be carried away, by the indignation of the moment, into a civil war with his country, upon the sight of Antony and Cassius seeking refuge in his camp meanly dressed and in a hired carriage, without ever having thought of it or taken any such resolution long before. This was to him, who wanted a pretense of declaring war, a fair and plausible occasion; but the true motive that led him was the same that formerly led Alexander and Cyrus against all mankind, the unquenchable thirst of empire, and the distracted ambition of being the greatest man in the world, which was impracticable for him, unless Pompey were put down. So soon, then, as he had

advanced and occupied Rome, and driven Pompey out of Italy, he proposed first to go against the legions that Pompey had in Spain, and then cross over and follow him with the fleet that should be prepared during his absence, in the mean time leaving the government of Rome to Lepidus, as pretor, and the command of the troops and of Italy to Antony as tribune of the people. Antony was not long in getting the hearts of the soldiers, joining with them in their exercises, and for the most part living amongst them, and making them presents to the utmost of his abilities; but with all others he was unpopular enough. He was too lazy to pay attention to the complaints of persons who were injured; he listened impatiently to petitions: and he had an ill name for familiarity with other people's wives. In short, the government of Cæsar (which, so far as he was concerned himself, had the appearance of anything rather than a tyranny) got a bad repute through his friends. And of these friends, Antony, as he had the largest trust, and committed the greatest errors, was thought the most deeply in fault.

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This triumvirate was very hateful to the Romans, and Antony most of all bore the blame, because he was older than Cæsar, and had greater authority than Lepidus, and withal he was no sooner settled in his affairs, but he turned to his luxurious and dissolute way of living. Besides the ill reputation he gained by his general behavior, it was some considerable disadvantage to him his living in the house of Pompey the Great, who had been as much admired for his temperance and his sober, citizenlike habits of life, as ever he was for having triumphed three times. They could not without anger see the doors of that house shut against magistrates, officers, and envoys, who were shamefully refused admittance, while it was filled inside with players, jugglers, and drunken flatterers, upon whom were spent the greatest part of the wealth which violence and cruelty procured. For they did not limit themselves to the forfeiture of the estates of such as were proscribed defrauding the widows and families, nor were they contented with laying on every possible kind of tax and imposition; but hearing that several sums of money were as well by strangers as citizens of Rome deposited in the hands of the vestal virgins, they went and took the money away by force. When it was manifest that nothing would ever be enough for Antony, Cæsar at last called for a division of property.

Leaving Lucius Censorinus in Greece, he crossed over into Asia, and there laid his hands on the stores of accumulated wealth, while kings waited at his door, and queens were rivaling one another, who should make him the greatest presents or appear most charming in his eyes. Thus, whilst Cæsar in Rome was wearing out his strength amidst seditions and wars, Antony, with nothing to do amidst the enjoyments of peace, let his passions carry him easily back to the old course of life that was familiar to him. A set of harpers and pipers, Anaxenor and Xuthus, the dancing man, Metrodorus, and a whole Bacchic rout of the like Asiatic exhibitors, far outdoing in license and buffoonery the pests that had followed him out of Italy, came in and possessed the court; the thing was past patience, wealth of all kinds being wasted on objects like these. The whole of Asia was like the city in Sophocles, loaded, at one time,

> —— with incense in the air,
> Jubilant songs, and outcries of despair.

When he made his entry into Ephesus, the women met him dressed up like Bacchantes, and the men and boys like Satyrs and Fauns, and throughout the town nothing was to be seen but spears wreathed about with ivy, harps, flutes, and psalteries, while Antony in their songs was Bacchus, the Giver of Joy, and the Gentle. And so indeed he was to some, but to far more the Devourer and the Savage; for he would deprive persons of worth and quality of their fortunes to gratify villains and flatterers, who would sometimes beg the estates of men yet living, pretending they were dead, and, obtaining a grant, take possession. He gave his cook the house of a Magnesian citizen, as a reward for a single highly successful supper; and at last, when he was proceeding to lay a second whole tribute on Asia, Hybreas, speaking on behalf of the cities, took courage, and told him broadly, but aptly enough for Antony's taste, "if you can take two yearly tributes, you can doubtless give us a couple of summers and a double harvest time;" and put it to him in the plainest and boldest way, that Asia had raised two hundred thousand talents for his service: "If this has not been paid to you, ask your collectors for it; if it has, and is all gone, we are ruined men."

These words touched Antony to the quick, who was simply ignorant of most things that were done in his name; not that he was so indolent, as he was prone to trust frankly in all

about him. For there was much simplicity in his character; he was slow to see his faults, but when he did see them, was extremely repentant, and ready to ask pardon of those he had injured; prodigal in his acts of reparation, and severe in his punishments, but his generosity was much more extravagant than his severity; his raillery was sharp and insulting, but the edge of it was taken off by his readiness to submit to any kind of repartee; for he was as well contented to be rallied, as he was pleased to rally others. And this freedom of speech was, indeed, the cause of many of his disasters. He never imagined those who used so much liberty in their mirth would flatter or deceive him in business of consequence, not knowing how common it is with parasites to mix their flattery with boldness, as confectioners do their sweetmeats with something biting, to prevent the sense of satiety. Their freedoms and impertinences at table were designed expressly to give to their obsequiousness in council the air of being not complaisance, but conviction.

Such being his temper, the last and crowning mischief that could befall him came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finely corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him of goodness and a sound judgment. He fell into the snare thus. When making preparation for the Parthian war, he sent to command her to make her personal appearance in Cilicia, to answer an accusation that she had given great assistance, in the late wars, to Cassius. Dellius, who was sent on this message, had no sooner seen her face, and remarked her adroitness and subtlety in speech, but he felt convinced that Antony would not so much as think of giving any molestation to a woman like this; on the contrary, she would be the first in favor with him. So he set himself at once to pay his court to the Egyptian, and gave her his advice, "to go," in the Homeric style, to Cilicia, "in her best attire," and bade her fear nothing from Antony, the gentlest and kindest of soldiers.

She had some faith in the words of Dellius, but more in her own attractions; which, having formerly recommended her to Cæsar and the young Cnæus Pompey, she did not doubt might prove yet more successful with Antony. Their acquaintance was with her when a girl, young and ignorant of the world; but she was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity.

She made great preparation for her journey, of money, gifts and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford, but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market place was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal, while the word went through all the multitude, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good humor and courtesy, he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares, and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equaled for beauty.

The next day, Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit, and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible;

the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt; which was all the more surprising because most of the kings, her predecessors, scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them quite abandoned the Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her, that, while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Cæsar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops, commanded by Labienus (the king's generals having made him commander in chief), were assembled in Mesopotamia, and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday, like a boy, in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments, that most costly, as Antiphon says, of all valuables, time.

They had a sort of company, to which they gave a particular name, calling it that of the Inimitable Livers. The members entertained one another daily in turn, with an extravagance of expenditure beyond measure or belief. Philotas, a physician of Amphissa, who was at that time a student of medicine in Alexandria, used to tell my grandfather Lamprias, that having some acquaintance with one of the royal cooks, he was invited by him, being a young man, to come and see the sumptuous preparations for supper. So he was taken into the kitchen, where he admired the prodigious variety of all things; but particularly, seeing eight wild boars roasting whole, says he, "Surely you have a great number of guests." The cook laughed at his simplicity, and told him there were not above twelve to sup, but that every dish was to be served up just roasted to a turn, and if anything was but one minute ill timed, it was spoiled; "And," said he, "maybe Antony will sup just now, maybe not this hour, maybe he will call for wine, or begin to talk, and will put it off. So that," he continued, "it is not one, but many suppers must be had in readiness, as it is impossible to guess at his hour."

This was Philotas' story; who related besides, that he afterwards came to be one of the medical attendants of Antony's eldest son by Fulvia, and used to be invited pretty often, among other companions, to his table, when he was not supping with his father. One day another physician had talked loudly, and given great disturbance to the company, whose mouth Philotas stopped with this sophistical syllogism: "In some states of fever the patient should take cold water; every one who has a fever is in some state of fever; therefore in a fever cold water should always be taken." The man was quite struck dumb, and Antony's son, very much pleased, laughed aloud, and said, "Philotas, I make you a present of all you see there," pointing to a sideboard covered with plate. Philotas thanked him much, but was far enough from ever imagining that a boy of his age could dispose of things of that value. Soon after, however, the plate was all brought to him, and he was desired to set his mark upon it; and when he put it away from him, and was afraid to accept the present, "What ails the man?" said he that brought it; "do you know that he who gives you this is Antony's son, who is free to give it, if it were all gold? but if you will be advised by me, I would counsel you to accept of the value in money from us; for there may be amongst the rest some antique or famous piece of workmanship, which Antony would be sorry to part with." These anecdotes, my grandfather told us, Philotas used frequently to relate.

To return to Cleopatra; Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she had a thousand. Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes; at every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by day nor by night. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted with him; and when he exercised in arms, she was there to see. At night she would go rambling with him to disturb and torment people at their doors and windows, dressed like a servant woman, for Antony also went in servant's disguise, and from these expeditions he often came home very scurvily answered, and sometimes even beaten severely, though most people guessed who it was.

However, the Alexandrians in general liked it all well enough, and joined good-humoredly and kindly in his frolic and play, saying they were much obliged to Antony for acting his tragic parts at Rome, and keeping his comedy for them.

It would be trifling without end to be particular in his follies, but his fishing must not be forgotten. He went out one day to angle with Cleopatra, and, being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes that had been already taken upon his hooks; and these he drew so fast that the Egyptian perceived it. But, feigning great admiration, she told everybody how dexterous Antony was, and invited them next day to come and see him again. So, when a number of them had come on board the fishing boats, as soon as he had let down his hook, one of her servants was beforehand with his divers, and fixed upon his hook a salted fish from Pontus. Antony, feeling his line give, drew up the prey, and when, as may be imagined, great laughter ensued, "Leave," said Cleopatra, "the fishing rod, general, to us poor sovereigns of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, provinces, and kingdoms."

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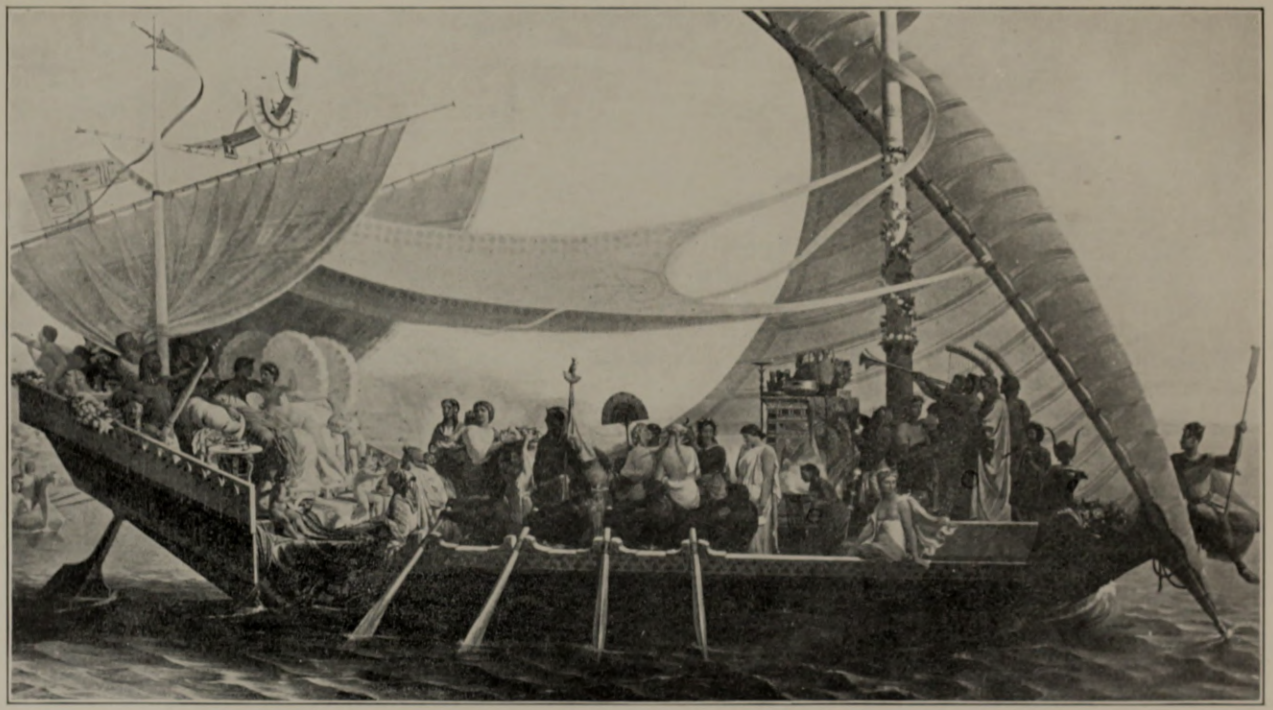
[Cæsar and Antony] having parted good friends, Cæsar went immediately to make war with Pompey to conquer Sicily. And Antony, leaving in Cæsar's charge his wife and children, and his children by his former wife Fulvia, set sail for Asia.

But the mischief that thus long had lain still, the passion for Cleopatra, which better thoughts had seemed to have lulled and charmed into oblivion upon his approach to Syria, gathered strength again, and broke out into a flame. And, in fine, like Plato's restive and rebellious horse of the human soul, flinging off all good and wholesome counsel, and breaking fairly loose, he sends Fonteius Capito to bring Cleopatra into Syria. To whom at her arrival he made no small or trifling present, Phœnicia, Cœle-Syria, Cyprus, great part of Cilicia, that side of Judæa which produces balm, that part of Arabia where the Nabathæans extend to the outer sea; profuse gifts which much displeased the Romans. For although he had invested several private persons in great governments and kingdoms, and bereaved many kings of theirs, as Antigonous of Judæa, whose head he caused to be struck off (the first example of that punishment being inflicted on a king), yet nothing stung the Romans like the shame of these honors paid to Cleopatra. Their dissatisfaction was augmented also by his acknowledging as his own the twin children he had by her, giving them the name of Alexander and Cleopatra, and adding, as their surnames, the titles of Sun and Moon. But he who knew how to



CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

From a painting by H. Picou

put a good color on the most dishonest action, would say, that the greatness of the Roman empire consisted more in giving than in taking kingdoms, and that the way to carry noble blood through the world was by begetting in every place a new line and series of kings; his own ancestor had thus been born of Hercules; Hercules had not limited his hopes of progeny to a single womb, nor feared any law like Solon's or any audit of procreation, but had freely let nature take her will in the foundation and first commencement of many families.

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Marching his army in great haste in the depth of winter through continual storms of snow, he lost eight thousand of his men, and came with much diminished numbers to a place called the White Village, between Sidon and Berytus, on the sea-coast, where he waited for the arrival of Cleopatra. And, being impatient of the delay she made, he bethought himself of shortening the time in wine and drunkenness, and yet could not endure the tediousness of a meal, but would start from table and run to see if she were coming. Till at last she came into port, and brought with her clothes and money for the soldiers. Though some say that Antony only received the clothes from her and distributed his own money in her name.

A quarrel presently happened between the king of Media and Phraates of Parthia, beginning, it is said, about the division of the booty that was taken from the Romans, and creating great apprehension in the Median lest he should lose his kingdom. He sent, therefore, ambassadors to Antony, with offers of entering into a confederate war against Phraates. And Antony, full of hopes at being thus asked, as a favor, to accept that one thing, horse and archers, the want of which had hindered his beating the Parthians before, began at once to prepare for a return to Armenia, there to join the Medes on the Araxes, and begin the war afresh. But Octavia, in Rome, being desirous to see Antony, asked Cæsar's leave to go to him; which he gave her, not so much, say most authors, to gratify his sister, as to obtain a fair pretense to begin the war upon her dishonorable reception. She no sooner arrived at Athens, but by letters from Antony she was informed of his new expedition, and his will that she should await him there. And, though she were much displeased, not being ignorant of the real reason of this usage, yet she wrote to him to know to what place he would be pleased she should send the things she had brought with her

for his use ; for she had brought clothes for his soldiers, baggage, cattle, money, and presents for his friends and officers, and two thousand chosen soldiers sumptuously armed, to form pretorian cohorts. This message was brought from Octavia to Antony by Niger, one of his friends, who added to it the praises she deserved so well.

Cleopatra, feeling her rival already, as it were, at hand, was seized with fear, lest if to her noble life and her high alliance, she once could add the charm of daily habit and affectionate intercourse, she should become irresistible, and be his absolute mistress forever. So she feigned to be dying for love of Antony, bringing her body down by slender diet ; when he entered the room, she fixed her eyes upon him in a rapture, and when he left, seemed to languish and half faint away. She took great pains that he should see her in tears, and, as soon as he noticed it, hastily dried them up and turned away, as if it were her wish that he should know nothing of it. All this was acting while he prepared for Media ; and Cleopatra's creatures were not slow to forward the design, upbraiding Antony with his unfeeling, hard-hearted temper, thus letting a woman perish whose soul depended upon him and him alone. Octavia, it was true, was his wife, and had been married to him because it was found convenient for the affairs of her brother that it should be so, and she had the honor of the title ; but Cleopatra, the sovereign queen of many nations, had been contented with the name of his mistress, nor did she shun or despise the character whilst she might see him, might live with him, and enjoy him ; if she were bereaved of this, she would not survive the loss. In fine, they so melted and unmanned him, that, fully believing she would die if he forsook her, he put off the war and returned to Alexandria, deferring his Median expedition until next summer, though news came of the Parthians being all in confusion with intestine disputes. Nevertheless, he did some time after go into that country, and made an alliance with the king of Media, by marriage of a son of his by Cleopatra to the king's daughter, who was yet very young ; and so returned, with his thoughts taken up about the civil war.

When Octavia returned from Athens, Cæsar, who considered she had been injuriously treated, commanded her to live in a separate house ; but she refused to leave the house of her husband, and entreated him unless he had already resolved, upon other motives, to make war with Antony, that he would on her

account let it alone ; it would be intolerable to have it said of the two greatest commanders in the world, that they had involved the Roman people in a civil war, the one out of passion for, the other out of resentment about, a woman. And her behavior proved her words to be sincere. She remained in Antony's house as if he were at home in it, and took the noblest and most generous care, not only of his children by her, but of those by Fulvia also. She received all the friends of Antony that came to Rome to seek office or upon any business, and did her utmost to prefer their requests to Cæsar ; yet this her honorable deportment did but, without her meaning it, damage the reputation of Antony ; the wrong he did to such a woman made him hated.

Nor was the division he made among his sons at Alexandria less unpopular ; it seemed a theatrical piece of insolence and contempt of his country. For assembling the people in the exercise ground, and causing two golden thrones to be placed on a platform of silver, the one for him and the other for Cleopatra, and at their feet lower thrones for their children, he proclaimed Cleopatra queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Libya, and Cœle-Syria, and with her conjointly Cæsarion, the reputed son of the former Cæsar, who left Cleopatra with child. His own sons by Cleopatra were to have the style of kings of kings ; to Alexander he gave Armenia and Media, with Parthia, so soon as it should be overcome ; to Ptolemy, Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. Alexander was brought out before the people in Median costume, the tiara and upright peak, and Ptolemy, in boots and mantle and Macedonian cap done about with the diadem ; for this was the habit of the successors of Alexander, as the other was of the Medes and Armenians. And as soon as they had saluted their parents, the one was received by a guard of Macedonians, the other by one of Armenians. Cleopatra was then, as at other times when she appeared in public, dressed in the habit of the goddess Isis, and gave audience to the people under the name of the New Isis.

Cæsar relating these things in the senate, and often complaining to the people, excited men's minds against Antony. And Antony also sent messages of accusation against Cæsar. The principal of his charges were these : first, that he had not made any division with him of Sicily, which was lately taken from Pompey ; secondly, that he had retained the ships he had lent him for the war ; thirdly, that after deposing Lepidus, their colleague, he had taken for himself the army, govern-

ments, and revenues formerly appropriated to him ; and lastly, that he had parceled out almost all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and left nothing for his. Cæsar's answer was as follows : that he had put Lepidus out of government because of his own misconduct; that what he had got in war he would divide with Antony, so soon as Antony gave him a share of Armenia ; that Antony's soldiers had no claims in Italy, being in possession of Media and Parthia, the acquisitions which their brave actions under their general had added to the Roman empire.

Antony was in Armenia when this answer came to him, and immediately sent Canidius, with sixteen legions, towards the sea ; but he, in the company of Cleopatra, went to Ephesus, whither ships were coming in from all quarters to form the navy, consisting, vessels of burden included, of eight hundred vessels, of which Cleopatra furnished two hundred, together with twenty thousand talents, and provision for the whole army during the war. Antony, on the advice of Domitius and some others, bade Cleopatra return into Egypt, there to expect the event of the war ; but she, dreading some new reconciliation by Octavia's means, prevailed with Canidius, by a large sum of money, to speak in her favor with Antony, pointing out to him that it was not just that one that bore so great a part in the charge of the war should be robbed of her share of glory in the carrying it on ; nor would it be politic to disoblige the Egyptians, who were so considerable a part of his naval forces ; nor did he see how she was inferior in prudence to any one of the kings that were serving with him ; she had long governed a great kingdom by herself alone, and long lived with him, and gained experience in public affairs. These arguments (so the fate that destined all to Cæsar would have it) prevailed ; and when all their forces had met, they sailed together to Samos, and held high festivities. For, as it was ordered that all kings, princes, and governors, all nations and cities within the limits of Syria, the Mæotid Lake, Armenia, and Illyria, should bring or cause to be brought all munitions necessary for war, so was it also proclaimed that all stageplayers should make their appearance at Samos ; so that, while pretty nearly the whole world was filled with groans and lamentations, this one island for some days resounded with piping and harping, theaters filling, and choruses playing. Every city sent an ox as its contribution to the sacrifice, and the kings that accompanied Antony competed who should make the most magnificent feasts and the

greatest presents; and men began to ask themselves, what would be done to celebrate the victory, when they went to such an expense of festivity at the opening of the war.

This over, he gave Priene to his players for a habitation, and set sail for Athens, where fresh sports and play acting employed him. Cleopatra, jealous of the honors Octavia had receeived at Athens (for Octavia was mueh beloved by Athenians), eourted the favor of the people with all sorts of attentions. The Athenians, in requital, having decreed her public honors, deputed several of the citizens to wait upon her at her house; amongst whom went Antony as one, he being an Athenian eitizen, and he it was that made the speeeh. He sent orders to Rome to have Octavia removed out of his house. She left it, we are told, aecompanied by all his children, exeept the eldest by Fulvia, who was then with his father, weeping and grieving that she must be looked upon as one of the causes of the war. But the Romans pitied, not so mueh her, as Antony himself, and more particularly those who had seen Cleopatra, whom they could report to have no way the advantage of Octavia either in youth or in beauty.

The speed and extent of Antony's preparations alarmed Cæsar, who feared he might be forced to fight the deeisive battle that summer. For he wanted many necessaries, and the people grudged very much to pay the taxes; freemen being called upon to pay a fourth part of their ineomes, and freed slaves an eighth of their property, so that there were loud outeries against him, and disturbanees throughout all Italy. And this is looked upon as one of the greatest of Antony's oversights, that he did not then press the war. For he allowed time at onee for Cæsar to make his preparations and for the eommotions to pass over. For while people were having their money called for, they were mutinous and violent; but, having paid it, they held their peace. Titius and Planeus, men of consular dignity and friends to Antony, having been ill-used by Cleopatra, whom they had most resisted in her design of being present in the war, came over to Cæsar, and gave information of the contents of Antony's will, with whieh they were aequainted. It was deposited in the hands of the vestal virgins, who refused to deliver it up, and sent Cæsar word, if he pleased, he should come and seize it himself, which he did. And, reading it over to himself, he noted those plaees that were most for his purpose, and, having summoned the senate,

read them publicly. Many were scandalized at the proceeding, thinking it out of reason and equity to call a man to account for what was not to be until after his death.

Cæsar specially pressed what Antony said in his will about his burial; for he had ordered that even if he died in the city of Rome, his body, after being carried in state through the forum, should be sent to Cleopatra at Alexandria. Calvisius, a dependant of Cæsar's, urged other charges in connection with Cleopatra against Antony; that he had given her the library of Pergamus, containing two hundred thousand distinct volumes; that at a great banquet, in the presence of many guests, he had risen up and rubbed her feet, to fulfill some wager or promise; that he had suffered the Ephesians to salute her as their queen; that he had frequently at the public audience of kings and princes received amorous messages written in tablets made of onyx and crystal, and read them openly on the tribunal; that when Furnius, a man of great authority and eloquence among the Romans, was pleading, Cleopatra happening to pass by in her chair, Antony started up and left them in the middle of their cause, to follow at her side and attend her home.

Calvisius, however, was looked upon as the inventor of most of these stories. Antony's friends went up and down the city to gain him credit, and sent one of themselves, Geminius, to him, to beg him to take heed and not allow himself to be deprived by vote of his authority, and proclaimed a public enemy to the Roman state. But Geminius no sooner arrived in Greece but he was looked upon as one of Octavia's spies; at their suppers he was made a continual butt for mockery, and was put to sit in the least honorable places; all of which he bore very well, seeking only an occasion of speaking with Antony. So at supper, being told to say what business he came about, he answered he would keep the rest for a soberer hour, but one thing he had to say, whether full or fasting, that all would go well if Cleopatra would return to Egypt. And on Antony showing his anger at it, "You have done well, Geminius," said Cleopatra, "to tell your secret without being put to the rack." So Geminius, after a few days, took occasion to make his escape and go to Rome. Many more of Antony's friends were driven from him by the insolent usage they had from Cleopatra's flatterers, amongst whom were Marcus Silanus and Dellius the historian. And Dellius says he was afraid of his life, and that Glaucus, the physician, informed him of Cleopatra's design against him.

She was angry with him for having said that Antony's friends were served with sour wine, while at Rome Sarmentus, Cæsar's little page (his *delicia*, as the Romans call it), drank Falernian.

As soon as Cæsar had completed his preparations, he had a decree made, declaring war on Cleopatra, and depriving Antony of the authority which he had let a woman exercise in his place. Cæsar added that he had drunk potions that had bereaved him of his senses, and that the generals they would have to fight with would be Mardion the eunuch, Pothinus, Iras, Cleopatra's hair-dressing girl, and Charmion, who were Antony's chief state councilors.

These prodigies are said to have announced the war. Pisaurum, where Antony had settled a colony, on the Adriatic sea, was swallowed up by an earthquake; sweat ran from one of the marble statues of Antony at Alba for many days together, and though frequently wiped off, did not stop. When he himself was in the city of Patræ, the temple of Hercules was struck by lightning, and, at Athens, the figure of Bacchus was torn by a violent wind out of the Battle of the Giants, and laid flat upon the theater; with both which deities Antony claimed connection, professing to be descended from Hercules, and from his imitating Bacchus in his way of living having received the name of young Bacchus. The same whirlwind at Athens also brought down, from amongst many others which were not disturbed, the colossal statues of Fumenes and Attalus, which were inscribed with Antony's name. And in Cleopatra's admiral galley, which was called the Antonias, a most inauspicious omen occurred. Some swallows had built in the stern of the galley, but other swallows came, beat the first away, and destroyed their nests.

When the armaments gathered for the war, Antony had no less than five hundred ships of war, including numerous galleys of eight and ten banks of oars, as richly ornamented as if they were meant for a triumph. He had a hundred thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. He had vassal kings attending, Bocchus of Libya, Tarcondemus of the Upper Cilicia, Archelaus of Cappadocia, Philadelphus of Paphlagonia, Mithridates of Commagene, and Sadalas of Thrace; all these were with him in person. Out of Pontus Polemon sent him considerable forces, as did also Malchus from Arabia, Herod the Jew, and Amyntas, king of Lycaonia and Galatia; also the Median king sent some troops to join him. Cæsar had two hundred and

fifty galleys of war, eighty thousand foot, and horse about equal to the enemy. Antony's empire extended from Euphrates and Armenia to the Ionian sea and the Illyrians; Cæsar's, from Illyria to the westward ocean, and from the ocean all along the Tuscan and Sicilian sea. Of Africa, Cæsar had all the coast opposite to Italy, Gaul, and Spain, as far as the Pillars of Hercules, and Antony the provinces from Cyrene to Æthiopia.

But so wholly was he now the mere appendage to the person of Cleopatra, that, although he was much superior to the enemy in land forces, yet, out of complaisance to his mistress, he wished the victory to be gained by sea, and that, too, when he could not but see how, for want of sailors, his captains, all through unhappy Greece, were pressing every description of men, common travelers and ass drivers, harvest laborers and boys, and for all this the vessels had not their complements, but remained, most of them, ill-manned and badly rowed. Cæsar, on the other side, had ships that were built not for size or show, but for service, not pompous galleys, but light, swift, and perfectly manned; and from his headquarters at Tarentum and Brundusium he sent messages to Antony not to protract the war, but come out with his forces; he would give him secure roadsteads and ports for his fleet, and, for his land army to disembark and pitch their camp, he would leave him as much ground in Italy, inland from the sea, as a horse could traverse in a single course. Antony, on the other side, with the like bold language, challenged him to a single combat, though he were much the older; and, that being refused, proposed to meet him in the Pharsalian fields, where Cæsar and Pompey had fought before. But whilst Antony lay with his fleet near Actium, where now stands Nicopolis, Cæsar seized his opportunity, and crossed the Ionian sea, securing himself at a place in Epirus called the Ladle. And when those about Antony were much disturbed, their land forces being a good way off, "Indeed," said Cleopatra, in mockery, "we may well be frightened if Cæsar has got hold of the Ladle!"

On the morrow, Antony, seeing the enemy sailing up, and fearing lest his ships might be taken for want of the soldiers to go on board of them, armed all the rowers, and made a show upon the decks of being in readiness to fight; the oars were mounted as if waiting to be put in motion, and the vessels themselves drawn up to face the enemy on either side of the channel of Actium, as though they were properly manned, and

ready for an engagement. And Cæsar, deceived by this stratagem, retired. He was also thought to have shown considerable skill in cutting off the water from the enemy by some lines of trenches and forts, water not being plentiful anywhere else, nor very good. And again, his conduct to Domitius was generous, much against the will of Cleopatra. For when he had made his escape in a little boat to Cæsar, having then a fever upon him, although Antony could not but resent it highly, yet he sent after him his whole equipage with his friends and servants; and Domitius, as if he would give a testimony to the world how repentant he had become on his desertion and treachery being thus manifest, died soon after. Among the kings, also, Amyntas and Deiotarus went over to Cæsar. And the fleet was so unfortunate in everything that was undertaken, and so unready on every occasion, that Antony was driven again to put his confidence in the land forces. Canidius, too, who commanded the legions, when he saw how things stood, changed his opinion, and now was of advice that Cleopatra should be sent back, and that, retiring into Thrace or Macedonia, the quarrel should be decided in a land fight. For Dicomes, also, the king of the Getæ, promised to come and join him with a great army, and it would not be any kind of disparagement to him to yield the sea to Cæsar, who, in the Sicilian wars, had had such long practice in ship fighting; on the contrary, it would be simply ridiculous for Antony, who was by land the most experienced commander living, to make no use of his well-disciplined and numerous infantry, scattering and wasting his forces by parceling them out in the ships. But for all this, Cleopatra prevailed that a sea fight should determine all, having already an eye to flight, and ordering all her affairs, not so as to assist in gaining a victory, but to escape with the greatest safety from the first commencement of a defeat.

There were two long walls, extending from the camp to the station of the ships, between which Antony used to pass to and fro without suspecting any danger. But Cæsar, upon the suggestion of a servant that it would not be difficult to surprise him, laid an ambush, which, rising up somewhat too hastily, seized the man that came just before him, he himself escaping narrowly by flight.

When it was resolved to stand to a fight at sea, they set fire to all the Egyptian ships except sixty; and of these the best and largest, from ten banks down to three, he manned

with twenty thousand full-armed men, and two thousand archers. Here it is related that a foot captain, one that had fought often under Antony, and had his body all mangled with wounds, exclaimed: "O my general, what have our wounds and swords done to displease you, that you should give your confidence to rotten timbers? Let Egyptians and Phœnicians contend at sea, give us the land, where we know well how to die upon the spot or gain the victory." To which he answered nothing, but, by his look and motion of his hand seeming to bid him be of good courage, passed forwards, having already, it would seem, no very sure hopes, since when the masters proposed leaving the sails behind them, he commanded they should be put aboard, "For we must not," said he, "let one enemy escape."

That day and the three following the sea was so rough they could not engage. But on the fifth there was a calm, and they fought, — Antony commanding with Publicola the right, and Cœlius the left squadron, Marcus Octavius and Marcus Insteius the center. Cæsar gave the charge of the left to Agrippa, commanding in person on the right. As for the land forces, Canidius was general for Antony, Taurus for Cæsar, both armies remaining drawn up in order along the shore. Antony in a small boat went from one ship to another, encouraging his soldiers, and bidding them stand firm, and fight as steadily on their large ships as if they were on land. The masters he ordered that they should receive the enemy lying still as if they were at anchor, and maintain the entrance of the port, which was a narrow and difficult passage. Of Cæsar they relate, that, leaving his tent and going round, while it was yet dark, to visit the ships, he met a man driving an ass, and asked him his name. He answered him that his own name was "Fortunate, and my ass," says he, "is called Conqueror." And afterwards, when he disposed the beaks of the ships in that place in token of his victory, the statue of this man and his ass in bronze were placed amongst them. After examining the rest of his fleet, he went in a boat to the right wing, and looked with much admiration at the enemy lying perfectly still in the straits, in all appearance as if they had been at anchor. For some considerable length of time he actually thought they were so, and kept his own ships at rest, at a distance of about eight furlongs from them. But about noon a breeze sprang up from the sea, and Antony's men, weary of expecting the enemy so long, and trusting to their

large tall vessels, as if they had been invincible, began to advance the left squadron. Cæsar was overjoyed to see them move, and ordered his own right squadron to retire, that he might entice them out to sea as far as he could, his design being to sail round and round, and so with his light and well-manned galleys to attack these huge vessels, which their size and their want of men made slow to move and difficult to manage.

When they engaged, there was no charging or striking of one ship by another, because Antony's, by reason of their great bulk, were incapable of the rapidity required to make the stroke effectual, and, on the other side, Cæsar's durst not charge head to head on Antony's, which were all armed with solid masses and spikes of brass; nor did they like even to run in on their sides, which were so strongly built with great squared pieces of timber, fastened together with iron bolts, that their vessels' beaks would easily have been shattered upon them. So that the engagement resembled a land fight, or, to speak yet more properly, the attack and defense of a fortified place; for there were always three or four vessels of Cæsar's about one of Antony's, pressing them with spears, javelins, poles, and several inventions of fire, which they flung among them, Antony's men using catapults also, to pour down missiles from wooden towers. Agrippa drawing out the squadron under his command to outflank the enemy, Publicola was obliged to observe his motions, and gradually to break off from the middle squadron, where some confusion and alarm ensued, while Arruntius engaged them. But the fortune of the day was still undecided, and the battle equal, when, on a sudden, Cleopatra's sixty ships were seen hoisting sail and making out to sea in full flight, right through the ships that were engaged. For they were placed behind the great ships, which, in breaking through, they put into disorder. The enemy was astonished to see them sailing off with a fair wind towards Peloponnesus. Here it was that Antony showed to all the world that he was no longer actuated by the thoughts and motives of a commander or a man, or indeed by his own judgment at all, and what was once said as a jest, that the soul of a lover lives in some one else's body, he proved to be a serious truth. For, as if he had been born part of her, and must move with her wheresoever she went, as soon as he saw her ship sailing away, he abandoned all that were fighting and spending their lives for him, and put himself

aboard a galley of five banks of oars, taking with him only Alexander of Syria and Scellias, to follow her that had so well begun his ruin and would hereafter accomplish it.

She, perceiving him to follow, gave the signal to come aboard. So, as soon as he came up with them, he was taken into the ship. But without seeing her or letting himself be seen by her, he went forward by himself, and sat alone, without a word, in the ship's prow, covering his face with his two hands. In the mean while, some of Cæsar's light Liburnian ships, that were in pursuit, came in sight. But on Antony's commanding to face about, they all gave back except Eurycles the Laconian, who pressed on, shaking a lance from the deck, as if he meant to hurl it at him. Antony, standing at the prow, demanded of him, "Who is this that pursues Antony?" "I am," said he, "Eurycles, the son of Lachares, armed with Cæsar's fortune to revenge my father's death." Lachares had been condemned for a robbery, and beheaded by Antony's orders. However, Eurycles did not attack Antony, but ran with his full force upon the other admiral galley (for there were two of them), and with the blow turned her round, and took both her and another ship, in which was a quantity of rich plate and furniture. So soon as Eurycles was gone, Antony returned to his posture, and sat silent, and thus he remained for three days, either in anger with Cleopatra, or wishing not to upbraid her, at the end of which they touched at Tænarus. Here the women of their company succeeded first in bringing them to speak, and afterwards to eat and sleep together. And, by this time, several of the ships of burden and some of his friends began to come in to him from the rout, bringing news of his fleet's being quite destroyed, but that the land forces, they thought, still stood firm. So that he sent messengers to Canidius to march the army with all speed through Macedonia into Asia. And, designing himself to go from Tænarus into Africa, he gave one of the merchant ships, laden with a large sum of money, and vessels of silver and gold of great value, belonging to the royal collections, to his friends, desiring them to share it amongst them, and provide for their own safety. They refusing his kindness with tears in their eyes, he comforted them with all the goodness and humanity imaginable, entreating them to leave him, and wrote letters in their behalf to Theophilus, his steward, at Corinth, that he would provide for their secu-

rity, and keep them concealed till such time as they could make their peace with Cæsar. This Theophilus was the father of Hipparchus, who had such interest with Antony, who was the first of all his freedmen that went over to Cæsar, and who settled afterwards at Corinth. In this posture were affairs with Antony.

But at Actium, his fleet, after a long resistance to Cæsar, and suffering the most damage from a heavy sea that set in right ahead, scarcely, at four in the afternoon, gave up the contest, with the loss of not more than five thousand men killed, but of three hundred ships taken, as Cæsar himself has recorded. Only a few had known of Antony's flight; and those who were told of it could not at first give any belief to so incredible a thing as that a general who had nineteen entire legions and twelve thousand horse upon the seashore, could abandon all and fly away; and he, above all, who had so often experienced both good and evil fortune, and had in a thousand wars and battles been inured to changes. His soldiers, however, would not give up their desires and expectations, still fancying he would appear from some part or other, and showed such a generous fidelity to his service, that when they were thoroughly assured that he was fled in earnest, they kept themselves in a body seven days, making no account of the messages that Cæsar sent to them. But at last, seeing that Canidius himself, who commanded them, was fled from the camp by night, and that all their officers had quite abandoned them, they gave way, and made their submission to the conqueror.

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Canidius now came, bringing word in person of the loss of the army before Actium. Then he received news, that Herod of Judæa was gone over to Cæsar with some legions and cohorts, and that the other kings and princes were in like manner deserting him, and that, out of Egypt, nothing stood by him. All this, however, seemed not to disturb him, but, as if he were glad to put away all hope, that with it he might be rid of all care, and leaving his habitation by the sea, which he called the Timoneum, he was received by Cleopatra in the palace, and set the whole city into a course of feasting, drinking, and presents. The son of Cæsar and Cleopatra was registered among the youths, and Antyllus, his own son by Fulvia, received the gown without the purple border, given to those that are come of age; in

honor of which the citizens of Alexandria did nothing but feast and revel for many days. They themselves broke up the Order of the Inimitable Livers, and constituted another in its place, not inferior in splendor, luxury, and sumptuosity, calling it that of the Diers Together. For all those that said they would die with Antony and Cleopatra gave in their names, for the present passing their time in all manner of pleasures and a regular succession of banquets. But Cleopatra was busied in making a collection of all varieties of poisonous drugs, and, in order to see which of them were the least painful in the operation, she had them tried upon prisoners condemned to die. But, finding that the quick poisons always worked with sharp pains, and that the less painful were slow, she next tried venomous animals, and watched with her own eyes whilst they were applied, one creature to the body of another. This was her daily practice, and she pretty well satisfied herself that nothing was comparable to the bite of the asp, which, without convulsion or groaning, brought on a heavy drowsiness and lethargy, with a gentle sweat on the face, the senses being stupefied by degrees; the patient, in appearance, being sensible of no pain, but rather troubled to be disturbed or awakened like those that are in a profound natural sleep.

At the same time, they sent ambassadors to Cæsar into Asia, Cleopatra asking for the kingdom of Egypt for her children, and Antony, that he might have leave to live as a private man in Egypt, or, if that were thought too much, that he might retire to Athens. In lack of friends, so many having deserted, and others not being trusted, Euphronius, his son's tutor, was sent on this embassy. For Alexas of Laodicea, who, by the recommendation of Timagenes, became acquainted with Antony at Rome, and had been more powerful with him than any Greek, and was, of all the instruments which Cleopatra made use of to persuade Antony, the most violent, and the chief subverter of any good thoughts that from time to time might rise in his mind in Octavia's favor, had been sent before to dissuade Herod from desertion; but betraying his master, stayed with him, and confiding in Herod's interest, had the boldness to come into Cæsar's presence. Herod, however, was not able to help him, for he was immediately put in chains, and sent into his own country, where, by Cæsar's order, he was put to death. This reward of his treason Alexas received while Antony was yet alive.

Cæsar would not listen to any proposals for Antony, but he made answer to Cleopatra, that there was no reasonable favor which she might not expect, if she put Antony to death, or expelled him from Egypt. He sent back with the ambassadors his own freedman, Thyrsus, a man of understanding, and not at all ill-qualified for conveying the messages of a youthful general to a woman so proud of her charms and possessed with the opinion of the power of her beauty. But by the long audiences he received from her, and the special honors which she paid him, Antony's jealousy began to be awakened; he had him seized, whipped, and sent back, writing Cæsar word that the man's busy, impertinent ways had provoked him; in his circumstances he could not be expected to be very patient: "But if it offend you," he added, "you have got my freedman, Hipparchus, with you; hang him up and scourge him to make us even." But Cleopatra, after this, to clear herself, and to allay his jealousies, paid him all the attentions imaginable. When her own birthday came, she kept it as was suitable to their fallen fortunes; but his was observed with the utmost prodigality of splendor and magnificence, so that many of the guests sat down in want, and went home wealthy men. Meantime, continual letters came to Cæsar from Agrippa, telling him his presence was extremely required at Rome.

And so the war was deferred for a season. But, the winter being over, he began his march, — he himself by Syria, and his captains through Africa. Pelusium being taken, there went a report as if it had been delivered up to Cæsar by Seleucus, not without the consent of Cleopatra; but she, to justify herself, gave up into Antony's hands the wife and children of Seleucus to be put to death. She had caused to be built, joining to the temple of Isis, several tombs and monuments of wonderful height, and very remarkable for the workmanship; thither she removed her treasure, her gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, cinnamon, and, after all, a great quantity of torchwood and tow. Upon which Cæsar began to fear lest she should, in a desperate fit, set all these riches on fire; and, therefore, while he was marching towards the city with his army, he omitted no occasion of giving her new assurances of his good intentions. He took up his position in the Hippodrome, where Antony made a fierce sally upon him, routed the horse, and beat them back into their trenches, and so returned with great satisfaction to the palace, where, meeting Cleopatra, armed as he was, he

kissed her, and commended to her favor one of his men, who had most signalized himself in the fight, to whom she made a present of a breastplate and helmet of gold; which he having received, went that very night and deserted to Cæsar.

After this, Antony sent a new challenge to Cæsar to fight him hand-to-hand; who made him answer that he might find several other ways to end his life; and he, considering with himself that he could not die more honorably than in battle, resolved to make an effort both by land and sea. At supper, it is said, he bade his servants help him freely, and pour him out wine plentifully, since to-morrow, perhaps, they should not do the same, but be servants to a new master, whilst he should lie on the ground, a dead corpse, and nothing. His friends that were about him wept to hear him talk so; which he perceiving, told them he would not lead them to a battle in which he expected rather an honorable death than either safety or victory. That night, it is related, about the middle of it, when the whole city was in a deep silence and general sadness, expecting the event of the next day, on a sudden was heard the sound of all sorts of instruments, and voices singing in tune, and the cry of a crowd of people shouting and dancing, like a troop of bacchanals on its way. This tumultuous procession seemed to take its course right through the middle of the city to the gate nearest the enemy; here it became the loudest, and suddenly passed out. People who reflected considered this to signify that Bacchus, the god whom Antony had always made it his study to copy and imitate, had now forsaken him.

As soon as it was light, he marched his infantry out of the city, and posted them upon a rising ground, from whence he saw his fleet make up to the enemy. There he stood in expectation of the event; but as soon as the fleets came near to one another, his men saluted Cæsar's with their oars; and on their responding, the whole body of the ships, forming into a single fleet, rowed up direct to the city. Antony had no sooner seen this, but the horse deserted him, and went over to Cæsar; and his foot being defeated, he retired into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him to the enemies he had made for her sake. She, being afraid lest in his fury and despair he might do her a mischief, fled to her monument, and letting down the falling doors, which were strong with bars and bolts, she sent messengers who should tell Antony she was

dead. He, believing it, cried out, "Now, Antony, why delay longer? Fate has snatched away the only pretext for which you could say you desired yet to live." Going into his chamber, and there loosening and opening his coat of armor, "I am not," said he, "troubled, Cleopatra, to be at present bereaved of you, for I shall soon be with you; but it distresses me that so great a general should be found of a tardier courage than a woman." He had a faithful servant, whose name was Eros; he had engaged him formerly to kill him when he should think it necessary, and now he put him to his promise. Eros drew his sword, as designing to kill him, but, suddenly turning round, he slew himself. And as he fell dead at his feet, "It is well done, Eros," said Antony; "you show your master how to do what you had not the heart to do yourself;" and so he ran himself into the belly, and laid himself upon the couch. The wound, however, was not immediately mortal; and the flow of blood ceasing when he lay down, presently he came to himself, and entreated those that were about him to put him out of his pain; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and struggling, until Diomede, Cleopatra's secretary, came to him having orders from her to bring him into the monument.

When he understood she was alive, he eagerly gave order to the servants to take him up, and in their arms was carried to the door of the building. Cleopatra would not open the door, but, looking from a sort of window, she let down ropes and cords, to which Antony was fastened; and she and her two women, the only persons she had allowed to enter the monument, drew him up. Those that were present say that nothing was ever more sad than this spectacle, to see Antony, covered all over with blood and just expiring, thus drawn up, still holding up his hands to her, and lifting up his body with the little force he had left. As, indeed, it was no easy task for the women; and Cleopatra, with all her force, clinging to the rope, and straining with her head to the ground, with difficulty pulled him up, while those below encouraged her with their cries, and joined in all her efforts and anxiety. When she had got him up, she laid him on the bed, tearing all her clothes, which she spread upon him; and, beating her breast with her hands, lacerating herself, and disfiguring her own face with the blood from his wounds, she called him her lord, her husband, her emperor, and seemed to have pretty nearly forgotten all her own evils, she was so intent upon his misfortunes. Antony,

stopping her lamentations as well as he could, called for wine to drink, either that he was thirsty, or that he imagined that it might put him the sooner out of pain. When he had drunk, he advised her to bring her own affairs, so far as might be honorably done, to a safe conclusion, and that, among all the friends of Cæsar, she should rely on Proculeius; that she should not pity him in this last turn of fate, but rather rejoice for him in remembrance of his past happiness, who had been of all men the most illustrious and powerful, and in the end had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome.

Just as he breathed his last, Proculeius arrived from Cæsar; for when Antony gave himself his wound, and was carried in to Cleopatra, one of his guards, Dercetæus, took up Antony's sword and hid it; and, when he saw his opportunity, stole away to Cæsar, and brought him the first news of Antony's death, and withal showed him the bloody sword. Cæsar, upon this, retired into the inner part of his tent, and giving some tears to the death of one that had been nearly allied to him in marriage, his colleague in empire, and companion in so many wars and dangers, he came out to his friends, and, bringing with him many letters, he read to them with how much reason and moderation he had always addressed himself to Antony, and in return what overbearing and arrogant answers he received. Then he sent Proculeius to use his utmost endeavors to get Cleopatra alive into his power; for he was afraid of losing a great treasure, and, besides, she would be no small addition to the glory of his triumph. She, however, was careful not to put herself in Proculeius' power; but from within her monument, he standing on the outside of a door, on the level of the ground, which was strongly barred, but so that they might well enough hear one another's voice, she held a conference with him; she demanding that her kingdom might be given to her children, and he bidding her to be of good courage, and trust Cæsar in everything.

Having taken particular notice of the place, he returned to Cæsar, and Gallus was sent to parley with her the second time; who, being come to the door, on purpose prolonged the conference, while Proculeius fixed his scaling ladders in the window through which the women had pulled up Antony. And so entering, with two men to follow him, he went straight down to the door where Cleopatra was discoursing with Gallus. One of the two women who were shut up in the monument with her

cried out, "Miserable Cleopatra, you are taken prisoner!" Upon which she turned quick, and, looking at Proculeius, drew out her dagger which she had with her to stab herself. But Proculeius ran up quickly, and, seizing her with both his hands, "For shame," said he, "Cleopatra; you wrong yourself and Cæsar much, who would rob him of so fair an occasion of showing his clemency, and would make the world believe the most gentle of commanders to be a faithless and implacable enemy." And so, taking the dagger out of her hand, he also shook her dress to see if there were any poison hid in it. After this, Cæsar sent Epaphroditus, one of his freedmen, with orders to treat her with all the gentleness and civility possible, but to take the strictest precautions to keep her alive.

In the mean while, Cæsar made his entry into Alexandria, with Areius the philosopher at his side, holding him by the hand and talking with him; desiring that all his fellow-citizens should see what honor was paid to him, and should look up to him accordingly from the very first moment. Then, entering the exercise ground, he mounted a platform erected for the purpose, and from thence commanded the citizens (who, in great fear and consternation, fell prostrate at his feet) to stand up, and told them that he freely acquitted the people of all blame, first, for the sake of Alexander, who built their city, then for the city's sake itself, which was so large and beautiful, and, thirdly, to gratify his friend Areius.

Such great honor did Areius receive from Cæsar; and by his intercession many lives were saved, amongst the rest that of Philostratus, a man, of all the professors of logic that ever were, the most ready in extempore speaking, but quite destitute of any right to call himself one of the philosophers of the Academy. Cæsar, out of disgust at his character, refused all attention to his entreaties. So, growing a long white beard, and dressing himself in black, he followed behind Areius, shouting out the verse,

> The wise, if they are wise, will save the wise.

Which Cæsar hearing, gave him his pardon, to prevent rather any odium that might attach to Areius, than any harm that Philostratus might suffer.

Of Antony's children, Antyllus, his son by Fulvia, being betrayed by his tutor, Theodorus, was put to death; and while the soldiers were cutting off his head, his tutor contrived to

steal a precious jewel which he wore about his neck, and put it in his pocket, and afterwards denied the fact, but was convicted and crucified. Cleopatra's children, with their attendants, had a guard set on them, and were treated very honorably. Cæsarion, who was reputed to be the son of Cæsar the Dictator, was sent by his mother, with a great sum of money, through Æthiopia, to pass into India; but his tutor, a man named Rhodon, about as honest as Theodorus, persuaded him to turn back, for that Cæsar designed to make him king. Cæsar consulting what was best to be done with him, Areius, we are told, said,

Too many *Cæsars* are not well.

So, afterwards, when Cleopatra was dead he was killed.

Many kings and great commanders made petition to Cæsar for the body of Antony, to give him his funeral rites; but he would not take away his corpse from Cleopatra, by whose hands he was buried with royal splendor and magnificence, it being granted to her to employ what she pleased on his funeral. In this extremity of grief and sorrow, and having inflamed and ulcerated her breasts with beating them, she fell into a high fever, and was very glad of the occasion, hoping, under this pretext, to abstain from food, and so to die in quiet without interference. She had her own physician, Olympus, to whom she told the truth, and asked his advice and help to put an end to herself, as Olympus himself has told us, in a narrative which he wrote of these events. But Cæsar, suspecting her purpose, took to menacing language about her children, and excited her fears for them, before which engines her purpose shook and gave way, so that she suffered those about her to give her what meat or medicine they pleased.

Some few days after, Cæsar himself came to make her a visit and comfort her. She lay then upon her pallet bed in undress, and, on his entering in, sprang up from off her bed, having nothing on but the one garment next her body, and flung herself at his feet, her hair and face looking wild and disfigured, her voice quivering, and her eyes sunk in her head. The marks of the blows she had given herself were visible about her bosom, and altogether her whole person seemed no less afflicted than her soul. But, for all this, her old charm, and the boldness of her youthful beauty, had not wholly left her, and, in spite of her present condition, still sparkled from within, and let itself appear in all the movements of her coun-

CLEOPATRA BEFORE CÆSAR

From a painting by J. L. Gérôme

tenance. Cæsar, desiring her to repose herself, sat down by her; and, on this opportunity, she said something to justify her actions, attributing what she had done to the necessity she was under, and to her fear of Antony; and when Cæsar, on each point, made his objections, and she found herself confuted, she broke off at once into language of entreaty and deprecation, as if she desired nothing more than to prolong her life. And at last, having by her a list of her treasure, she gave it into his hands; and when Seleucus, one of her stewards, who was by, pointed out that various articles were omitted, and charged her with secreting them, she flew up and caught him by the hair, and struck him several blows on the face. Cæsar smiling and withholding her, "Is it not very hard, Cæsar," said she, "when you do me the honor to visit me in this condition I am in, that I should be accused by one of my own servants of laying by some women's toys, not meant to adorn, be sure, my unhappy self, but that I might have some little present by me to make your Octavia and your Livia, that by their intercession I might hope to find you in some measure disposed to mercy?" Cæsar was pleased to hear her talk thus, being now assured that she was desirous to live. And, therefore, letting her know that the things she had laid by she might dispose of as she pleased, and his usage of her should be honorable above her expectation, he went away, well satisfied that he had overreached her; but, in fact, he was himself deceived.

There was a young man of distinction among Cæsar's companions, named Cornelius Dolabella. He was not without a certain tenderness for Cleopatra, and sent her word privately, as she had besought him to do, that Cæsar was about to return through Syria, and that she and her children were to be sent on within three days. When she understood this, she made her request to Cæsar that he would be pleased to permit her to make oblations to the departed Antony; which being granted, she ordered herself to be carried to the place where he was buried, and there, accompanied by her women, she embraced his tomb with tears in her eyes, and spoke in this manner: "O dearest Antony," said she, "it is not long since that with these hands I buried you; then they were free, now I am a captive, and pay these last duties to you with a guard upon me, for fear that my just griefs and sorrows should impair my servile body, and make it less fit to appear in their triumph over you. No further offerings or libations expect from me; these are the

last honors that Cleopatra can pay your memory, for she is to be hurried away far from you. Nothing could part us whilst we lived, but death seems to threaten to divide us. You, a Roman born, have found a grave in Egypt; I, an Egyptian, am to seek that favor, and none but that, in your country. But if the gods below, with whom you now are, either can or will do anything (since those above have betrayed us), suffer not your living wife to be abandoned; let me not be led in triumph to your shame, but hide me and bury me here with you, since, amongst all my bitter misfortunes, nothing has afflicted me like this brief time that I have lived away from you."

Having made these lamentations, crowning the tomb with garlands and kissing it, she gave orders to prepare her a bath, and, coming out of the bath, she lay down and made a sumptuous meal. And a country fellow brought her a little basket, which the guards intercepting and asking what it was, the fellow put the leaves which lay uppermost aside, and showed them it was full of figs; and on their admiring the largeness and beauty of the figs, he laughed, and invited them to take some, which they refused, and, suspecting nothing, bade him carry them in. After her repast, Cleopatra sent to Cæsar a letter which she had written and sealed; and, putting everybody out of the monument but her two women, she shut the doors. Cæsar, opening her letter, and finding pathetic prayers and entreaties that she might be buried in the same tomb with Antony, soon guessed what was doing. At first he was going himself in all haste, but, changing his mind, he sent others to see. The thing had been quickly done. The messengers came at full speed, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing; but on opening the doors they saw her stone-dead, lying upon a bed of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women, lay dying at her feet, and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress' diadem. And when one that came in said angrily, "Was this well done of your lady, Charmion?" "Extremely well," she answered, "and as became the descendant of so many kings;" and as she said this, she fell down dead by the bedside.

Some relate that an asp was brought in amongst those figs and covered with the leaves, and that Cleopatra had arranged that it might settle on her before she knew, but, when she took away some of the figs and saw it, she said, "So here it is," and

held out her bare arm to be bitten. Others say that it was kept in a vase, and that she vexed and pricked it with a golden spindle till it seized her arm. But what really took place is known to no one. Since it was also said that she carried poison in a hollow bodkin, about which she wound her hair; yet there was not so much as a spot found, or any symptom of poison upon her body, nor was the asp seen within the monument; only something like the trail of it was said to have been noticed on the sand by the sea, on the part towards which the building faced and where the windows were. Some relate that two faint puncture marks were found on Cleopatra's arm, and to this account Cæsar seems to have given credit; for in his triumph there was carried a figure of Cleopatra, with an asp clinging to her. Such are the various accounts. But Cæsar, though much disappointed by her death, yet could not but admire the greatness of her spirit, and gave order that her body should be buried by Antony with royal splendor and magnificence. Her women, also, received honorable burial by his directions. Cleopatra had lived nine and thirty years, during twenty-two of which she had reigned as queen, and for fourteen had been Antony's partner in his empire. Antony, according to some authorities, was fifty-three, according to others, fifty-six years old.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY GENERAL LYTLE.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;

Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him —
'Twas his own that struck the blow, —
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray —
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the Gods bear witness —
Altars, augurs, circling wings —
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming! quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell —
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

JOCULAR ORATORY.

By QUINTILIAN.

[M. Fabius Quintilianus, teacher of oratory, was born in the town now named Calahorra, in Spain, A.D. 40. Coming to Rome A.D. 68, he attained distinction as an orator. He also received pupils in oratory, the two grandnephews of the Emperor Domitian and Pliny the Younger being amongst the number. For nearly twenty years Quintilian devoted himself to this profession, and he is noted as being the first teacher who received remuneration from the imperial exchequer for his services. He died about 118. He composed the system of rhetoric called "De Institutione Oratoria," in twelve books, after his retirement from public duties.]

I AM now to treat of a matter quite the reverse of that I discussed in the last chapter, — I mean, the manner of dissipating melancholy impressions, of unbending the mind from too intense application, of renewing its powers and recruiting its strength, after being surfeited and fatigued.

Now, we may be sensible, from the examples of the two great fathers of Greek and Roman eloquence, how difficult a matter this is, for it is generally thought that Demosthenes had no talents, and Cicero no bounds, in raising laughter. The truth is Demosthenes was not at all averse from attempting it, as appears by the instances of that kind which he left behind him; which, though very few, are far from being answerable to his other excellences. Few, however, as they are, they show that he liked jocularity, but that he had not the art of hitting it off. But as to our countryman Cicero, he was thought to affect it too much, for it not only entered into his common discourse, but into his most solemn pleadings. For my part, call it want of judgment or prepossession in favor of the most eloquent of mankind, I think Cicero had a wonderful share of delicate wit. No man ever said so many good things as he did in ordinary conversation, in debating, and in examining of witnesses; and he artfully throws into the mouths of others all his insipid jokes concerning Verres, and brings them as so many evidences of the notoriety of the charges against him; thereby intimating that the more vulgar they were, it was the more probable they were the language of the public, and not invented to serve the purposes of the orator. I wish, however, that his freedman Tyro, or whoever he was who collected the three books of his jokes, had been a little more sparing in pub-

lishing the good things he said; and that in choosing them he had been as judicious as in compiling them he was industrious. The compiler then had been less liable to criticism; and yet the book, even as it has come to our hands, discovers the characteristics of Cicero's genius; for, however you may retrench from it, you can add nothing to it.

Several things concur to render this manner extremely difficult. In the first place, all ridicule has something in it that is buffoonish; that is, somewhat that is low, and oftentimes purposely rendered mean. In the next place, it is never attended with dignity, and people are apt to construe it in different senses; because it is not judged by any criterion of reason, but by a certain unaccountable impression which it makes upon the hearer. I call it unaccountable, because many have endeavored to account for it, but, I think, without success. Here it is that a laugh may arise, not only from an action or a saying, but even the very motion of the body may raise it; add to this, that there are many different motives for laughter. For we laugh not only at actions and sayings that are witty and pleasant, but such as are stupid, passionate, and cowardly. It is, therefore, of a motley composition; for very often we laugh *with* a man as well as laugh *at* him. For, as Cicero observes, "the province of ridiculousness consists in a certain meanness and deformity." The manner that points them out is termed wit or urbanity. If while we are pointing them out we make ourselves ridiculous, it is termed folly. Even the slightest matter, when it comes from a buffoon, an actor — nay, a dunce, may, notwithstanding, carry with it an effect that I may call irresistible, and such as it is impossible for us to guard against. The pleasure it gives us bursts from us even against our will, and appears not only in the expression of our looks and our voices, but is powerful enough even to shake the whole frame of our body. Very often, as I have already observed, one touch of the ridiculous may give a turn to the most serious affairs. We have an instance of this in some young Tarentines, who, having at an entertainment made very free with the character of King Pyrrhus, were next morning examined before him upon what they had said, which, though they durst not defend and could not deny, yet they escaped by a well-turned joke: "Sir," says one of them, "if our liquor had not failed us we would have murdered you." This turn of wit at once canceled all the guilt they were charged with.

Yet this knack, or whatever the reader pleases to call it, of joking, I will not venture to pronounce to be void of all art, for it admits of certain rules, which Greek and Roman writers have reduced into a system; I, however, affirm that its success is chiefly owing to nature and the occasion. Now, nature does not consist in the acuteness and skill which some possess above others in the inventive part (for that may be improved by art); but some people's manner and face are so well fitted for this purpose, that, were others to say the same thing, it would lose a great part of its gracefulness. With regard to the occasion and the subject, they are so very serviceable in matters of wit, that dunces and clowns have been known to make excellent repartees; and, indeed, everything has a better grace that comes by way of reply, than what is offered by way of attack. What adds to the difficulty is, that no rules can be laid down for the practice of this thing, and no masters can teach it. We know a great many who say smart things at entertainments, or in common conversation; and, indeed, they cannot avoid it, for they are hourly attempting it. But the wit that is required in an orator is seldom to be met with; it forms no part of his art, but arises from the habits of life. I know no objection, however, against prescribing exercises of this kind, to accustom young men to compositions of a brisk lively turn of wit: nay, the sayings which we call "good things," and which are so common on merrymaking and festival days, may be of very great service to the practice at the bar, could they be brought to answer any purpose of utility, or could they be brought in aid of any serious subject. At present, however, they serve no purpose but that of useless diversion to younger persons. . . .

We may either act or speak ridicule. Sometimes a grave way of doing an arch thing occasions great ridicule. Thus, when the consul Isauricus had broken the curule chair belonging to the pretor Marcus Cœlius, the latter erected another chair, slung upon leathern straps, because it was notorious that the consul, on a time, had been strapped by his father. Sometimes ridicule attacks objects that are past all sense of shame; for instance, the adventure of the casket, mentioned by Cicero in his pleading for Cœlius. But that was so scandalous a thing that no one in his senses could enlarge upon it. We may make the same observation when there is anything droll in the look or the manner; for they may be rendered extremely diverting,

but never so much as when they appear to be very serious. For nothing is more stupid than to see a man always upon the titter, and, as it were, beating up for a laugh. But, though a grave serious look and manner add greatly to ridicule, and indeed are sometimes ridicule itself, by the person remaining quite serious, yet still it may be assisted by the looks and the powers of the face, and a certain pleasing adjustment of one's whole gesture: but always remember never to overdo.

As to the ridicule that consists in words, its character is either that of wantonness and jollity, as we generally saw in Galba; or cutting, such as the late Junius Bassus possessed; or blunt and rough, like the manner of Cassius Severus; or winning and delicate, like that of Domitius Afer. The place where we employ those different manners is of great importance, for at entertainments and in common discourse the vulgar are wanton, but all mankind may be cheerful. Meanwhile, let all malice be removed, and let us never adopt that maxim, "Rather to lose our friend than our jest." With regard to our practice at the bar, if I were to employ any of the manners I have mentioned, it should be that of the gentle, delicate kind. Though at the same time we are allowed to employ the most reproachful and cutting expressions against our adversaries; but that is in the case of capital impeachments, when justice is demanded upon an offender. But even in that case, we think it inhuman to insult the misery or the fallen state of another, for such are generally less to blame than they are represented, and insults may recoil upon the head of the person who employs them.

We are in the first place, therefore, to consider who the person is that speaks, what is the cause, who is the judge, who is the party, and what are the expressions. An orator ought by all means to avoid every distortion of look and gesture employed by comedians to raise a laugh. All farcical theatrical pertness is likewise utterly inconsistent with the character of an orator; and he ought to be so far from expressing, that he ought not to imitate anything that is offensive to modesty. Nay, though he should have an opportunity to expose it, it may be sometimes more proper to pass it over.

Further, though I think the manner of an orator ought at all times to be elegant and genteel, yet he should by no means affect being thought a wit. He should not, therefore, be always witty when he can; and he ought sometimes to sacrifice his jest

to his character. What indignation does it give us in a trial upon atrocious crimes, to hear a pleader breaking his jokes, or an advocate merry, while he is speaking in defense of the miserable!

Besides, we are to reflect that some judges are of so serious a cast as not to endure anything that may raise a laugh. Sometimes it happens that the reproach we aim at our opponent hits the judge himself, or suits our own client. And some are so foolish that they cannot refrain from expressions that recoil upon themselves. This was the case with Longus Sulpicius, who, being himself a very ugly fellow, and pleading a cause that affected the liberty of another person, said, "Nature had not given that man the face of a free man." "Then," replies Domitius Afer to him, "you are in your soul and conscience of opinion that every man who has an ugly face ought to be a slave."

An orator likewise is to avoid everything that is ill-mannered, or haughty, offensive in the place, or unseasonable upon the occasion. He is likewise to say nothing that seems premeditated and studied before he came into court. Now, as I have already said, it is barbarous to joke upon the miseries of another; while some are so venerable, so amiable in their universal character, that a pleader only hurts himself by attacking them. . . .

One maxim is of use, not only to the purposes of an orator, but to the purposes of life; which is, never to attack a man whom it is dangerous to provoke, lest you be brought to maintain some disagreeable enmities, or to make some scandalous submissions. It is likewise highly improper to throw out any invectives that numbers of people may take to themselves; or to arraign, by the lump, nations, degrees, and ranks of mankind, or those pursuits which are common to many. A man of sense and good breeding will say nothing that can hurt his own character or probity. A laugh is too dearly bought when purchased at the expense of virtue.

It is, however, extremely difficult to point out all the different manners of raising a laugh, and the occasions that furnish it. Nay, it is next to impossible to trace all the different sources of ridicule. In general, however, a laugh may be raised either from the personal appearance of an opponent, or from his understanding, as it appears by his words or actions, or from exterior circumstances. These, I say, are the three

sources of all vilifying, which, if urged with acrimony, become serious; if with pleasantry, ridiculous. Now, all the ridicule I have mentioned arises either from exposition, narrative, or characterizing.

Sometimes, but seldom, it happens that an object of ridicule actually presents itself upon the spot. This happened to Caius Julius, who told Helmius Mancia, who was deafening the whole court with his bawling, that he would show him what he resembled. The other challenging him to make good his promise, Julius pointed with his finger to the distorted figure of a Gaul, painted upon the shield of Marius, which was set up as a sign to one of the booths that stood round the forum, and in fact was very like Mancia. The narrative of imaginary circumstances may be managed with the greatest delicacy and oratorical art; witness Cicero's narrative concerning Cepasius and Fabricius, in his pleading for Cluentius; and the manner in which Marcus Cœlius represents the race run between Caius Lælius and his colleague, which should get first to his province. But all such recitals require every elegant, every genteel touch the orator can give them; and the whole must be brought up with the most delicate humor. How much ridicule does Cicero apply to the description of the retreat of Fabricius! "Thus he thought himself doing mighty matters, while he was, from his magazines of eloquence, playing off those most pathetic expressions: 'Look back upon the mutability of fortune; look back to the variety and alterations to which human life is subject; look back upon the old age of Fabricius.' Now, when he came to the last 'look back,' which he had so often repeated to embellish his discourse, he 'looked back' himself; but by this time Fabricius had stolen out of court." And what follows is in the same strain; for the passage is well known. All this high finishing did not contain a word that was fact, more than that Fabricius had left the court.

"These . . . outpoured fates of such kind in sacred song"

From a painting by Michael Angelo

THE SPINNING OF THE FATES.

By CATULLUS.

(Translated by Sir Richard F. Burton.)

[Caius Valerius Catullus, a leading Roman poet, was born at Verona, B.C. 87; died about B.C. 47. He was a wealthy and pleasure-loving gentleman, the friend of Cicero and other chief men of his time. He wrote lyrics, elegies, odes, etc.]

In the mean time, with shaking bodies and infirm gesture, the Parcæ began to intone their veridical chant. Their trembling frames were enwrapped around with white garments, encircled with a purple border at their heels; snowy fillets bound each aged brow, and their hands pursued their never-ending toil, as of custom. The left hand bore the distaff enwrapped in soft wool; the right hand, lightly withdrawing the threads with upturned fingers, did shape them, then twisting them with the prone thumb it turned the balanced spindle with well-polished whirl. And then with a pluck of their tooth the work was always made even, and the bitten wool shreds adhered to their dried lips, which shreds at first had stood out from the fine thread. And in front of their feet wicker baskets of osier twigs took charge of the soft white woolly fleece. These, with clear-sounding voice, as they combed out the wool, outpoured fates of such kind in sacred song, in song which none age yet to come could tax with untruth.

"O with great virtues thine exceeding honor augmenting, stay of Emathia-land, most famous in thine issue, receive what the sisters make known to thee on this gladsome day, a weird veridical! But ye whom the fates do follow: Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Now Hesperus shall come unto thee bearing what is longed for by bridegrooms; with that fortunate star shall thy bride come, who ensteeps thy soul with the sway of softening love, and prepares with thee to conjoin in languorous slumber, making her smooth arms thy pillow round 'neath thy sinewy neck. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"No house ever yet inclosed such loves, no love bound lovers with such pact, as abideth with Thetis, as is the concord of Peleus. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"To ye shall Achilles be born, a stranger to fear, to his foemen not by his back, but by his broad breast known, who, oftimes the victor in the uncertain struggle of the foot race, shall outrun the fire-fleet footsteps of the speedy doe. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"None in war with him may compare as a hero, when the Phrygian streams shall trickle with Trojan blood; and when besieging the walls of Troy with a long-drawn-out warfare, perjured Pelops' third heir shall lay that city waste. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"His glorious acts and illustrious deeds often shall mothers attest o'er funeral rites of their sons, when the white locks from their heads are unloosed amid ashes, and they bruise their discolored breasts with feeble fists. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"For as the husbandman bestrewing the dense wheat ears mows the harvest yellowed 'neath ardent sun, so shall he cast prostrate the corpses of Troy's sons with grim swords. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"His great valor shall be attested by Scamander's wave, which ever pours itself into the swift Hellespont, narrowing whose course with slaughtered heaps of corpses, he shall make tepid its deep stream by mingling warm blood with the water. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"And she a witness in fine shall be the captive maid handed to death, when the heaped-up tomb of earth built in lofty mound shall receive the snowy limbs of the stricken virgin. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"For instant fortune shall give the means to the war-worn Greeks to break Neptune's stone bonds of the Dardanian city, the tall tomb shall be made dank with Polyxena's blood, who as the victim succumbing 'neath two-edged sword, with yielding hams shall fall forward a headless corpse. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Wherefore haste ye to conjoin in the longed-for delights of your love. Bridegroom, thy goddess receive in felicitous compact; let the bride be given to her eager husband. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.

"Nor shall the nurse at orient light returning, with yester-e'en's thread succeed in circling her neck. [Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles.] Nor need her solicitous mother fear sad discord shall cause a parted bed for her

daughter, nor need she cease to hope for dear grandchildren. Haste ye, a weaving the woof, O hasten, ye spindles."

With such soothsaying songs of yore did the Pareæ chant from divine breast the felicitous fate of Peleus. For of aforetime the heaven dwellers were wont to visit the chaste homes of heroes, and to show themselves in mortal assembly, ere yet their worship was scorned. Often the father of the gods, a resting in his glorious temple, when on the festal days his annual rites appeared, gazed on an hundred bulls strewn prone on the earth. Often wandering Liber on topmost summit of Parnassus led his yelling Thyiads with loosely tossed locks. . . . When the Delphians tumultuously trooping from the whole of their city joyously acclaimed the god with smoking altars. Often in lethal strife of war Mavors, or swift Triton's queen, or the Rhamnusian virgin, in person did exhort armed bodies of men. But after the earth was infected with heinous crime, and each one banished justice from their grasping mind, and brothers steeped their hands in fraternal blood, the son ceased grieving o'er departed parents, the sire craved for the funeral rites of his firstborn that freely he might take of the flower of unwedded stepdame, the unholy mother, lying under her unknowing son, did not fear to sully her household gods with dishonor: everything licit and lawless commingled with mad infamy turned away from us the just-seeing mind of the gods. Wherefore nor do they deign to appear at such like assemblies, nor will they permit themselves to be met in the daylight.

EPITHALAMIUM.

By CATULLUS.

(Translated by John Hookham Frere.)

You that from the mother's side
Lead the lingering, blushing bride,
    Fair Urania's son —
Leave awhile the lonely mount,
The haunted grove and holy fount
    Of chilling Helicon.

With myrtle wreaths enweave thy hair —
Wave the torch aloft in air —
Make no long delay:
With flowing robe and footsteps light,
And gilded buskin glancing bright,
Hither bend thy way.

Join at once, with airy vigor,
In the dance's varied figure,
To the cymbal's chime:
Frolic unrestrained and free —
Let voice, and air, and verse agree,
And the torch beat time.

Hymen come, for Julia
Weds with Manlius to-day,
And deigns to be a bride.
Such a form as Venus wore
In the contest famed of yore,
On Mount Ida's side;

Like the myrtle or the bay,
Florid, elegant, and gay,
With foliage fresh and new;
Which the nymphs and forest maids
Have fostered in sequestered shades,
With drops of holy dew.

Leave, then, all the rocks and cells
Of the deep Aonian dells,
And the caverns hoar;
And the dreary streams that weep
From the stony Thespian steep,
Dripping evermore.

Haste away to new delights,
To domestic happy rites,
Human haunts and ways;
With a kindly charm applied,
Soften and appease the bride,
And shorten our delays.

Bring her hither, bound to move,
Drawn and led with bands of love,
Like the tender twine

Which the searching ivy plies,
Clinging in a thousand ties
O'er the clasping vine.

Gentle virgins, you besides,
Whom the like event betides,
With the coming year;
Call on Hymen! call him now!
Call aloud! A virgin vow
Best befits his ear.

"Is there any deity
More beloved and kind than he —
More disposed to bless;
Worthy to be worshiped more;
Master of a richer store
Of wealth and happiness?

"Youth and age alike agree
Serving and adoring thee,
The source of hope and care:
Care and hope alike engage
The wary parent sunk in age
And the restless heir.

"She the maiden, half afraid,
Hears the new proposal made,
That proceeds from thee;
You resign and hand her over
To the rash and hardy lover
With a fixt decree.

"Hymen, Hymen, you preside,
Maintaining honor and the pride
Of women free from blame,
With a solemn warrant given,
Is there any power in heaven
That can do the same?

"Love, accompanied by thee,
Passes unreproved and free,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?

"Heirship in an honored line
Is sacred as a gift of thine,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?

"Rule and empire — royalty,
Are rightful, as derived from thee,
But without thee, not:
Where on earth, or in the sky,
Can you find a deity
With a fairer lot?"

The poet is here in his office as manager of the mob, mediating between them and the gentlefolks within. In the next stanza he speaks as the prolocutor of the rabble outside.

Open locks! unbar the gate!
Behold the ready troop that wait
The coming of the bride;
Behold the torches, how they flare!
Spreading aloft their sparkling hair,
Flashing far and wide.

Lovely maiden! here we waste
The timely moments; — Come in haste!
Come then . . . Out, alack!
Startled at the glare and din,
She retires to weep within,
Lingering, hanging back.

Bashful honor and regret,
For a while detain her yet,
Lingering, taking leave:
Taking leave and lingering still,
With a slow, reluctant will,
With grief that does not grieve.

Aurunculeia, cease your tears,
And when to-morrow's morn appears,
Fear not that the sun
Will dawn upon a fairer face, —
Nor in his airy, lofty race
Behold a lovelier one.

The town minstrels are here introduced; they begin with the same image which the poet has already employed in his proper person.

"Mark and hear us, gentle bride;
Behold the torches nimbly plied,
Waving here and there;
Along the street and in the porch,
See the fiery-tressed torch,
Spreads its sparkling hair.

"Like a lily, fair and chaste,
Lovely bride, you shall be placed
In a garden gay,
A wealthy lord's delight and pride;
Come away then, happy bride,
Hasten, hence away!

"Mark and hear us — he your lord
Will be true at bed and board,
Nor ever walk astray,
Withdrawing from your lovely side;
Mark and hear us, gentle bride,
Hasten, hence away!

"Like unto the tender vine,
He shall ever clasp and twine,
Clinging night and day,
Fairly bound and firmly tied;
Come away then, happy bride,
Hasten, hence away!"

Happy chamber, happy bed,
Can the joys be told or said
That await you soon;
Fresh renewals of delight,
In the silent fleeting night
And the summer noon.

Make ready. There I see within
The bride is veiled; the guests begin
To muster close and slow:
Trooping onward close about,
Boys, be ready with a shout —
"Hymen! Hymen! ho!"

Now begins the free career, —
For many a jest and many a jeer,
And many a merry saw;
Customary taunts and gibes,
Such as ancient use prescribes,
And immemorial law.

"Some at home, it must be feared,
Will be slighted and cashiered,
Pride will have a fall;
Now the favorites' reign is o'er:
Proud enough they were before —
Proud and nice withal.

"Full of pride and full of scorn,
Now you see them clipt and shorn,
Humbler in array;
Sent away, for fear of harm,
To the village or the farm, —
Packed in haste away.

"Other doings must be done,
Another empire is begun,
Behold your own domain!
Gentle bride! Behold it there!
The lordly palace proud and fair: —
You shall live and reign,

"In that rich and noble house,
Till age shall silver o'er the brows,
And nod the trembling head,
Not regarding what is meant,
Incessant uniform assent
To all that's done or said.

"Let the faithful threshold greet,
With omens fair, those lovely feet,
Lightly lifted o'er;
Let the garlands wave and bow
From the lofty lintel's brow
That bedeck the door."

See the couch with crimson dress —
Where, seated in the deep recess,
With expectation warm,

The bridegroom views her coming near, —
The slender youth that led her here
May now release her arm.

With a fixt intense regard
He beholds her close and hard
In awful interview:
Shortly now she must be sped
To the chamber and the bed,
With attendance due.

Let the ancient worthy wives,
That have past their constant lives
With a single mate,
As befits advised age,
With council and precaution sage
Assist and regulate.

She the mistress of the band
Comes again with high command,
"Bridegroom, go your way;
There your bride is in the bower,
Like a lovely lily flower,
Or a rose in May.

* * * * *

"Ay, and you yourself, in truth,
Are a goodly comely youth,
Proper, tall, and fair;
Venus and the Graces too
Have befriended each of you
For a lovely pair.

"There you go! may Venus bless
Such as you with good success
In the lawful track;
You that, in an honest way,
Purchase in the face of day
Whatsoe'er you lack."

Sport your fill and never spare —
Let us have an infant heir
Of the noble name;
Such a line should ever last,
As it has for ages past,
Another and the same.

Fear not! with the coming year
The new Torquatus will be here:
Him we soon shall see
With infant gesture fondly seek
To reach his father's manly cheek,
From his mother's knee.

With laughing eyes and dewy lip,
Pouting like the purple tip
That points the rose's bud;
While mingled with the mother's grace,
Strangers shall recognize the trace
That marks the Manlian blood.

So the mother's fair renown
Shall betimes adorn and crown
The child with dignity,
As we read in stories old
Of Telemachus the bold
And chaste Penelope.

Now the merry task is o'er,
Let us hence and close the door,
While loud adieus are paid;
"Live in honor, love, and truth,
And exercise your lusty youth
In matches fairly played."

PRAISE OF POVERTY.

By APULEIUS.

(From the "Vindication.")

[Lucius Apuleius, Roman story-writer, was born in Madaura, Africa, early in the second century A.D.; the time of his death is unknown. His fame rests on the immortal "Metamorphoses; or, the Golden Ass," a sort of early Decameron, with contents ranging from the grossest indecencies to the exquisite story of Cupid and Psyche; and on the amusing "Vindication," a defense to the charge of having used magic arts to make a rich middle-aged widow marry him.]

Poverty has long been the handmaid of Philosophy: frugal, temperate, contented with little, eager for praise, averse from the things sought by wealth, safe in her ways, simple in her requirements, in her counsels a promoter of what is right. No one has she ever puffed up with pride, no one has she corrupted

by the enjoyment of power, no one has she maddened with tyrannical ambition; for no pampering of the appetite or of the passions does she sigh, nor can she indulge it. But it is your fosterlings of wealth who are in the habit of perpetrating these disgraceful excesses, and others of a kindred nature. If you review all the greatest enormities that have been committed in the memory of mankind, you will not find a single poor man among the perpetrators; whilst, on the other hand, in the number of illustrious men hardly any of the rich are to be found; poverty has nurtured from his very cradle every individual in whom we find anything to admire and commend. Poverty, I say — she who in former ages was the foundress of all cities, the inventress of all arts, she who is guiltless of all offense, who is lavish of all glory, who has been honored with every praise among all nations. For this same Poverty it was that, among the Greeks, showed herself just in Aristides, humane in Phocion, resolute in Epaminondas, wise in Socrates, and eloquent in Homer. It was this same Poverty, too, that for the Roman people laid the very earliest foundations of their sway, and that offers sacrifice to the immortal gods in their behalf, with the ladle and the dish of clay, even to this day.

If there were now sitting as judges at this trial C. Fabricius, Cneius Scipio, and Manius Curius, whose daughters, by reason of their poverty, went home to their husbands portioned at the public expense, carrying with them the glories of their family and the money of the public; if Publicola, the expeller of the kings, and Agrippa, the reconciler of the people, the expense of whose funeral was, in consequence of their limited fortunes, defrayed by the Roman people, by contributions of the smallest coins; if Attilius Regulus, whose little field was, in consequence of a like poverty, cultivated at the public expense; if, in fine, all those ancient families, ennobled by consulships, censorships, and triumphs, could obtain a short respite, and return to light, and take part in this trial, would you then have dared to reproach a philosopher for his poverty, in the presence of so many consuls distinguished for theirs? . . . I could show that none of us are poor who do not wish for superfluities, and who possess the things that are necessary, which, by nature, are but few indeed. For he has the most who desires the least; he who wants but little is most likely to have as much as he wants. It is with the mind just as with the body; in a healthy state it is lightly clad, but in sickness it is wrapped in cumbrous clothing;

and it is a sure sign of infirmity to have many wants. It is with life just as with swimming: that man is the most expert who is the most disengaged from all incumbrances. . . . For my part, I have learned that in this especially the gods surpass mankind, that they have to satisfy no necessities. Hence it is that him among us who has the fewest possible necessities, I consider most strongly to resemble a god.

FROM LUCRETIUS.

TRANSLATION BY W. H. MALLOCK.

[TITUS CARUS LUCRETIUS, Roman poet of the first rank, was born B.C. 95; committed suicide B.C. 55. His poem "On the Nature of Things" expounds the atomic theory and the Epicurean philosophy, to the result of atheism but with great splendor of thought and poetry.]

MOTHER and mistress of the Roman race,
  Pleasure of gods and men, O fostering
Venus, whose presence breathes in every place,
  Peopling all soils whence fruits and grasses spring,
And all the water's navigable ways,
  Water and earth and air and everything,
Since by thy power alone their life is given
To all beneath the sliding signs of heaven;

Goddess, thou comest, and the clouds before thee
  Melt, and the ruffian blasts take flight and fly;
The dædal lands, they know thee and adore thee,
  And clothe themselves with sweet flowers instantly;
Whilst pouring down its largest radiance o'er thee,
  In azure calm subsides the rounded sky,
To overarch thine advent; and for thee
A livelier sunlight laughs along the sea.

For lo, no sooner come the soft and glowing
  Days of the spring, and all the air is stirred
With amorous breaths of zephyr freshly blowing,
  Than the first prelude of thy power is heard
On all sides, in aërial music flowing
  Out of the bill of every pairing bird;
And every songster feels, on every tree,
Its small heart pulsing with the power of thee.

Next the herds feel thee; and the wild fleet races
  Bound o'er the fields, that smile in the bright weather,
And swim the streaming floods in fordless places,
  Led by thy chain, and captive in thy tether.
At last through seas and hills, thine influence passes,
  Through field and flood and all the world together,
And the birds' leafy homes; and thou dost fire
Each to renew his kind with sweet desire.

Wherefore, since thou, O lady, only thou
  Art she who guides the world upon its way;
Nor can aught rise without thee anyhow
  Up into the clear borders of the day,
Neither can aught without thee ever grow
  Lovely and sweet — to thee, to thee I pray —
Aid and be near thy suppliant as he sings
Of nature and the secret ways of things. . . .

When human life a shame to human eyes,
  Lay sprawling in the mire in foul estate,
A cowering thing without the strength to rise,
  Held down by fell Religion's heavy weight —
Religion scowling downward from the skies,
  With hideous head, and vigilant eyes of hate —
First did a man of Greece presume to raise
His brows, and give the monster gaze for gaze.

Him not the tales of all the gods in heaven,
  Nor the heaven's lightnings, nor the menacing roar
Of thunder daunted. He was only driven,
  By these vain vauntings, to desire the more
To burst through Nature's gates, and rive the unriven
  Bars. And he gained the day; and, conqueror,
His spirit broke beyond our world, and past
Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast.

And back returning, crowned with victory, he
  Divulged of things the hidden mysteries,
Laying quite bare what can and cannot be,
  How to each force is set strong boundaries,
How no power raves unchained, and naught is free.
  So the times change; and now religion lies
Trampled by us; and unto us 'tis given
Fearless with level gaze to scan the heaven.

Yet fear I lest thou haply deem that thus
We sin, and enter wicked ways of reason.
Whereas 'gainst all things good and beauteous
'Tis oft religion does the foulest treason.
Has not the tale of Aulis come to us,
And those great chiefs who, in the windless season,
Bade young Iphianassa's form be laid
Upon the altar of the Trivian maid?

Soon as the fillet round her virgin hair
Fell in its equal lengths down either cheek, —
Soon as she saw her father standing there,
Sad, by the altar, without power to speak,
And at his side the murderous minister,
Hiding the knife, and many a faithful Greek
Weeping — her knees grew weak, and with no sound
She sank, in speechless terror, on the ground.

But naught availed it in that hour accurst
To save the maid from such a doom as this,
That her lips were the baby lips that first
Called the king father with their cries and kiss.
For round her came the strong men, and none durst
Refuse to do what cruel part was his;
So silently they raised her up, and bore her,
All quivering, to the deadly shrine before her.

And as they bore her, ne'er a golden lyre
Rang round her coming with a bridal strain;
But in the very season of desire,
A stainless maiden, amid bloody stain,
She died — a victim felled by its own sire —
That so the ships the wished-for wind might gain,
And air puff out their canvas. Learn thou, then,
To what damned deeds religion urges men.

* * * * * * *

'Tis sweet when tempests roar upon the sea
To watch from land another's deep distress
Amongst the waves — his toil and misery:
Not that his sorrow makes our happiness,
But that some sweetness there must ever be
Watching what sorrows we do not possess:
So, too, 'tis sweet to safely view from far
Gleam o'er the plains the savage ways of war.

But sweeter far to look with purgèd eyes
  Down from the battlements and topmost towers
Of learning, those high bastions of the wise,
  And far below us see this world of ours,
The vain crowds wandering blindly, led by lies,
  Spending in pride and wrangling all their powers
So far below — the pygmy toil and strife,
The pain and piteous rivalries of life.

O peoples miserable! O fools and blind!
  What night you cast o'er all the days of man,
And in that night before you and behind
  What perils prowl! But you nor will nor can
See that the treasure of a tranquil mind
  Is all that Nature pleads for, for this span,
So that between our birth and grave we gain
Some quiet pleasures, and a pause from pain.

Wherefore we see that for the body's need
  A pause from pain almost itself suffices.
For only let our life from pain be freed,
  It oft itself with its own smile entices,
And fills our healthy hearts with joys indeed,
  That leave us small desire for art's devices.
Nor do we sigh for more in hours like these,
Rich in our wealth of sweet simplicities.

What though about the halls no silent band
  Of golden boys on many a pedestal
Dangle their hanging lamps from outstretched hand,
  To flare along the midnight festival —
Though on our board no priceless vessels stand,
  Nor gold nor silver fret the dazzling wall,
Nor does the soft voluptuous air resound
From gilded ceilings with the cithern's sound;

The grass is ours, and sweeter sounds than these,
  As down we couch us by the babbling spring,
And overhead we hear the branching trees
  That shade us, whisper; and for food we bring
Only the country's simple luxuries.
  Ah, sweet is this, and sweetest in the spring,
When the sun goes through all the balmy hours,
And all the green earth's lap is filled with flowers!

TRANSLATION BY DRYDEN.

What has this bugbear death to frighten man,
If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confusion hurled,
For the debated empire of the world,
Which awed with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
So when our mortal frame shall be disjoined,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not *feel*, because we shall not *be*,
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were lost,
We should not move, we only should be tossed.
Nay, e'en suppose, when we have suffered fate,
The soul should feel in her divided state,
What's that to us? for we are only *we*
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, though our atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Though time our life and motion could restore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual being is decayed.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our matter time shall mold anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, tossed and variously combined
In sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandering motions from the sense are fled.
For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must *be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who *is* not, feels not woe,

(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between,
'Tis just the same as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his moldering limbs shall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beasts devour his mass,
Know, he's an unsincere, unthinking ass.
A secret sting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own cast offals kind.
He boasts no sense can after death remain;
Yet makes himself a part of life again;
As if some other *He* could feel the pain.
If, while we live, this thought molest his head,
What wolf or vulture shall devour me dead?
He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the body and the man:
But thinks himself can still himself survive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other *He*,
No living *He* remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his senseless carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds, and beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drenched in floods of honey to be soaked,
Embalmed to be at once preserved and choked;
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Exposed to cold and heaven's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppressed
With monumental marble on thy breast?
But to be snatched from all the household joys,
From thy chaste wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy breast;
Ah! these shall be no more: thy friends oppressed
Thy care and courage now no more shall free:
Ah! wretch, thou criest, ah! miserable me!
One woeful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle blessings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou sayest is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanished too:
Which, well considered, were a quick relief

To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, shalt quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind;
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.
The worst that can befall thee, measured right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, "Let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give."
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the god, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For, even in sleep, the body, wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the first atoms then, the seeds of breath,
Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety,
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are scattered from their heap, and puffed away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of life has left an empty space.
And last, suppose great Nature's voice should call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
"What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings, I could give,
Thou hast enjoyed, if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leaked through thee like a sieve;
Why dost thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous feast,
Crammed to the throat with life, and rise and take thy rest?
But if My blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys passed through, and would not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labors end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.
To please thee, I have emptied all my store,
I can invent, and can supply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the selfsame scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live:
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give."
What can we plead against so just a bill?
We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppressed by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
"Be still, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain."
But if an old decrepit sot lament;
"What thou" (she cries) "who hast outlived content!
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoyed my store?
But this is still the effect of wishing more.
Unsatisfied with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the present, liking absent things;
From hence it comes, thy vain desires, at strife
Within themselves, have tantalized thy life,
And ghastly death appeared before thy sight,
Ere thou hast gorged thy soul and senses with delight.
Now leave those joys, unsuiting to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage."
Is Nature to be blamed if thus she chide?
No, sure; for 'tis her business to provide
Against this ever-changing frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Changed, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
New matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's doom.
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot;
For life is not confined to him or thee:
'Tis given to all for use, to none for property.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose circles ended long ere thine begun,
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou hast?
Thus mayest thou judge the future by the past.

What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghost, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.
For all the dismal tales, that Poets tell,
Are verified on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush him from on high:
But fear of chance on earth disturbs our easy hours,
Or vain, imagined wrath of vain imagined powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal:
Not though his monstrous bulk had covered o'er
Nine spreading acres, or nine thousand more;
Not though the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie;
Nor could his corpse sufficient food supply.
But he's the Tityus, who by love oppressed,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robbed of rest.
The Sisyphus is he, whom nöise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign seat.
For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount?
Which urged, and labored, and forced up with pain,
Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along the plain.
Then still to treat thy ever craving mind
With every blessing, and of every kind,
Yet never fill thy ravening appetite;
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish virgins damned in hell
To leaky vessels, which the liquor spill;
To vessels of their sex, which none could ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their snakes,

The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due;
Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke;
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
The avenging horror of a conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of punishment and woe;
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath:
This makes a hell on earth, and life a death.

Meantime when thoughts of death disturb thy head,
Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs, with their mighty state,
Who ruled the world, were overruled by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whose stupendous bridge did the wild waves restrain,
(In vain they foamed, in vain they threatened wrack,
While his proud legions marched upon their back:)
Him Death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor spared his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio the thunderbolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common slave, by Fate in triumph led.
The founders of invented arts are lost;
And wits, who made eternity their boast.
Where now is Homer, who possessed the throne?
The immortal work remains, the immortal author's gone.
Democritus, perceiving age invade
His body weakened, and his mind decayed,
Obeyed the summons with a cheerful face;
Made haste to welcome death, and met him half the race.
That stroke even Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit surpassed mankind, as far
As does the midday sun the midnight star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possessed;
And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Daydreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,

Whose cause and cure thou never hopest to find;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.
Oh, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodged within the breast;
Sure they would change their course, nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
Uneasy both in country and in town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load:
But straight returns, for he's as restless there,
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his villa would retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner entered at his country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he would know the world not worth his care;
Then would he search more deeply for the cause,
And study Nature well, and Nature's laws;
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fixed, eternal state;
That never changing state, which all must keep,
Whom death has doomed to everlasting sleep.
Why are we then so fond of mortal life,
Beset with dangers, and maintained with strife?
A life, which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same mawkish joys in the same track are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possessed:
A new arising wish expels it from the breast.
The feverish thirst of life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;

Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who died a thousand years ago.

ON OLD AGE.

By CICERO.

[For biographical sketch, see page 828.]

When I consider the several causes which are usually supposed to constitute the infelicity of old age, they may be reduced, I think, under four general articles. It is alleged that it incapacitates a man for acting in the affairs of the world; that it produces great infirmities of body; that it disqualifies him for the enjoyment of the sensual gratifications; and that it brings him within the immediate verge of death. Let us therefore, if you please, examine the force and validity of each of these particular charges.

Old age, it seems, disqualifies us from taking an active part in the great scenes of business. But in what scenes? let me ask. If in those which require the strength and vivacity of youth, I readily admit the charge; but are there no other — none which are peculiarly appropriated to the evening of life, and which, being executed by the powers of the mind, are perfectly consistent with a less vigorous state of body? Did Quintus Maximus, then, pass the latter end of his long life in total inactivity! Tell me, Scipio, was your father, and my son's father-in-law, the excellent Paulus Lucius, — were the Fabricii, the Curii, the Coruncanii, — utterly bereaved of all useful energy, when they supported the interests of the republic by the wisdom of their counsels, and the influence of their respectable authority? . . . Nothing can be more void of foundation than to assert that old age necessarily disqualifies a man for the great affairs of the world. As well might it be

affirmed that the pilot is totally useless and unengaged in the business of the ship, because, while the rest of the crew are more actively employed in their respective departments, he sits quietly at the helm and directs its motions. If in the great scenes of business an old man cannot perform a part which requires the force and energy of vigorous years, he can act, however, in a nobler and more important character. It is not by exertions of corporeal strength and activity that the momentous affairs of state are conducted; it is by cool deliberation, by prudent counsel, and by that authoritative influence which ever attends on public esteem, — qualifications which are so far from being impaired, that they are usually strengthened and improved by increase of years. . . .

If you look into the history of foreign nations, you will find frequent instances of flourishing communities which, after having been well-nigh ruined by the impetuous measures of young and inexperienced statesmen, have been restored to their former glory by the prudent administration of more discreet years. "Tell me," says one of the personages in that dramatic piece of Nævius called "The School," addressing himself to a citizen of a certain republic, "tell me whence it happened that so considerable a state as yours has thus suddenly fallen into decay?" The person questioned assigned several reasons; but the principal was that a swarm of rash, unpracticed young orators had unhappily broken forth, and taken the lead amongst them. Temerity, indeed, is the usual characteristic of youth, as prudence is of old age.

But it is further urged that old age impairs the memory. This effect, I confess, it may probably have on those memories which were originally infirm, or whose native vigor has not been preserved by a proper exercise; but is there any reason to suppose that Themistocles, who had so strong a memory that he knew the name of every citizen in the commonwealth, lost this retentive power as his years increased, and addressed Aristides, for instance, by the appellation of Lysimachus? . . . I never yet heard of any veteran whose memory was so weakened by time as to forget where he had concealed his treasure. The aged, indeed, seem to be at no loss in remembering whatever is the principal object of their attention; and few there are at that period of life who cannot really call to mind what recognizances they have entered into, or with whom they have had any pecuniary transactions. Innumerable instances of a

strong memory in advanced years might be produced from among our celebrated lawyers, pontiffs, augurs, and philosophers; for the faculties of the mind will preserve their powers in old age, unless they are suffered to lose their energy and become languid for want of due cultivation. And the truth of this observation may be confirmed not only by those examples I have mentioned from the more active and splendid stations of the world, but from instances equally frequent in the paths of studious and retired life. . . .

The next imputation thrown on old age is, that it impairs our strength; and it must be acknowledged the charge is not altogether without foundation. But, for my own part, I no more regret the want of that vigor which I possessed in my youth, than I lamented in my youth that I was not endowed with the force of a bull or an elephant. It is sufficient if we exert with spirit, on every proper occasion, that degree of strength which still remains with us. Nothing can be more truly contemptible than a circumstance which is related concerning the famous Milo of Croton. This man, when he had become old, observing a set of athletic combatants that were exercising themselves in the public circus, "Alas!" said he, bursting into a flood of tears and stretching forth his arm, "Alas! these muscles are now totally relaxed and impotent." Frivolous old man! it was not so much the debility of thy body as the weakness of thy mind thou hadst reason to lament; as it was by the force of mere animal prowess, and not by those superior excellences which truly ennoble man, that thou hadst rendered thy name famous. Never, I am well persuaded, did a lamentation of this unworthy kind escape the mouth of Coruncanius, or Ælius, or the late Publius Crassus; men whose consummate abilities in the science of jurisprudence were generously laid out for the common benefit of their fellow-citizens, and whose superior strength of understanding continued in all its force and vigor to the conclusion of their numerous years. . . .

As to those effects which are the necessary and natural evils attendant on long life, it imports us to counteract their progress by a constant and resolute opposition, and to combat the infirmities of old age as we would resist the approach of a disease. To this end we should be regularly attentive to the article of health, use moderate exercise, and neither eat nor drink more than is necessary for repairing our strength, without oppressing the organs of digestion. Nor is this all: the intellectual faculties

must likewise be assisted by proper care, as well as those of the body ; for the powers of the body, like the flame in a lamp, will become languid and extinct by time, if not duly and regularly recruited. Indeed, the mind and body equally thrive by a suitable exertion of their powers ; with this difference, however, that bodily exercise ends in fatigue, whereas the mind is never wearied by its activity. . . . He who fills up every hour of his life in such kind of labors and pursuits as those I have mentioned, will insensibly glide into old age without perceiving its arrival ; and his powers, instead of being suddenly and prematurely extinguished, will gradually decline by the gentle and natural effect of accumulated years.

Let us now proceed to examine the third article of complaint against old age, as bereaving us, it seems, of the sensual gratifications. Happy effect, indeed, if it deliver us from those snares which allure youth into some of the worst vices to which that age is addicted ! Inestimable surely are the advantages of old age, if we consider it as delivering us from the tyranny of lust and ambition ; from the angry and contentious passions ; from every inordinate and irrational desire ; in a word, as teaching us to retire within ourselves, and look for happiness in our own bosoms. If to these moral benefits, naturally resulting from length of days, be added that sweet food of the mind which is gathered in the fields of science, I know not any season of life that is passed more agreeably than the learned leisure of a virtuous old age. . . .

It remains only to consider the fourth and last imputation on that period of life at which I am arrived : Old age, it seems, must necessarily be a state of much anxiety and disquietude, from the near approach of death. That the hour of dissolution cannot possibly be far distant from an old man is most undoubtedly certain : but unhappy indeed must he be if in so long a course of years he has yet to learn that there is nothing in that circumstance which can reasonably alarm his fears : on the contrary, it is an event either utterly to be disregarded, if it extinguish the soul's existence ; or much to be wished, if it convey her to some region where she shall continue to exist forever. One of those two consequences must necessarily follow the disunion of the soul and body : there is no other possible alternative. What, then, have I to fear, if after death I shall either not be miserable, or shall certainly be happy ? But, after all, is there any man, how young soever he may be, who can be so

weak as to promise himself, with confidence, that he shall live even till night? In fact, young people are more exposed to mortal accidents than even the aged: they are also not only more liable to natural diseases, but, as they are generally attacked by them in a more violent manner, are obliged to obtain their cure, if they happen to recover, by a more painful course of medical operations. Hence it is that there are but few among mankind who arrive at old age; and this (to remark it by the way) will suggest a reason why the affairs of the world are no better conducted: for age brings along with it experience, discretion, and judgment, without which no well-formed government could have been established, or can be maintained. But, not to wander from the point under our present consideration, why should death be deemed an evil peculiarly impending on old age, when daily experience proves that it is common to every other period of human life?

It will be replied, perhaps, that youth may at least entertain the hope of enjoying many additional years, whereas an old man cannot rationally encourage so pleasing an expectation. But, admitting that the young may indulge this expectation with the highest reason, still the advantage evidently lies on the side of the old, as the latter is in possession of that length of life which the former can only hope to attain. Length of life, did I say? What is there in the utmost extent of human duration that can properly be called long? In my own opinion, no portion of time can justly be deemed long that will necessarily have an end; since the longest, when once it is elapsed, leaves not a trace behind; and nothing valuable remains with us but the conscious satisfaction of having employed it well. Thus, hours and days, months and years, glide imperceptibly away; the past never to return, the future involved in impenetrable obscurity! But, whatever the extent of our present duration may prove, a wise and good man ought to be contented with the allotted measure; remembering that it is in life as on the stage, where it is not necessary, in order to be approved, that the actor's part should continue to the conclusion of the drama: it is sufficient, in whatever scene he shall make his final exit, that he supports the character assigned him with deserved applause. . . .

Every event agreeable to the course of nature ought to be looked on as a real good; and surely none can be more natural than for an old man to die. It is true, youth likewise stands

exposed to the same dissolution; but it is a dissolution contrary to Nature's evident intentions, and in direct opposition to her strongest efforts. In the latter instance, the privation of life may be resembled to a fire forcibly extinguished by a deluge of water; in the former, to a fire spontaneously and gradually going out from a total consumption of its fuel. Or, to have recourse to another illustration: as fruit, before it is ripe, cannot without some degree of force be separated from the stalk, but drops of itself when perfectly mature, so the disunion of the soul and body is effected in the young by dint of violence, but is wrought in the old by a mere fullness and completion of years. This ripeness for death I perceive in myself with much satisfaction; and I look forward to my dissolution as to a secure haven, where I shall at length find a happy repose from the fatigues of a long voyage. . . .

The distaste with which, in passing through the several stages of our present being, we leave behind us the respective enjoyments peculiar to each, must necessarily, I should think, in the close of its latest period, render life itself no longer desirable. Infancy and youth, manhood and old age, have each of them their peculiar and appropriate pursuits: but does youth regret the toys of infancy, or manhood lament that it has no longer a taste for the amusements of youth? The season of manhood has also its suitable objects, that are exchanged for others in old age; and these too, like all the preceding, become languid and insipid in their turn. Now, when this state of absolute satiety is at length arrived; when we have enjoyed the satisfactions peculiar to old age, till we have no longer any relish remaining for them; it is then that death may justly be considered as a mature and seasonable event.

The nearer death advances towards me, the more clearly I seem to discern its real nature. The soul, during her confinement within this prison of the body, is doomed by fate to undergo a severe penance: for her native seat is in heaven; and it is with reluctance that she is forced down from those celestial mansions into these lower regions, where all is foreign and repugnant to her divine nature. But the gods, I am persuaded, have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, that there might be a race of intelligent creatures, not only to have dominion over this our earth, but to contemplate the host of heaven, and imitate in their moral conduct the same beautiful order and uniformity,

so conspicuous in those splendid orbs. This opinion I am induced to embrace, not only as agreeable to the best deductions of reason, but in just deference also to the authority of the noblest and most distinguished philosophers. . . . When I consider the faculties with which the human mind is endued; its amazing celerity; its wonderful power in recollecting past events, and sagacity in discerning future, together with its numberless discoveries in the several arts and sciences — I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature. And as this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows (as it is absurd to suppose the soul would desert itself) that its activity must continue forever. . . .

Tell me, my friends, whence it is that those men who have made the greatest advances in true wisdom and genuine philosophy are observed to meet death with the most perfect equanimity, while the ignorant and unimproved part of our species generally see its approach with the utmost discomposure and reluctance? Is it not because, the more enlightened the mind is, and the farther it extends its view, the more clearly it discerns in the hour of its dissolution (what narrow and vulgar souls are too shortsighted to discover) that it is taking its flight into some happier region? For my own part, I feel myself transported with the most ardent impatience to join the society of my two departed friends, your illustrious fathers, whose characters I greatly respected, and whose persons I sincerely loved. Nor is this my earnest wish confined to those excellent persons alone with whom I was formerly connected: I ardently wish to visit also those celebrated worthies of whose honorable conduct I have heard and read much, or whose virtues I have myself commemorated in some of my writings. To this glorious assembly I am speedily advancing: and I would not be turned back in my journey, even on the assured condition that my youth, like that of Pelias, should again be restored. The sincere truth is, if some divinity would confer on me a new grant of my life, and replace me once more in the cradle, I would utterly, and without the least hesitation, reject the offer: having well-nigh finished my race, I have no inclination to return to the goal. For what has life to recommend it? or rather, indeed, to what evils does it not expose us? But admit

that its satisfactions are many; yet surely there is a time when we have had a sufficient measure of its enjoyments, and may well depart contented with our share of the feast. For I mean not, in imitation of some very considerable philosophers, to represent the condition of human nature as a subject of just lamentation: on the contrary, I am far from regretting that life was bestowed on me, as I have the satisfaction to think that I have employed it in such a manner as not to have lived in vain. In short, I consider this world as a place which Nature never designed for my permanent abode; and I look upon my departure out of it, not as being driven from my habitation, but as leaving my inn.

O glorious day! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits; and not with those only whom I just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, that best of sons and most valuable of men! It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when by the course of nature I had reason to hope he would have performed the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back on me in its flight to those happy mansions, to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained: it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated.

Thus to think, and thus to act, has enabled me, Scipio, to bear up under a load of years with that ease and complacency which both you and Lælius have so frequently, it seems, remarked with admiration; as, indeed, it has rendered my old age not only no inconvenient state to me, but even an agreeable one. And, after all, should this my firm persuasion of the soul's immortality prove to be a mere delusion, it is at least a pleasing delusion, and I will cherish it to my latest breath. I have the satisfaction in the mean time to be assured that if death should utterly extinguish my existence, as some minute philosophers assert, the groundless hope I entertained of an after life in some better state cannot expose me to the derision of these wonderful sages when they and I shall be no more. At all events, and even admitting that our expectations of immortality are utterly vain, there is a certain period, nevertheless, when death would be a consummation most earnestly to be desired:

for Nature has appointed to the days of man, as to all things else, their proper limits, beyond which they are no longer of any value. In fine, old age may be considered as the last scene in the great drama of life; and one would not, surely, wish to lengthen out his part till he sank down sated with repetition and exhausted with fatigue.

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

[Algernon Charles Swinburne, English poet and essayist, grandson of the third Earl of Ashburnham, was born April 5, 1837, in London. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, and spent some time with Walter Savage Landor in Florence. His first works were two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamund." "Atalanta in Calydon" came next. His "Poems and Ballads" of 1866 were withdrawn from circulation on account of the uproar raised by their eroticism. His later volumes have been too many to detail here. He is considered one of the foremost of English poets in mastery of form and melodic effect.]

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The Mother of Months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come, with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect! Lady of Light!
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might:
Bind on thy sandals, O Thou most fleet!
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet:
For the faint East quickens, the wan West shivers,
Round the feet of the Day and the feet of the Night.

Where shall we find her? how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!

For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp player:
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the Southwest Wind and the West Wind sing.

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover;
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten;
And frosts are slain, and flowers begotten;
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes;
Ripe grasses trammel a traveling foot;
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire;
And the oat is heard above the lyre;
And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon, and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing, and fills with delight
The Mænad and the Bassarid;
And, soft as lips that laugh and hide,
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The God pursuing, the Maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows, hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ENCOMIUM ON FLIES.

By LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA.

[For biographical sketch, see page 578.]

THE fly has as much the advantage in its size over the gnat and such like insects, as it wants in competition with the bee. And as it may be reckoned among the kingdom of birds, so the beauty and delicacy of its wings as far excels those of other birds as linen or woolen is inferior to silk. It is not covered with feathers, like other fowls, but has a fine lawn, like the grasshopper; and when you see it in the sunshine, there is as great a variety of curious colors as in a peacock's tail or a pigeon's neck. It does not fly by the strength of its wings, as birds do, nor by skips, as the grasshopper, but turns in a moment. The sound of its flight is not so rough as that of wasps or drones, but bears the same disproportion thereto as the pipe to the trumpet. Its eye is large, and even with the head, which is hard and shines like horn; being not fastened to the body as the grasshopper's is, but continued by a neck that moves every way. Its body is joined together; its legs long — though the wasp's are short; several shining divisions cover the belly like plates of a coat of armor. It does not hurt, like bees, with a sting, but has a small trunk that does the office of a mouth, having at the end of it a sort of tooth; and it is with this that it wounds or draws up blood or milk, though without any great pain. It has six legs in all; the two foremost supply the want of hands. With these he scours and dresses himself, and feeds himself besides. With the other four it executes the same offices as men employ theirs to. Its original is base, being engendered by putrefaction; it is at first but a worm, then, by little and little, it turns to a bird, shooting out its legs and wings. . . .

It is in man's company as long as it lives, and takes the freedom to taste of all his food — oil only excepted, because it is poison to him. And though its life is but short, — for the fates have allowed him but a very little line, — it seems to live only in the light, and is seen flying about only in that; for it rests all night, when it neither flies, nor sings, nor moves. I might say that his prudence is not small, when he flies his ambushed enemy, the spider. For he discovers him in ambus-

cade, and observes him, declining his force, lest he be caught in his net, and fall into the meshes of the little beast.

I need not say much as to his strength or courage: since Homer, the greatest of all the poets, when he considered how he should praise the most excellent of heroes, compares not his strength and vigor to a lion, pard, or boar, but to the constant and intrepid mind and boldness of a fly. For he says that he is not rash, but bold and confident; for though you remove and drive him away, he yet will not be gone, but hovers about, seeking the means of giving his bite. But Homer is so large in the praise of the fly, and is so very fond of him, that he mentions him, not once or seldom, but frequently, and in many places, so much does the speaking of him adorn his verse. For here he describes his gregarious flight to the milk; and when he compares Minerva declining the dart from any mortal part of Menelaus to a mother careful of her sleeping child, a fly is again brought for an example. Besides, he adorns them with a very pretty epithet—calling them sweet, and their flock, nations.

But he is so strong, and of such force, that by his bite he inflicts a wound; not only in a man's skin, but in that of an ox and a horse. They say that he is likewise troublesome to the elephant, when he gets into his wrinkles and, with his little proboscis, makes an incision in proportion to his bigness. . . .

Though the fly be a sort of idle lazy creature, yet he reaps the fruit of the labor of others, and everywhere finds a full table. For him are goats milked, and the bees make honey for the flies as well as for men. For him do the confectioners make their sweetmeats, and he tastes them before the kings themselves, with whom he feasts, marching about the table, and eating with them in all things.

He builds his nest or house not always in one place, but, taking a wandering flight, like the journeys of the Scythians, he makes his house and his bed wherever night overtakes him. But in the dark, as I have already observed, he does nothing; for he will do nothing secretly; nor does he think anything done by him base, which done in the light would not be a dishonor to him.

The fable tells us that the fly was originally a very beautiful but very loquacious woman, a perpetual tattler, and a singer into the bargain. She was rival to the Moon in her love with Endymion; and the Moon, being in a rage with her, turned her into a fly. And for this reason she still seems to envy everybody's

HORACE AND HIS FRIENDS

From a painting by Ch. Jalabert

sleep, especially the tender and young, retaining in her memory the sleep of Endymion. But her bites and thirst of blood proceed not from her cruelty, but humanity and love. For she enjoys beauty the way she is capable of, and crops some balmy particles from it.

There was besides a certain woman among the ancients whose name was Musca (*i.e.* a fly), a very learned and beautiful poetess. Nor did parents disdain to give their children this name. For this reason Tragedy itself has with a just praise mentioned the fly, to this purpose —

> That the fly may be with dreadful slaughter filled,
> She flies with wondrous force upon the body,
> And armed warriors fear her little dart.

I have a great deal to say of a fly from Pythagoras, were not that known to everybody. There are a sort of flies which the vulgar call militant, others dog flies, making a sharp sound with a swift wing. These flies are of a very long life, and subsist all the winter without food, contracting and hiding themselves, chiefly under the roofs of houses. I could say many more things on this head; but I will put an end to my oration, lest I should verify the old proverb, making an elephant of a fly.

ODES OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

[QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, the most popular of Roman poets, was born B.C. 65; superbly educated; at eighteen joined Brutus' army, and fought at Philippi; had his estate confiscated, but through Virgil's intercession with Mæcenas received it again, and gained Augustus' friendship as well as that of Mæcenas, who presented him with the immortal "Sabine Farm." He died B.C. 8. His odes are enduringly valued for their charm of style and genial Epicureanism of philosophy.]

BOOK I., ODE 9.

To Thaliarchus.

ONE dazzling mass of solid snow
  Soracte stands; the bent woods fret
  Beneath their load; and, sharpest-set
With frost, the streams have ceased to flow.

Pile on great fagots and break up
The ice: let influence more benign
Enter with four-years-treasured wine,
Fetched in the ponderous Sabine cup:

Leave to the gods all else. When they
Have once bid rest the winds that war
Over the passionate seas, no more
Gray ash and cypress rock and sway.

Ask not what future suns shall bring.
Count to-day gain, whate'er it chance
To be: nor, young man, scorn the dance,
Nor deem sweet Love an idle thing,

Ere time thy April youth hath changed
To sourness. Park and public walk
Attract thee now, and whispered talk
At twilight meetings prearranged;

Hear now the pretty laugh that tells
In what dim corner lurks thy love;
And snatch a bracelet or a glove
From wrist or hand that scarce rebels.

Ode 11.

To Leuconöe.

Seek not, for thou shalt not find it, what my end, what thine shall be;
Ask not of Chaldæa's science what God wills, Leuconöe:
Better far, what comes, to bear it. Haply many a wintry blast
Waits thee still; and this, it may be, Jove ordains to be thy last,
Which flings now the flagging sea wave on the obstinate sandstone reef.
Be thou wise: fill up the wine cup; shortening, since the time is brief,
Hopes that reach into the future. While I speak, hath stolen away
Jealous Time. Mistrust To-morrow, catch the blossom of To-day.

Book III., Ode 1.

I scorn and shun the rabble's noise.
Abstain from idle talk. A thing
That ear hath not yet heard, I sing,
The Muses' priest, to maids and boys.

To Jove the flocks which great kings sway,
To Jove great kings allegiance owe.
Praise him: he laid the giants low:
All things that are, his nod obey.

This man may plant in broader lines
His fruit trees: that, the pride of race
Enlists a candidate for place:
In worth, in fame, a third outshines

His mates; or, thronged with clients, claims
Precedence. Even-handed Fate
Hath but one law for small and great:
That ample urn holds all men's names.

He o'er whose doomed neck hangs the sword
Unsheathed, the dainties of the South
Shall lack their sweetness in his mouth:
No note of bird or harpsichord

Shall bring him Sleep. Yet Sleep is kind,
Nor scorns the huts of laboring men;
The bank where shadows play, the glen
Of Tempe dancing in the wind.

He, who but asks "Enough," defies
Wild waves to rob him of his ease;
He fears no rude shocks, when he sees
Arcturus set or Hædus rise:

When hailstones lash his vines, or fails
His farm its promise, now of rains
And now of stars that parch the plains
Complaining, or unkindly gales.

— In straitened seas the fish are pent;
For dams are sunk into the deep:
Pile upon pile the builders heap,
And he, whom earth could not content,

The Master. Yet shall Fear and Hate
Climb where the Master climbs: nor e'er
From the armed trireme parts black Care;
He sits behind, the horseman's mate.

And if red marble shall not ease
The heartache; nor the shell that shines
Star-bright; nor all Falernum's vines,
All scents that charmed Achæmenes:

Why should I rear me halls of rare
Design, on proud shafts mounting high?
Why bid my Sabine vale good-by
For doubled wealth and doubled care?

Ode 2.

Friend! with a poor man's straits to fight
Let warfare teach thy stalwart boy:
Let him the Parthian's front annoy
With lance in rest, a dreaded knight:

Live in the field, inure his eye
To danger. From the foeman's wall
May the armed tyrant's dame, with all
Her damsels, gaze on him, and sigh,

"Dare not, in war unschooled, to rouse
Yon Lion — whom to touch is death,
To whom red Anger ever saith,
'*Slay and slay on*' — O prince, my spouse!"

— Honored and blest the patriot dies.
From death the recreant may not flee:
Death shall not spare the faltering knee
And coward back of him that flies.

Valor — unbeat, unsullied still —
Shines with pure luster: all too great
To seize or drop the sword of state,
Swayed by a people's veering will.

Valor — to souls too great for death
Heaven opening — treads the untrodden way:
And this dull world, this damp cold clay,
On wings of scorn, abandoneth.

— Let too the sealed lip honored be.
The babbler, who'd the secrets tell
Of holy Ceres, shall not dwell
Where I dwell; shall not launch with me

A shallop. Heaven full many a time
Hath with the unclean slain the just:
And halting-footed Vengeance must
O'ertake at last the steps of crime.

Book III., Ode 3.

The just man's single-purposed mind
Not furious mobs that prompt to ill
May move, nor kings' frowns shake his will
Which is as rock; not warrior winds

That keep the seas in wild unrest;
Nor bolt by Jove's own finger hurled:
The fragments of a shivered world
Would crash round him still self-possest.

Jove's wandering son reached, thus endowed,
The fiery bastions of the skies;
Thus Pollux; with them Cæsar lies
Beside his nectar, radiant-browed.

Honored for this, by tigers drawn
Rode Bacchus, reining necks before
Untamed; for this War's horses bore
Quirinus up from Acheron.

To the pleased gods had Juno said
In conclave: "Troy is in the dust;
Troy, by a judge accursed, unjust,
And that strange woman prostrated.

"The day Laomedon ignored
His god-pledged word, resigned to me
And Pallas ever pure, was she,
Her people, and their traitor lord.

"Now the Greek woman's guilty guest
Dazzles no more: Priam's perjured sons
Find not against the mighty ones
Of Greece a shield in Hector's breast:

"And, long drawn out by private jars,
The war sleeps. Lo! my wrath is o'er:
And him the Trojan vestal bore
(Sprung of that hated line) to Mars,

"To Mars restore I. His be rest
In halls of light: by him be drained
The nectar bowl, his place obtained
In the calm companies of the blest.

"While betwixt Rome and Ilion raves
A length of ocean, where they will
Rise empires for the exiles still:
While Paris's and Priam's graves

"Are trod by kine, and she-wolves breed
Securely there, unharmed shall stand
Rome's lustrous Capitol, her hand
Curb with proud laws the trampled Mede.

"Wide-feared, to far-off climes be borne
Her story; where the central main
Europe and Libya parts in twain,
Where full Nile laves a land of corn:

"The buried secret of the mine,
(Best left there) let her dare to spurn,
Nor unto man's base uses turn
Profane hands laying on things divine.

"Earth's utmost end, where'er it be,
Let her hosts reach; careering proud
O'er lands where watery rain and cloud,
Or where wild suns hold revelry.

"But, to the warriors of Rome,
Tied by this law, such fates are willed;
That they seek never to rebuild,
Too fond, too bold, their grandsires' home.

"With darkest omens, deadliest strife,
Shall Troy, raised up again, repeat
Her history; I the victor fleet
Shall lead, Jove's sister and his wife.

"Thrice let Apollo rear the wall
Of brass; and thrice my Greeks shall hew
The fabric down: thrice matrons rue
In chains their sons', their husbands' fall."

Ill my light lyre such notes beseem.
Stay, Muse; nor, wayward still, rehearse
Sayings of Gods in meager verse
That may but mar a mighty theme.

Book III., Ode 5.

Jove we call King, whose bolts rive heaven;
  Then a god's *presence* shall be felt
  In Cæsar, with whose power the Celt
And Parthian stout in vain have striven.

Could Crassus' men wed alien wives,
  And greet, as sons-in-law, the foe?
  In the foes' land (oh Romans, oh
Lost honor!) end, in shame, their lives,

'Neath the Mede's sway? They, Marsians and
  Apulians — shields and rank and name
  Forgot, and that undying flame —
And Jove still reign, and Rome still stand?

This thing wise Regulus could presage:
  He brooked not base conditions; he
  Set not a precedent to be
The ruin of a coming age:

"No," cried he, "let the captives die,
  Spare not. I saw Rome's ensigns hung
  In Punic shrines; with sabers, flung
Down by Rome's sons ere blood shed. I

"Saw our free citizens with hands
  Fast pinioned; and, through portals now
  Flung wide, our soldiers troop to plow,
As once they trooped to waste, the lands.

"'Bought by our gold, our men will fight
  But keener.' What? To shame would you
  Add loss? As wool, its natural hue
Once gone, may not be *painted* white;

"True Valor, from her seat once thrust,
  Is not replaced by meaner wares.
  Do stags, delivered from the snares,
Fight? Then shall *he* fight, who did trust

"His life to foes who spoke a lie:
  And *his* sword shatter Carthage yet,
  Around whose arms the cords have met,
A sluggard soul, that feared to die!

"Life, howe'er bought, he treasured: he
Deemed war a thing of trade. Ah fie! —
Great art thou, Carthage — towerest high
O'er shamed and ruined Italy!"

As one uncitizened — men said —
He put his wife's pure kiss away.
His little children; and did lay
Stern in the dust his manly head:

Till those unequaled words had lent
Strength to the faltering sires of Rome;
Then from his sorrow-stricken home
Went forth to glorious banishment.

Yet knew he, what wild tortures lay
Before him: knowing, put aside
His kin, his countrymen — who tried
To bar his path, and bade him stay:

He might be hastening on his way, —
A lawyer freed from business — down
To green Venafrum, or a town
Of Sparta, for a holiday.

Epode 2.

Alphius.

Translated by SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold;

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum, with its wordy jars,
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
He with the stately poplar tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
Graffed on the stem they're weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
In filmy net with bait delusive stored,
Entraps the traveled crane, and timorous hare,
Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
The cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast, — oh then, not more
Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
Than olives newly gathered from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
Or lamb foredoomed upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
Or kidling which the wolf hath marked for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come;
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
Dragging the upturned plowshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent; —
But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

Book III., Ode 29.

To Mœcenas.

Translated by TALLMADGE A. LAMBERT.

O thou, Mæcenas, who canst trace
Descent from 'Truria's royal race,
My humble store I pray thee grace
Of unbroached wine,
And at my board resume the place
Forever thine!

Make no delay, but once again
Forsake wet Tibur's moistened plain,
And Æsula, whose fields attain
The hill's steep side,
And Telegon, red with the stain
Of parricide.

Thy cloying wealth and honors proud,
Thy palace rearing to the cloud,
And all the sycophantic crowd,
Leave for a time;
Avoid the din, the smoky shroud
Of Rome sublime.

The wealthy ofttimes welcome change;
And oft the farmer's humble grange,
Where cleanliness and health arrange
The plain repast,
Restores the brow which cares derange
And overcast.

Bright Cepheus rises in the sky,
And Procyon fiercely burns on high,
While Leo's star, of lurid dye,
Portends the drouth,
And glowing Phœbus, drawing nigh,
Deserts the south.

The shepherd, now, and panting sheep
Close to the thicket's shading keep,
And in the cooling streamlet steep
Their languid limbs;
The sluggish waters onward creep
Uncurled by winds.

But thou, engaged in state affairs,
And pressed by weight of civic cares,
Must needs inquire what best appears
For thine own Rome,
How China, Bactria, Tanais fares,
The Parthian's home.

An all-wise Power conceals from sight
Our after fortunes, dark or bright,
And o'er them sets a rayless night
Of Stygian shade,
And laughs whenever mortal might
Would fain invade.

Enjoy to-day: as yonder stream
Whose waters, smooth-revolving, seem
To bear within their depths a gleam
Of Tuscan sea,
So life 'neath fortune's favoring beam
Flows happily.

But like those waters when they sweep,
A swollen torrent, broad and deep,
And headlong every stay o'erleap
In mad career,
So life a turbid course will keep,
Impelled by care.

He nobly o'er himself holds sway,
And truly lives, who thus can say,
As evening seals each well-spent day:
"I've lived my life!
The Father may arouse the sea
And winds to strife —

"But lo, he cannot render vain
What fleeting Time hath backward ta'en,
Nor yet avoid nor change again
That which is past.
Thus, Memory's joys must e'en remain
Unto the last!"

Fair Fortune, pleasing but to grieve,
Exciting hope but to deceive,
Exulting when she may bereave
With keenest pain,·

The transient honors I receive
Will take again.

I praise her — with me — when I see
Her, fluttering, rise, about to flee;
I give up all and tranquilly
Behold her go,
And seek undowered poverty
Whence virtues flow.

'Tis not for me, when Afric's blast
Bends low the sailless, creaking mast,—
'Tis not for me, with eyes upcast,
To supplicate
That through the storm my ship hold fast
Its precious freight.

Not mine to strive, with bargaining vows,
The heavenly deities to rouse,
Lest my rich Cyprian, Tyrian prows
Sink on the deep;
For griefless poverty allows
Unbroken sleep.

The Twins my trusting course shall guide
As o'er the fickle waves I glide,
Assisted by the winds and tide,
In my swift bark;
And every storm I'll safely ride,
A scathless mark!

HORACE ON CHARITABLE JUDGMENTS.

(From the "Satires," I. 3.)

TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

TRUE love, we know, is blind; defects, that blight
The loved one's charms, escape the lover's sight,
Nay, pass for beauties; as Balbinus shows
A passion for the wen on Agna's nose.
Oh, with our friendships that we did the same,
And screened our blindness under virtue's name!

For we are bound to treat a friend's defect
With touch most tender, and a fond respect;
Even as a father treats a child's, who hints,
The urchin's eyes are roguish, if he squints:
Or if he be as stunted, short, and thick,
As Sisyphus the dwarf, will call him "chick!"
If crooked all ways, in back, in legs, and thighs,
With softening phrases will the flaw disguise.
So, if one friend too close a fist betrays,
Let us ascribe it to his frugal ways;
Or is another — such we often find —
To flippant jest and braggart talk inclined,
'Tis only from a kindly wish to try
To make the time 'mongst friends go lightly by;
Another's tongue is rough and overfree,
Let's call it bluntness and sincerity;
Another's choleric; him we must screen,
As cursed with feelings for his peace too keen.
This is the course, methinks, that makes a friend,
And, having made, secures him to the end.